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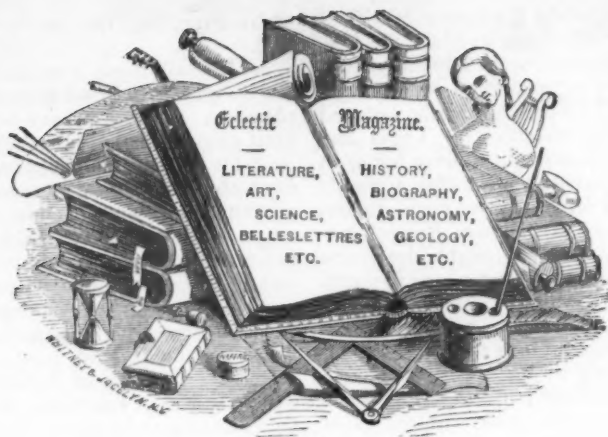
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### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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plete in 63 vols.

THE TERRITORIAL EXPANSION OF RUSSIA.

BY D. MACKENZIE WALLACE.

I HAVE chosen as the subject of the present article the territorial expansion of Russia, because there seems to be at present a tendency to resuscitate the old legend about the insatiable, omnivorous Russian Bear which is always anxiously waiting for a chance of devouring unfortunate Turkey. When she has devoured Turkey—so runs the legend—she will take India as her next sweet morsel, and then she will leisurely eat up the Chinese Empire, or turn towards the setting sun and take a copious meal on her Western frontier. Already one well-known continental publicist has declared that Russia is the great sphinx of modern times, and that Europe must guess her riddle or consent to be devoured. The riddle, if I read the allegory aright, is her expansive power, and it must be confessed that at first sight this power

seems truly marvellous, not to say alarming. For a thousand years she has gone on steadily and irresistibly widening her borders. An insignificant tribe or collection of tribes which once occupied a small territory near the sources of the Dnieper and Western Dwina, has gradually grown into a great nation, with a territory of more than 370,000 geographical square miles, stretching from the Baltic to Behring's Straits, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea and the Caspian. And the process of expansion is still going on with unabated rapidity. Truly there is here a riddle deserving to be solved. What is the secret of this expansive power? Is it a mere barbarous lust of territorial aggrandisement, or is it some more reasonable motive? And what is the nature of the process? Is annexation of territory followed by

assimilation, or do the new acquisitions retain their old character? Is the Empire in its present extent a homogeneous whole, or a conglomeration of heterogeneous units held together by the outward bond of administration? These and similar questions ought to have for us at the present moment more than a purely theoretical interest. If we could discover the nature and causes of Russia's territorial expansion we might determine how far annexation strengthens or weakens her, and form some plausible conjectures as to how, when, and where the process of expansion is to stop.

By glancing at the history of Russia from the economic point of view we can at once detect two prominent causes of expansion. These are the result, not of any ethnological peculiarity, but simply of the fact that the Russo-Slavonians have always been an agricultural people, employing merely the primitive methods of husbandry. All such people have a strong tendency to widen their borders, and for a good reason. The natural increase of population demands an increased production of grain, whilst the primitive methods of cultivation rapidly exhaust the soil and diminish its productivity. Thus the ordinary course of life increases the demand for grain, and at the same time diminishes the supply. With regard to this stage of economic development the modest assertion of Malthus, that the supply of food does not increase so rapidly as the population, falls far short of the truth. The population increases whilst the supply of food decreases, not only relatively but absolutely.

When a people reaches this point in its economic development, it must necessarily adopt one of two expedients: either it must prevent the increase of population, or it must increase the production of food. The former of these two alternatives may be effected in a variety of ways. A large number of the young infants may be exposed, or a despotic ruler may occasionally order a massacre of the innocents, or the surplus population may emigrate to foreign lands, as was done by the Scandinavians in the ninth century, and as is done by ourselves at the present day. The latter alternative may be effected either by extending the area of cultivation

or by improving the system of agriculture.

Amidst all these various expedients the Russo-Slavonians had no difficulty in choosing. Indeed, it may be said that their geographical position relieved them from the necessity of deliberately making a choice. To the eastward they had a boundless expanse of thinly-populated virgin land, and accordingly they easily extended the area of cultivation. This was at once the most natural and the wisest course, for of all the possible devices for preserving the equilibrium between population and food-production, increasing the area of cultivation is the easiest and most effective. High farming is a thing to be proud of when there is a scarcity of land, but it would be absurd to attempt it when there happens to be in the vicinity abundance of virgin soil. It is only when further extension is impossible that intensive culture is adopted.

The process of expansion thus produced by purely economic causes was accelerated by political influences. The oppression and exactions of the authorities made many move eastwards. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this oppression reached its climax. The increase in the numbers of officials, the augmentation of the taxes, the merciless exactions of the Voyevods and their subordinates, the transformation of the free peasants into serfs, the ecclesiastical reforms and consequent persecutions of the Old Ritualists, the frequent conscriptions and violent reforms of Peter the Great—these and similar burdens made thousands flee and seek a refuge in the free territory where there were no proprietors, no Voyevods, and no tax-gatherers. But the State, with its army of officials and tax-gatherers, followed close on the heels of the fugitives, and those who wished to preserve their liberty had to advance still further. Notwithstanding the efforts of the authorities to retain the population in the localities actually occupied, the wave of colonisation moved steadily onwards.

For this kind of colonisation the Russian peasant is by nature peculiarly well adapted. Peace-loving, good-natured, long-suffering, having always at hand the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and possessing a power of self-



adaptation which we headlong, stiff-necked Britons know nothing of, he easily makes friends with any foreign population among whom his lot is cast. He has none of that consciousness of personal and national superiority which so often transforms law-respecting, liberty-loving Englishmen into cruel tyrants when they come in contact with men of a weaker race or a lower degree of civilisation. Nor has he any of that inconsiderate proselytising zeal which makes pagans so often fail to recognise in British Christianity the religion of love. Each nation, he thinks, has received from God its peculiar faith, and all men should believe and act according to the faith in which they have been born. When he goes to settle among a foreign people, even when his future neighbors have the reputation of being inhospitable and unfriendly to strangers, he takes with him neither revolver nor bowie-knife. He has no intention of injuring others, and does not see why others should do him any bodily harm. In his diminutive, loosely-constructed four-wheeled cart, drawn by an uncouth, shaggy pony as hardy as its master, he will start on a journey of several hundred miles, with nothing but his hatchet, his iron kettle, his light wooden plough, and a stock of simple provisions sufficient to sustain life till the first crop is raised.

The vast territory which lay open to the Russian colonist consisted of two contiguous regions separated from each other by no mountain or river, but differing widely from each other in many respects. The northern region, comprising all the northern part of Eastern Europe and of Asia even unto Kamtchatka, may be roughly described as a land of forests, intersected by many rivers, and containing numerous lakes and marshes. The southern region, stretching away into Central Asia, is, for the most part, what Russians call a steppe, and Americans term a prairie—a flat country scantily supplied with water, and scantily covered by vegetation. The whole of this great territory was formerly occupied by what ethnologists loosely call the Turanian family of mankind—the forest region being thinly inhabited by Finnish tribes, who lived by hunting and agriculture, and the steppe being held by Tartar or

Turkish tribes, who led a pastoral or nomadic life.

Each of these two regions presented peculiar inducements and peculiar obstacles to colonisation. In the forests agriculture was for the first settlers a very laborious operation. The *modus operandi* may still be studied by observation at the present day. In spring, when the leaves begin to appear on the trees, a band of peasants proceed with their hatchets to the spot fixed on for a clearing. First the large trees are attacked, and when these have been laid low, the young ones are felled likewise. Each tree is allowed to remain as it falls, and when all have been felled, the hardy woodsmen return to their homes, and think no more about the clearing for several months. In the autumn they return to the spot in order to strip the fallen trees of their branches, to pick out what is fit for building purposes, and to pile up the remainder in heaps after taking what is required for firewood. The logs to be used for building are dragged away as soon as the first fall of snow has made a good slippery road, and the remainder is built up into enormous piles, standing close to each other. In the following spring these are stirred up with long poles and ignited. First flames appear at various points, and then, with the aid of the dry grass and underwood, rapidly spread towards each other till they join and form a gigantic bonfire, such as is never seen in a civilised country. If the fire does its work properly, it covers the cleared space with a layer of ashes, and when these ashes have been slightly mixed with the underlying soil, the seed is sown, and then covered by means of a primitive harrow composed of the branch of a pine-tree. In the autumn the sowers who have thus cast their bread upon the ashes may expect their reward. In ordinary years barley or rye will probably produce at least six or seven fold, and it is quite possible, if the season be favorable, that as much as twenty-five or thirty fold may be produced. Unfortunately this artificial fertility is very short-lived. It may be exhausted in two or three years if the natural soil be poor and stony, and even where the soil is comparatively good, not more than seven or eight tolerable harvests will be obtained. On the whole, therefore, this primitive

system of agriculture does not give a very high remuneration for the labor expended.

Much simpler and less laborious is the system of agriculture practised on the Steppe. Here the squatter had no trees to fell, no clearing to make. Nature had cleared the land for him and supplied him with a rich black soil of marvellous fertility, which centuries of cultivation has now only in part exhausted. All he had to do was to scratch the land and throw in the seed, and he might confidently look forward to a magnificent harvest. Why then, it may be asked, did the Russian peasant often choose the northern forests, where the soil was poor and could not be used without a considerable expenditure of labor in felling the trees, when he had, at an equal distance from his home, rich fertile land already prepared for him by nature? For this apparent inconsistency there was a good and valid reason. The Russian peasants had not, even in those good old times, any passionate love of labor for its own sake, nor were they by any means insensible to the facilities and advantages of the Steppe system of agriculture. Had they regarded the subject from the purely agricultural point of view, every one of them would have preferred the southern Steppe to the northern forest. In reality certain collateral circumstances had to be considered, and therein lies the explanation of the phenomenon. The colonist had to take into consideration the Fauna as well as the Flora of the two regions. At the head of the Fauna in the northern forests stood the peace-loving, laborious Finnish tribes, little disposed to molest settlers who did not make themselves obnoxiously aggressive; on the Steppe lived the predatory nomadic hordes, ever ready to attack, plunder, and carry off as slaves the peaceful, agricultural population. These facts, as well as the agricultural conditions, were perfectly well known to the Russian peasant, and he naturally took them into consideration in determining where he should settle. Fearless and fatalistic as he is, he could not entirely close his eyes to the dangers of the Steppe, and many chose rather to encounter the hard work of the forest region.

Though the colonisation of the north-

ern forest was not effected without bloodshed, its general character was pacific, and it accordingly received little attention from the contemporary chroniclers. The colonisation of the Steppe, on the contrary, forms one of the bloodiest pages of European history. From the earliest times the great plains to the north of the Black Sea and the Caspian were held by various nomadic hordes, and a continual border warfare was carried on between them and the sedentary agricultural population. "This people," says a contemporary Byzantine writer, "have no fixed place of abode, they seek to conquer all lands and colonise none. They are flying people, and therefore cannot be caught. As they have neither towns nor villages they must be hunted like wild beasts. They can be fitly compared only to Griffins, which beneficent nature has banished to uninhabited regions." Their raids are thus described by an old Russian chronicler: "They burn the villages, the farmyards and the churches. The land is turned by them into a desert, and the overgrown fields become the lair of wild beasts. Many people are led away into slavery; others are tortured and killed or die from hunger and thirst. Sad, weary, stiff from cold, with faces wan from woe, barefoot or naked, and torn by the thistles, the Russian prisoners trudge along through an unknown country, and weeping say to one another: 'I am from such a town, and I from such a village.'" And in harmony with the monastic chroniclers we hear the nameless Slavonic Ossian wailing for the fallen sons of Rus: "In the Russian land is rarely heard the voice of the husbandman, but often the cry of the vultures, fighting with each other over the bodies of slain, and the ravens scream as they fly to the spoil."

For centuries this struggle of agricultural colonisation with nomadic barbarism went on with varying success. At one time the agriculturists advance steadily; at another they are driven back and the whole of Russia becomes an Uluss or tributary state of the Mongol Emperors; then the movement forward recommences, and finally the nomads are expelled or pacified. This final result has been only very recently attained. At the middle of the last century thousands of Russians were still

sold annually in the slave markets of the Crimea, and the practice went on till the Crimea was annexed to the Russian Empire by Catherine II. Even then the kidnapping did not entirely cease. Indeed it was still practised in our own day by the Khan of Khiva and other potentates who had succeeded in maintaining their independence. These two different kinds of colonisation naturally produced different kinds of colonists. In the north the colonists were all agriculturists or traders; in the south, besides the agriculturists and traders, was formed a peculiar hybrid class of men, half colonists and half soldiers, known under the name of Cossacks.

I have been so often asked what a Cossack is, that I consider it well to take this opportunity of explaining. In old times, when the struggle above mentioned was still going on, it was necessary to keep always a large number of light irregular troops on the southern frontier in order to protect the sedentary population against the raids of the nomadic Tartars. These troops were recruited sometimes in the usual way and sometimes by sending to the frontier the inmates of the jails, and the name Cossack was commonly applied to them. But these were not the Cossacks best known to history and romance. The genuine "free Cossacks" lived beyond the frontier and possessed a certain military organisation, which enabled them not only to defend themselves against the Tartars but even to make raids on Tartar territory, and repay in some measure the barbarities which the Tartars committed in Russia. Each one of the rivers flowing southwards—the Dnieper, the Don, the Volga, the Yaik or Ural—was held by a band of these free Cossacks, and no one, whether Russian or Tartar, was allowed to pass through their territory without their permission. Officially they were Russians, professed champions of Orthodoxy, and loyal subjects of the Tsar, but in reality they were something different. Though they were Russian by origin, language, and sympathy, the habit of kidnapping Tartar women introduced a certain mixture of Tartar blood. Though professed champions of Orthodoxy, they troubled themselves very little with religion and did not submit to the ecclesiastical authorities. Their po-

litical status cannot be easily defined. Though they professed allegiance and devotion to the Tsar, they did not think it necessary to obey him, except in so far as his orders suited their own convenience. And the Tsar, it must be confessed, acted towards them in a similar fashion. When the Tsar found it convenient, he called them his faithful subjects; and when complaints were made to him about their raids into Turkish territory, he declared that they were runaways and brigands, and that the Sultan might punish them as he thought fit. At the same time, however, even when they were declared to be brigands, they regularly received ammunition and supplies from Moscow, as is amply proved by recently published documents.

The most celebrated of these strange military communities were the Cossacks of the Dnieper and the Cossacks of the Don, which differed considerably from each other in their organization. The former had a fortified camp on an island in the Dnieper, and here a large number of them led a purely military life, somewhat after the manner of the military orders in the time of the Crusades. Each *kurén*, or company, had a common table and common sleeping-apartment, and women were strictly excluded from the fortified inclosure. The latter—those of the Don—had no permanent camp of this kind, and assembled merely as circumstances demanded. But the two communities had much in common. Both were organized on democratic principles, and chose their officers by popular election. Both were ever ready to make a raid on Turkish territory with or without a pretext. Both sent forth occasionally fleets of small boats which swept the Black Sea, devastated the coasts, and sometimes took towns by storm, precisely as the Normans did in western Europe during the ninth century.

These various Cossack communities had not all the same fate. The Cossacks of the Dnieper were forcibly disbanded by Catherine II., and in part transferred to the north bank of the Kubán, where for several generations, under the name of Black Sea Cossacks, they guarded the frontier and kept up an incessant border warfare with the turbulent tribes of the Caucasus. The Cos-

sacks of the Volga disappeared without leaving a trace. Those of the Don and the Ural were gradually transformed into irregular troops, and they still fulfil this function at the present day. The final results of the colonisation in the northern and southern regions have been as different as the modes in which it was effected. In the north, the Russians have to a great extent assimilated and absorbed the native population; in the south, on the contrary, the native population has been simply held in subjection or driven out. The explanation of this interesting fact may perhaps throw some light on certain dark historical problems.

The chief obstacles to the amalgamation of two contiguous races living under the same government are partly economic and partly intellectual; in other words, the obstacles lie partly in the mode of life, and partly in the fundamental, hereditary intellectual conceptions or religious beliefs and observances. In the northern region the Russian colonist found a population in the same stage of economic development as themselves. The Finnish tribes were already agriculturists, and possessed a superabundance of land. They had therefore no reasonable motive for opposing the mode of colonisation, and the colonists could settle amongst them almost unperceived. Thus the first step towards amalgamation was effected.

In the south, on the contrary, the native races were still pastoral nomads, that is to say, they were in a lower stage of economic development than the colonists, and the natural consequence of this was a war of extermination between the two races, such as that which has been going on for generations in America between the Red-skins and white settlers. Nomadic tribes have always a strong tendency to attack a neighboring sedentary population. Their love of booty urges them to make raids, especially if they have at their back a convenient market for the sale of slaves. Besides this, the simple instinct of self-defence compels them to resist the advance of the settlers, for extension of the area of agriculture means a diminution of the pasturage and of the flocks. There is a curious illustration of this in the history of the Don Cossacks. When they lived

by sheep-farming and pillage they prohibited agriculture under pain of death. The prohibition is commonly explained by a supposed desire to preserve the warlike spirit of the community, but this explanation seems to me much too ingenious to be true. The reason, in my opinion, was simply this: the man who ploughed up a bit of land infringed thereby on his neighbors' rights of pasturage.

The struggle between an agricultural and pastoral race may be long and bloody, but the final result is never doubtful. The agriculturists are, for reasons which I may at some future time explain, invariably the victors in the long run. The nomads must gradually retreat, and when further retreat becomes impossible they must change their mode of life under pain of extermination. All this has been fully illustrated in the history of Russian colonisation. The nomadic tribes have been forced to emigrate, or have been driven to the outlying corners of the empire. And even there they are not left in peace. The area of agriculture is steadily and surely widening, and soon there will be no longer land enough to allow of purely pastoral life. In some of the tribes I have myself witnessed the first attempts at tilling the soil.

Even if these Tartar tribes had been agriculturists they would not have amalgamated with the ever-advancing Russian colonists, for there was another and equally serious obstacle to amalgamation: the Russians were Christians and the Tartars were Mahometans. Any one who has lived on friendly terms with Mahometans, must have noticed that they are utterly inaccessible to the influence of Christianity. They are proud of their Mahometanism, and look down upon Christians as Polytheists. "We have," they say, "but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet. You too believe in God, and you had a great prophet in Christ, whom we also respect, but you deified your prophet, and you added a third God, we know not whence. You say that your prophet is the equal of Allah. Far from us be such blasphemy!" The truth is that Mahometanism is, like Christianity itself, a monotheistic religion possessing a doctrinal theology and an organized priesthood.



Any religion which possesses these requisites is pretty certain to withstand the proselytising tendencies of other faiths. This may perhaps be best illustrated by explaining how the Finnish tribes, who did not possess a religion of this kind, were imperceptibly Christianized.

The old Finnish religions, if we may judge of them by the fragments which still exist, had, like the people themselves, a thoroughly practical, prosaic character. The theology consisted not of abstract dogmas logically co-ordinated and subordinated, but of simple prescriptions for insuring material well-being. At the present day, in the districts which have not yet been Russified, the prayers are merely plain, unadorned requests for a good harvest, plenty of cattle, and the like. Some of the worshippers—at least, among the Tcheremiss—have, since falling under Russian domination, acquired the habit of adding a petition for money to pay their taxes. The ceremonies usually employed are for the most part magical rites, which are supposed to avert the influence of malicious spirits. The Tchuvash use, besides these, certain ceremonies for the purpose of freeing themselves from the unwelcome visits of their departed relatives, and here the practical, common-sense character of the people comes out in a striking way. Instead of indulging in mystic rites, they simply place near the graves a plentiful supply of food, and pious souls believe that this is eaten during the night, not by the village dogs, but by the famished spirits. This is, be it parenthetically remarked, a more humane way of laying ghosts than the habit of erecting tombstones—a custom which, perhaps, had originally the same intention.

Such a religion presented no obstacle to the gradual reception of Christianity—especially the Christianity of the Greek Orthodox Church. If Yumala and the other good deities did not send plentiful harvests, it was surely prudent to ask the additional help of the Madonna or “the Russian God.” If the ordinary magic rites and incantations did not suffice for warding off the pernicious influence of evil spirits, why not adopt the custom of making the sign of the cross, which the Russians use effectually in moments of danger? Even formal admission into the

Church by the Sacrament of baptism did not awaken any resistance or fanaticism in their simple minds—at least during the summer months. The religious significance of the ceremony entirely escaped them, and they must have had great difficulty in explaining to themselves why the Russian authorities should reward them with a shirt and a rouble for simply submitting to be bathed. Many of them, however, did not trouble themselves with such abstruse questions, and presented themselves a second and a third time in view of the promised reward. Sometimes the missionary work was undertaken by men imbued with the true missionary spirit, and in these cases an attempt was made to convey a certain amount of religious instruction; but more frequently it was entrusted to ecclesiastical officials or officers of rural police, who merely counted the number of the converts.

This simple-minded, religious eclecticism produced the most singular mixtures of Christianity and Paganism. At the harvest festival Tchuvash peasants have been known to pray first to their old deities and afterwards to the “Russian God” and “the God Nicholas”—Nicholas, the miracle-worker, being the favorite saint of the Russian peasantry. Sometimes the Yomzy—half-magicians, half-priests—recommend their believers to try the effect of a prayer to the Christian deities, in which case the invocation may be couched in some such familiar terms as the following: “Look here, O Nicholas-God. Perhaps my neighbor, little Michael, has been slandering me to you, or perhaps he will do so. If so, don’t listen to him. I have done him no ill and wish him none. He himself is a worthless boaster and a babbler, and does not really honor you, but merely plays the hypocrite. I, on the contrary, honor you, and, behold, I place a taper before you.” Occasionally the mixture of the two religions is of a still more wonderful kind. I know of one case, for instance, where a Tcheremiss, in consequence of a serious illness, sacrificed a young foal to Our Lady of Kazan!

These few facts, which might be indefinitely multiplied, will be sufficient to show how Greek Orthodoxy glided gradually into the Finnish tribes without producing any intellectual revolution in the

minds of the converts. And Greek Orthodoxy, it must be remembered, is in this matter equivalent to Russian nationality. Community of religion leads naturally to intermarriage, and intermarriage to the complete blending of the two nationalities. In very many villages in the northern half of Russia, it is impossible to say whether the inhabitants are Finnish or Slavonic. This process of Russification could not take place among the Mahometans, who have a doctrinal religion and a regularly organized priesthood. Even those Mahometans who are agriculturists and settled in villages, have remained unaffected by Russian influence. I know villages where one-half of the population is Christian and the other half is Mahometan, and in all of them the two races have remained perfectly separate. It must not be supposed, however, that they live at enmity with each other. Though they live apart, each race preserving scrupulously its own faith and customs, they are inspired with no aggressive fanaticism, and co-operate in all communal matters as if no difference of race or religion existed between them. Sometimes they elect as village-elder a Christian, sometimes a Mahometan, and the village assembly never thinks of raising religious questions. I know of one instance in the Province of Samara, where the Mahometan peasants voluntarily assisted their Christian fellow-villagers in transporting wood for repairing the parish church. Thus, we see, under a tolerably good administration Mahometan Tartars and Christian Slavs can live peaceably together in the same village community.

I have hitherto represented this eastward expansion of Russia as a purely spontaneous movement of the agricultural population. This is a true but at the same time an imperfect representation of the phenomenon. Though the initiative unquestionably came from the people, urged on by economic wants, the Government played an important part in the movement. In early times, when Russia was merely a conglomeration of independent principalities, the princes were all under a moral and political obligation to protect their subjects, and when the Grand Princes of Moscow in

the fifteenth century united the numerous principalities under their own sceptre and proclaimed themselves Tsars, this obligation devolved upon them. In the north the obligation was easily fulfilled. A few military stations, separated at great distances from each other, sufficed to maintain order, and even those after a certain time ceased to be necessary. In the south, on the contrary, the task was one of great difficulty. There the agricultural population had to be protected along a frontier of enormous length, lying open at all points to the incursions of nomadic tribes. It was not enough to keep up a military cordon to prevent the raids of small marauding parties. The nomads often came in enormous hordes which could be successfully resisted only by large armies. And sometimes the whole military strength of the country was insufficient to resist the invaders. Again and again during the thirteenth and fourteenth century Tartar hordes swept over the country, burning the towns and villages—Kief and Moscow among the number—and spreading devastation wherever they appeared. For more than two centuries the whole country formed part of the Mongol Empire, and had to pay a heavy yearly tribute to the Khan. Under these circumstances the Government could not remain inactive. It had not only to protect its subjects, but also to maintain its political independence; and those objects could only be attained by constantly pushing forward the frontier.

At the present time our public seem unable to understand why the Russian frontier should be continually moved forward, and habitually attribute the fact to Russia's insatiable desire for territorial aggrandisement. They appear to imagine that the Tsar might any morning say to his minister, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further;" and that all difficulties would be thereby satisfactorily solved. This view is not likely to be held by any one who has lived near a frontier such as that which Russia formerly possessed in Europe, and still possesses in Central Asia. To protect effectually such a frontier without interfering in any way with those who live immediately beyond it, one of two expedients must be adopted: either a great wall must be built, or military colonies must be planted at

short distances apart, and military patrols constantly kept up between them. The former of these expedients, though adapted with some success by the Romans in Britain, and by the Chinese on their north-western frontier, is of course not to be thought of. The latter, which was adopted by Russia against the Circassians and other marauding tribes of the Caucasus, is scarcely more feasible. This military line, stretching from the Sea of Azof to the Caspian, was comparatively short, and ran through a well-watered and extremely fertile country; and yet it demanded an enormous expenditure of men and money and was only very partially effectual. In spite of all precautions, bands of marauders broke through the lines and too often returned unpunished and laden with booty. After many years of experience the Russians found that the only way of preventing these incursions was to settle the marauding tribes in villages over which a strict supervision could be exercised. If this system of military colonies thus proved enormously expensive and very ineffectual in the country to the north of the Caucasus, we can easily imagine how difficult it would be to realise it fully in Central Asia, where the frontier is incomparably longer and in many parts utterly unfit for agricultural colonisation. Nomadic tribes can be made to keep peace only when they know that they may be attacked and punished on their own territory, and that there is no asylum to which they can flee.

From all this it is evident that the idea of a neutral zone between the Russian and British frontiers in Asia is an absurdity, fit only to amuse diplomatists, and unworthy of being entertained by practical statesmen, unless indeed it were possible to find a broad uninhabited zone which would serve the same purpose as the Great Wall of China. If it be habitable, it will inevitably become an asylum for all the robbers and lawless spirits within a radius of many hundred miles, and no civilised power can reasonably be expected to accept such neighbors. If such a zone had been established, Russia might justly have spoken to England in this fashion: "I object to have at my door this refuge for rascality.

Either you must preserve order amongst the inmates, or allow me to do so."

"Where then," asks the alarmed Russophobist, "is Russian aggression to stop? Must we allow her to push her frontier forward to our own, and thus expose ourselves to all those conflicts which inevitably arise between nations that possess contiguous territory?" To this I reply, that Russia must push forward her frontier until she reaches a country possessing a Government which is able and willing to keep order within its borders, and to prevent its subjects from committing depredations on their neighbors. As none of the petty states of Central Asia seems capable of permanently fulfilling this condition, it is pretty certain that the Russian and British frontiers will one day meet. Where they will meet depends upon ourselves. If we do not wish her to overstep a certain line, we must ourselves advance to that line. As to the complications which inevitably arise between contiguous nations, I think they are fewer and less dangerous than those which arise between nations separated by a small state incapable of making its neutrality respected, and kept alive simply by the mutual jealousy of its neighbors. Germany does not periodically go to war with Holland or Russia, though separated from them by a mere artificial frontier; and France has never been prevented from going to war with Austria, though separated from her by a broad intervening territory. The old theory that the great powers may be prevented from going to war by interposing small independent states between them, is long since exploded; and even if it were true, it would be inapplicable in the case under consideration, for there is nothing worthy to be called a state between Russian territory and British India.

In consequence of the active part which the Government has thus taken in the extension of the territory, it has frequently happened that the process of political expansion got greatly ahead of the colonisation. After the Turkish wars and consequent annexations in the time of Catherine II., a great part of southern Russia was almost uninhabited, and the deficiency of population had to be corrected by organized emigration. The

Russian diplomatic agents in Western Europe were ordered to use all possible efforts to induce artizans and peasants to emigrate to Russia, and special agents were sent to various countries for the same purpose. Thousands accepted the invitation, and were for the most part settled on the territory which had formerly been the pasture-ground of the nomadic hordes. This policy was adopted by succeeding sovereigns, and has been continued in an intermittent fashion down to the present time. The emigrants thus collected, together with the other inhabitants, now form an ethnographical conglomeration such as is to be found nowhere else in the Old World. The official statistics of New Russia alone—that is to say the Provinces of Ekaterinoslaff, Tauride, Kherson and Bessarabia, enumerate the following nationalities:—Great Russians, Little Russians, Poles, Servians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians, Moldavians, Germans, Swedes, Swiss, French, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Tartars, Mordva, Jews, and Gypsies. The religions are almost equally numerous. The statistics speak of Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholics, Gregorians, Lutherans, Calvinists, Anglicans, Menonites. Separatists, Pietists, Karaim Jews, Talmudists, Mahometans, and numerous purely Russian sects such as the Molokani and the Skoptsi. America herself could scarcely show a more motley list in her statistics of population; it must, however, be admitted, that the above enumeration does not convey a correct idea of the actual population. The great body of the population is Russian and Orthodox, whilst many of the nationalities are represented only by a small number of souls. Of the colonists of foreign nationality, by far the most numerous and prosperous are the German Menonites, and by far the least prosperous are the Jews. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between a Menonite and a Jewish colony. In the former we find large, well-built houses, well-stocked gardens, fine strong horses, fat cattle, agricultural implements adapted to the local conditions, and there is in general an air of prosperity, comfort, and contentment; in the latter we are too often reminded of the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the Prophet. The other colonists

must be placed between these two extremes. The ordinary Germans and the Bulgarians approach the former type, whilst the Tartar-speaking Greeks approach more nearly to the latter.

—As Scandinavia was formerly called *officina gentium*—a foundry in which new nations were cast—so we may call Southern Russia a crucible in which the fragments of old nations are being melted down so as to form a new and composite whole. The melting, however, proceeds slowly. If I may judge from my own observation I should say that national peculiarities are not obliterated so rapidly in Russia as in America or in British colonies. In America, for instance, I have often seen Germans who had been but a short time in the country, trying hard to be more American than the natives, but among the German colonists in Russia I have never witnessed anything of the kind. Though their fathers and grandfathers may have been born in the country, they look down on the Russian peasants, fear the officials, preserve jealously their own language, rarely or never speak Russian well, and intermarry among themselves. The Russian influence acts more rapidly, however, on the Slavonic colonists—Servians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins—who profess the Greek Orthodox faith, learn more easily the Russian language, have no consciousness of belonging to a *Culturvolk*, and in general possess a nature much more pliable than the Teutonic.

In the Asiatic part of Russia, where the frontier has always been pushed forward more easily and more rapidly than in Europe, there are still at the present day vast territories almost entirely uninhabited. Some of these are by the nature of their soil and climate unfitted for agriculture in its primitive forms, and could not be made available without the expenditure of enormous sums for irrigation; others are well adapted for agriculture and are already being colonised. On the whole, the Russians have in this part of the empire much more land than they can possibly utilise, and the possession of it must for a long time to come be a serious burden on the national exchequer.

If we turn now from the East to the West we shall find that the expansion in this direction was of an entirely different



kind. The country lying to the west of the early Russo-Slavonian settlements had a poor soil and a comparatively dense population, and consequently held out no inducements to emigration. Besides this, it was inhabited by warlike agricultural races, who not only were capable of defending their own territory, but were strongly disposed to make encroachments on their eastern neighbors.

Russian expansion to the westward was, therefore, not at all a spontaneous movement of the agricultural population. The annexed provinces are still inhabited by foreign races, and still by no means socially Russianized. Poland, Lithuania, the Baltic provinces, and Finland are Russian merely in the political sense of the term, and their annexation was effected by diplomacy based on military force. It must, however, be admitted that if national self-preservation forms a valid plea for aggressive conquest, Russian expansion in this direction has a certain historical justification.

No sooner had Russia freed herself in the fifteenth century from the Tartar yoke than her political independence, and even her national existence, were threatened from the west. Her western neighbors were, like herself, animated by that national tendency to expansion which I have above described, and for a time it seemed doubtful who should ultimately possess that vast level tract of country which is now known as the Russian Empire. The two chief competitors in the sixteenth century were the Tsars of Muscovy on the one hand, and the Kings of Poland and Lithuania on the other. For some time the latter seemed to have the better chance. In close relations with Western Europe, they had been able to adopt many of the improvements which had been recently made in the art of war, and with the help of the free Cossacks of the South they succeeded in overrunning the country. But when they attempted to accomplish their purpose in a too hasty and reckless fashion, they raised a storm of popular fanaticism which ultimately drove them out. Still the country was in a very pre-

carious position, and its more intelligent rulers perceived plainly that, in order to carry on the struggle successfully, they must import something of that Western civilisation which gave such an advantage to their opponents. This was, however, no easy matter, for they had no direct easy channel of communication with the West. In the year 1553 an English navigator, whilst seeking for a short route to China and India, had accidentally discovered the port of Arkangel on the White Sea, and since that time the Tsars had kept up an intermittent diplomatic and commercial intercourse with England. But this route was at all times tedious and dangerous, and during a great part of the year it was completely closed. All attempts to import "cunning foreign artificers" by way of the Baltic were frustrated by the Livonian order who at that time held the East coast, and who considered, like certain people on the coast of Africa at the present day, that the barbarous natives of the interior ought not to be supplied with arms and ammunition. Under these circumstances, the possession of the Baltic coast naturally became a prime object of Russian ambition.

For the possession of this prize there were other two competitors, Poland and Sweden. Russia was inferior to these rivals in the art of war, but she had one immense advantage over them. Whilst they were torn and weakened by political factions, she possessed a strong, stable government, and could easily concentrate her efforts for a definite purpose. All that she needed was an army on the European model. Peter the Great created such an army and won the prize. After this the political disintegration of Poland proceeded still more rapidly, and when that unhappy country was broken in pieces Russia naturally took for herself the lion's share of the spoil.

The following table shows the rapid expansion of Russia from the time when Ivan III. united the independent principalities and threw off the Tartar yoke, down to the accession of Peter the Great, in 1682 :—

|  |   |   |   |         |   |
|--|---|---|---|---------|---|
| In 1505 the Tsardom of Muscovy contained about 37,000 square miles |   |   |   |         |   |
| " 1533   | " | " | " | 47,000  | " |
| " 1584   | " | " | " | 125,000 | " |
| " 1598   | " | " | " | 157,000 | " |
| " 1676   | " | " | " | 257,000 | " |
| " 1682   | " | " | " | 265,000 | " |

Of these 265,000 square miles about 80,000 were in Europe, and about 185,000 in Asia. Peter the Great, though famous as a conqueror, did not annex nearly so much territory as many of his predecessors and successors. At his

death, in 1725, the empire contained, in round numbers, 82,000 square miles in Europe, and 193,000 in Asia. The following table shows the further expansion:—

|  |      |   |   |   | In Europe and the<br>Caucasus. | In Asia.          |
|--|------|---|---|---|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| In 1725 the Russian Empire contained about |      |   |   |   | 82,000 sq. miles               | 193,000 sq. miles |
| "  | 1770 | " | " | " | 84,000                         | 210,000           |
| "  | 1800 | " | " | " | 95,000                         | 210,000           |
| "  | 1825 | " | " | " | 105,000                        | 210,000           |
| "  | 1855 | " | " | " | 106,663                        | 245,000           |
| "  | 1867 | " | " | " | 106,951                        | 248,470           |

In this table is not included the territory in the north-west of America—containing about 24,210 square miles—which was annexed to Russia in 1799, and ceded to the United States in 1867. Regarding the amount of territory acquired by Russia in Central Asia since 1837, I do not at present possess any statistical data.

When once Russia has laid hold of territory she does not readily relax her grasp. She has, however, since the death of Peter the Great, on four occasions ceded territory which she had formerly annexed. In 1729 she ceded Mazanderan and Asterabad to Persia; in 1735 she ceded to the same power that part of the Caucasus which lies to the south of Terek; in 1856, by the treaty of Paris, she gave up the mouths of the Danube and part of Bessarabia; and in 1867 she sold to the United States her American possessions.

So much for the past. Let us now consider the probable future expansion—a subject that has a peculiar interest at the present time. It will be well to begin with the simpler, and proceed gradually to the more difficult, parts of the problem.

Towards the west and the north Russia has neither the ability nor the desire to push forward her actual frontiers. Towards the north expansion is physically impossible until new habitable lands in the Polar regions be discovered, and westward expansion is almost as unlikely. By the conquest of Finland in 1809, Russia obtained what may be called her natural frontier on the north-west, and it is scarcely conceivable that she should desire to annex any part of northern Scandinavia. In the direction of German conquest is neither desirable nor

possible. Russia cannot desire to have a disaffected German population on her western frontier, and if she did desire it, she could not realise her wish, for Germany is strong enough to defend her own territory.

Towards the east and south-east the problem is by no means so simple. The recent sale of the American territory may be taken as a conclusive proof that Russia has wisely determined to remain on this side of Behring's Straits; and though she may covet certain islands of the Japanese group, there is little chance of her obtaining them. She has, it is true, recently annexed Sagalien—or more properly Sakhalin—which lies near the Amoor territory, and formerly belonged to Japan; but this acquisition, except for the purpose of a penal settlement, is a burden rather than an advantage, and any further advance in this direction can be easily stopped. Encroachments on the Chinese Empire could not be so easily prevented. How and when they will be made, must depend to a great extent on the Chinese Government. Russia already possesses near the Chinese frontier far more territory than she can possibly utilise for many years to come, and, therefore, she has no inducement to annex new land in this region, provided the Chinese prevent their subjects from committing depredations. It may happen, however, that China will be unable to fulfil her police duties towards her neighbors, and in that case it is not at all unlikely that Russia may find annexation less expensive than the maintenance of a strong military cordon. When land is required for agricultural colonisation, the tendency to encroach is always, *ceteris paribus*, in the inverse ratio to the density of population, for where the

inhabitants are scarce, the land is more plentiful and less exhausted by cultivation. Where, on the contrary, land is not required for cultivation, as on the Chinese frontier, the temptation to annex new territory is always directly proportionate to the density of population. An uninhabited territory not required for colonisation is simply a burden, for it necessitates expenditure and gives no revenue; whereas a territory with a tolerably dense population furnishes new tax-payers and new markets for the national industry, and thereby compensates, or more than compensates, for the expenses of administration. If the vague accounts of the inordinate density of population in China be correct, Russia has less reason to restrain her expansive tendency in that direction.

With regard to the new markets for the national industry, it may be well to insert here a few words. Russia aspires to become, not only the greatest of military powers, but also a great industrial and commercial nation, and she firmly believes that by means of her great natural resources and the enterprising character of her people, she will succeed in realising this aspiration. Herein lies a permanent source of enmity towards England. England is at the present time like a great manufacturer who has outstripped his rivals, and has awakened in the breasts of many of them a considerable amount of jealousy and hatred. By means of her ruthless "politique d'exploitation," it is said, she has become the great blood-sucker of all less advanced nations. Fearing no competition, we preach the invidious principles of free trade, and deluge foreign countries with our manufactures to such an extent that native industries are inevitably overwhelmed, unless saved by the beneficent power of protective tariffs. In short, foreign nations in general—and some of our own colonies in the number—have adopted, in no friendly spirit, the theory quaintly expressed by the old poet, Waller:—

"Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims;

Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,  
We plough the deep, and reap where others sow!"

In no country are these ideas more frequently expressed than in Russia. As

revolutionary politicians when in opposition systematically attack all restrictions on the liberty of the press, and systematically adopt these restrictions for their own benefit as soon as they come into power, so the Russians habitually assail with impassioned rhetoric our commercial and industrial supremacy; and at the same time habitually seek to emulate it. The means they employ, however, are different from ours. Knowing that free competition and "the ridiculous principles of free trade" would inevitably lead to defeat in the struggle, they raise, wherever their dominion extends, a strong barrier of protective tariffs. In this way they protect their newly-adopted subjects from the heartless "exploitation" of England, and consign them to the tender mercies of the manufacturers of Moscow and St. Petersburg. By a mysterious logical process, which foreigners—and also, it must be added, many intelligent Russians—are unable to understand, it is satisfactorily proved that the economic influence of Moscow, which sells dear, is infinitely less baneful and burdensome for the native populations than that of Manchester, which sells cheap!

Whatever we may think of this logical process, it is quite certain that Russia will not abolish her protective tariff, and therefore we must take into consideration her zeal to support commercial interests, in endeavoring to estimate her expansive tendencies. As her industry is still insufficient to supply her actual wants, she will certainly not, for the present at least, annex new territory for the simple purpose of obtaining new markets; but even at present, whenever she happens to have other reasons for widening her borders, the idea of acquiring new markets may act as a subsidiary incentive. We saw lately an instance of this in the Khiva expedition. If the Khan had conscientiously fulfilled his international obligations, the expedition would not have been undertaken; but when the expedition was successful, certain clauses in the convention showed that Russia was not unmindful of her commercial interests. Wherever the Russian frontier advances, the possible area of British commerce will be diminished, and the advance of the frontier in the direction of India depends, as I have already ex-

plained, on ourselves. Sooner or later the Russian custom-houses, with their protective tariffs, will be within gun-shot of our sentries.

Proceeding westward from Afghanistan, we come to a district where Russian aggression is perhaps more imminent than is commonly supposed: I mean the northern provinces of Persia. Russia already holds undisputed sway on the Caspian, and might easily appropriate any part of the territory near the coast. As I am not aware, however, that she has at present any particular reason for extending her dominion in this direction, we may at once pass to the region towards which the eyes of Europe are at this moment directed.

The aggressive tendencies of the Russians in the direction of Constantinople are nearly as old as the Russian nationality, and much older than the Russian Empire. The Russo-Slavonians, who held the valley of the Dnieper from the ninth to the thirteenth century, were one of those numerous border tribes which the decrepit Byzantine Empire attempted to ward off by diplomacy and rich gifts, and by giving daughters of the Imperial family as brides to the troublesome chiefs, on condition of accepting Christianity. Vladimir, Prince of Kiev, accepted Christianity in this way, and his subjects followed his example. Russia thus became ecclesiastically a part of the Byzantine Patriarchate, and the people learned to regard Tsargrad—as the Imperial city is still called by the peasantry—with peculiar veneration.

In the fifteenth century, the relative positions of Constantinople and Moscow were changed. Constantinople fell under the power of the Turks, whilst Moscow threw off the yoke of the Tartars. The Grand Prince of Moscow and of all Russia thereby became the chief protector of the Greek Orthodox Church, and in some sort successor to the Byzantine Tsars. To strengthen this claim, he married a member of the old Imperial family, and his grandson went a step further in the same direction by assuming the title of Tsar and inventing a fable about Rurik, the founder of the Russian dynasty, being a descendant of Cæsar Augustus.

All this would seem to a lawyer a very shadowy title, and it must be added that

none of the Russian monarchs—except perhaps Catherine II., who formed the fantastic project of resuscitating the Byzantine Empire, and caused one of her grandsons to learn modern Greek in view of the high destiny that awaited him—ever seriously thought of claiming the imaginary heritage; but the idea that the Tsar may some day take Tsargrad and drive out the infidel usurper, has become deeply rooted in the minds of the common people. As soon as disturbances break out in the East, the Russian peasantry begin to think that perhaps the time has come when a crusade will be undertaken for the recovery of the Holy City on the Bosphorus, and for the liberation of their brethren in the faith who now groan under Turkish bondage. I do not at all mean to imply that such a crusade is desired. The Russian peasant's desires are generally confined to the sphere of his material interests, and he strongly dislikes all war, unless he hopes thereby to acquire new fertile land, because it takes him away from his peaceful occupations. Still, if he found that a crusade was undertaken and that he could not easily avoid the conscription, it would be easy to awaken in him a certain amount of enthusiasm. As to the bands of Russian volunteers of which we at present hear so much, I venture to predict that, if they ever acquire an objective existence, they will contain very few peasants. The conceptions, sympathies, and aspirations of the educated classes are of a different kind and derived from a different source.

After the fall of the first Napoleonic Empire, a violent popular reaction took place all over Europe in favor of national independence and republican institutions; and the discoveries of comparative philologists, together with other influences, suggested to political theorists certain grand confederations of peoples founded on ethnological distinctions. All the existing political units would, it was thought, group themselves into three categories, the Romanic, the Teutonic, and the Slavonic; and the principle of political federation, whilst satisfying the demands of ethnology, would leave to the individual nations a sufficient amount of local autonomy. I have already made too large demands on the reader's patience to enter here on a description of



the development of these ideas and of their influence in Russia. Suffice it to say that they supplied to the Russian educated classes new motives for sympathy with the Slavonic populations of Turkey and Austria, already bound to them by community of religion.

We must bear these facts in mind, if we would understand the present state of public opinion in Russia. Englishmen are too prone to suppose that Russian sympathy with the Slavs is merely a thinly disguised desire to gain possession of Constantinople. This supposition is not only uncharitable but unjust. The recent accounts of Turkish atrocities have awakened in Russia, as amongst ourselves, genuine feelings of indignation against the oppressors, and sympathy with the oppressed; and in Russia these reports have fallen on much more inflammable material. Russians know much better than we do the oppressive character of ordinary Turkish misrule, and they have at the same time religious and political sympathies with the Slavs, which we do not possess and can with difficulty comprehend. The acquisition of Constantinople is generally regarded by Russians as simply a possible contingency of the distant future, and this possibility has little or nothing to do with the present excited state of public opinion.

Still it must be admitted that this excitement, whatever be the real cause of it, actually exists, and may produce armed intervention, which might possibly lead to annexation of territory. But the policy of the Government depends entirely on the Tsar's personal decision. Now what is his personal decision likely to be? As a Russian surrounded by Russians, he naturally sympathises with the Slavs, and as Tsar he must desire to retain their sympathy and good-will; but all we know about his personal character militates against the supposition that he will endeavor to take the matter into his own hands and cut the difficulty with the sword. Of a naturally pacific disposition, he is free from all military ambi-

tion. His phlegmatic temperament, and his strong, sober common sense, render him impervious to the seductive suggestions of Panslavists and other political dreamers. Even if his ambition were much greater than it is, it would be amply satisfied by the important part which he has already played in the history of his country. In the course of a few years he emancipated forty millions of serfs, reformed the imperial administration, created a new system of local self-government, covered the country with a vast network of railways, replaced the old rotten judicial organization by new courts with public procedure, and effected many other valuable reforms. These great enterprises have been on the whole successful, but there has been enough of failure to dispel many youthful illusions, and to teach the important lesson that a Tsar, though he may be autocratic, is not omnipotent even within the limits of his own empire.

As to distant future possibilities it would be hazardous to speculate. Very many Russians firmly believe that the natural and irresistible course of events will sooner or later transform the Black Sea into a Russian lake, and perhaps some future Tsar may attempt to realise at once what is supposed to be the will of Fate. For the present, however—though Russia would very much like to hold the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and would certainly not allow any strong power to take possession of this outlet to the Mediterranean—there is, I believe, no desire either in the people or in the Government to accelerate by war the so-called natural course of events. Alexander II. has already done much in the interests of peace, and shows no signs of changing his policy. Perhaps Great Britain would play more effectually her part of peacemaker, if her statesmen would, without relaxing their vigilance, think a little less about petty diplomatic triumphs, and show a little more confidence in the pacific intentions of the Tsar.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## WHEN THE SEA WAS YOUNG.

## IN TWO PARTS.

## PART I.

WE are best able to realise the fact that our earth is a globe-shaped orb, one among many such orbs peopling space, when we contemplate the wide expanse of ocean. Although the teachings of astronomy place the real figure of our earth beyond all possibility of question, it is nevertheless not readily rendered sensible to observation. Whatever science may teach us, we usually see the earth as a generally level surface arched over by a dome of sky, which, whether clear or veiled by clouds, deceives us as to the earth's true extent and figure. Not only is this apparent shape of the sky deceptive, suggesting a somewhat flattened dome rather than the visible half of a space which, if regarded as bounded at all, should appear as bounded by a perfectly spherical surface, but the sky, seeming to spring from the visible terrestrial horizon, appears to have an arch of very limited extent. Under ordinary conditions we unconsciously regard the portion of the sky which lies next to the visible horizon as some five or six miles from us at the utmost,\* while the part overhead seems not more than two or three miles from us. Where the air is exceptionally clear the extent of the sky-vault appears somewhat greater; but ordinarily some such conception as we have indicated is suggested respecting the size and shape of the dome which the heavens appear to form over

our heads. And accordingly, when we try to realise the idea that the earth is a globe, we unconsciously picture it as a globe enclosed within the sky-vault, which we conceive as extended below the horizon so as entirely to surround the earth. According to this conception the earth would have a diameter of no more than some thirteen or fourteen miles; and reason at once rejects this conception as altogether inadequate. But where there is a wide expanse of ocean, whether partially limited or not by land-scenery, the real extent of the terrestrial globe is suggested, though not actually indicated. The mind recognises, from the appearances presented to the eye, that the ocean has a curved surface of enormous extent; while the arch of the sky is recognised as manifestly not springing from the visible horizon, itself thrown much further away (if the eye is well raised above the sea-level) than when an ordinary land-surface limits the range of view. When the air is very clear, so that objects many miles beyond the water-horizon can be distinctly seen, the sense of the real vastness of the terrestrial globe is still more strongly impressed on the mind, especially if the objects so seen are such that their actual distance and position can be recognised. For instance, a portion of elevated land-surface seen beyond the sea-horizon does not so strongly suggest real remoteness as a ship "hull down," unless there should happen to be land nearly at the distance of the sea-horizon, so that by the greater distinctness of such nearer land the remoteness of other land seen above the horizon-line is indicated.\*

But apart from the effect produced, as it were instinctively, by the actual appearance of the ocean, another effect is produced on the mind by the consid-

\* That the mind does not, in its unconscious action, attribute a very great distance to the horizon, is shown by the strange illusion produced during balloon ascents. As the balloon rises the horizon seems to rise up all around the aeronaut, so that the visible portion of the earth beneath him seems to assume the shape of a vast basin. If the mind assigned its true distance to the circle where land and sky seemed to meet, this illusion would not occur; for there can of course be no doubt that the apparent rising of the horizon all round the rising balloon is due to the idea present in the aeronaut's mind that, while he rises perceptibly from the earth, the circle forming the visible land-horizon ought perceptibly to sink, which it would do if it were as near as it had been unconsciously assumed to be.

\* For the same reason an ocean scene at night is seldom so suggestive of the earth's real nature, as a daylight view of the ocean; for the curvature of the ocean-surface cannot be clearly recognised at night, nor usually can any objects far beyond the sea-horizon be perceived at all, still less their true distance appreciated.

eration of the ocean's real nature. Of all terrestrial features the ocean is the one which best deserves to be regarded as cosmical. Rather, perhaps, it should be said that the division of a planet's surface into land and water is the characteristic most readily to be recognised when the planet is viewed from some other celestial orb; so that when we contemplate our ocean we are regarding a feature of the earth as a planet—one, too, whereof others besides the inhabitants of the earth may be cognisant. The thought that we may thus be sharing our impressions of the earth's condition with beings of some other world—that, in however diverse a degree, inhabitants of Venus, or of Mercury, or perhaps even of Mars, may be able to note that very feature which we are considering—brings forcibly before the mind the fact, otherwise so hard to realise, that this earth of ours is a globe travelling like the other planets round the sun, rotating on its axis as we see the other planets rotating; and that, in fine, of all those orbs which astronomy presents to us as distributed and moving so variously through space, the earth is that one which we are able to examine under the most favorable conditions. So that an astronomer at such times comes to recognise an astronomical and cosmical, rather than a merely terrestrial, interest in the contemplation of our earth. He finds his science brought into close connection with terrestrial researches, since these afford the only means available for examining one among the orbs which form the subject of his study. And although his observations may serve to render him very doubtful whether among all the orbs in space there is a single one which very closely resembles the earth, yet he finds reason also to believe that in general respects the earth's past and future condition illustrates well the significance of phenomena presented by orbs now very unlike her. So that the astronomer finds a new interest in contemplating the earth as one among the bodies to which his science relates. It is not merely with regard to space, but with regard to time also, that her aspect, thus viewed, becomes suggestive. This globe, to which we are bound by the chains of a universal force, is not only

among the unnumbered and all-various globes scattered throughout infinite space, but we perceive in her the traces of processes carrying back our thoughts over unnumbered æons in the past, the germs of effects belonging to periods as immense in the remote future.

In this respect the study of the ocean is especially suggestive. For of all things terrestrial the ocean is at once the most ancient and the one which will endure longest. Mountains and hills have from time immemorial been taken as emblems of the long-lasting. The Bible speaks of "the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills;" compares "the precious things brought forth by the sun and moon" with "the chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the lasting hills;" and, as a supreme type of the Almighty's power, Habakkuk says: "God stood and measured the earth; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow." But, in reality, the mountains are young compared with the ocean,\* while for ages after our present mountains have disappeared the same

\* It is related in the life of John Herschel that when he was still a boy he asked his father, the great astronomer, William Herschel, what he thought was the oldest of all things. "The father replied, after the Socratic method, by putting another question: 'And what do you yourself suppose is the oldest of all things?' The boy was not successful in his answers; whereon the old astronomer took up a small stone from the garden-walk: 'There, my child, there is the oldest of all the things that I certainly know.'" The biographer from whom we have quoted says that we can trace in that grasp and grouping of many things in one, implied in the stone as the oldest of things, as forming one of the main features which characterized the habit of the younger Herschel's philosophy. But in truth the stone speaks to the thoughtful mind of something far older than itself—not, indeed, older in respect of mere existence as matter (for all matter is eternal; and in this sense the bud that flowered yesterday is no less ancient than the substance of the time-worn hill, or the waters of the everlasting ocean), but older in the sense wherein that which fashions is older than the thing fashioned. For the stone upon the garden-walk at Slough had either been rounded by the waves of ocean, or had been shaped by the running waters of brook or river formed by rains, the proceeds of evaporation from ocean's surface. Nay, even passing to still earlier periods of the stone's history—leaving, that is, the consideration of

ocean whose waves beat now upon our shores will lave the shores of continents as yet unformed.

But even those periods of the ocean's history which are thus brought before our thoughts—the vast ages during which the land-surface of the globe has been constantly changing, rising and sinking alternately according to the varying pressures exerted by the earth's interior forces, and the ages yet to come, during which like changes will take place—are as nothing compared with the duration of three stages of the ocean's history, one of which we now purpose to consider. The ocean's entire existence under its present aspect is one of these stages; of the others, one preceded and the other will follow the present stage at intervals of probably many hundred millions of years; while the waters comprising the ocean presented during the first stage, and will present during the coming, or third stage, an appearance utterly unlike that of the ocean in the present era of its existence.

It is now admitted by almost all students of science that the earth, and the solar system of which she is a member, reached their present condition by processes of development. The exact nature of those processes may be matter of doubt and uncertainty, just as the exact nature of the process of development by which animal types have reached their present condition may be doubtful. But exactly as biologists hold by almost universal consent the general doctrine of development, though they differ as to the exact course along which such development proceeded, so every astronomer of repute believes in the evolution of the solar system by natural processes, though different ideas may be entertained as to the exact history, either of the solar system as a whole, or of its various members, during long past æons of ages. Whatever theory of evolution we adopt, however or in whatever way we combine the various theories which have been advanced, one fact in the past history of our earth stands out with unmistakable distinctness. The whole frame of the

its formation as a stone to consider the formation of its substance—its substance was gathered at the bottom of the sea, when the ocean was already more aged than the oldest mountains now existing.

globe on which we live, and move, and have our being, was once glowing with intense heat. Whether we consider the earth's frame with the geologist, or study with the astronomer the nature of the planets' movements and the evidence so afforded respecting prior conditions of the solar system, we are alike forced to this conclusion. At a very remote period the whole substance of the earth must have been molten with intensity of heat; at a still more remote period the whole of that substance must have been gaseous with a heat still more intense; and these stages of the earth's history, remote though they were, and continuing so long that, according to our modes of measuring time, they were practically everlasting, were yet but two among a series of eras whose real number, no doubt, was to all intents and purposes *infinite*.

Now when we go back to even the nearer of those two eras we find that we must conceive of our ocean during that era as utterly unlike the seas which now encompass the earth. Its substance was the same, or nearly so, but its condition must have been altogether different. No water could for a moment rest upon the intensely hot surface of a globe raging with heat exceeding that of a smelting furnace. There could not have been during that era oceans of liquid water, though all the water of our present oceans surrounded the earth then as now. The water must at that time have existed in the form of mixed vapor and cloud; that is, it must have been spread through the air partly as pure aqueous vapor and partly in those aggregations of minute liquid globules and vesicles of water forming visible cloud-masses. There must also at that time, as now, have been various kinds of cloud-forms—an outside layer consisting of the light feathery cirrus clouds, below that a layer of the cumulus or "woolpack" clouds, and below that again a deep layer of the densest nimbus or rain-clouds, from which perfect sheets of rain must at all times have been falling; not, however, to reach the glowing surface of the earth, but to be vaporised in their fall, and in the form of vapor to pass upwards again. We say that all this *must* have been; because, in point of fact, however doubtful we may feel as to many



details of the earth's condition in the remote era we are considering, there can be no doubt whatever as to the general facts indicated above. We have only to inquire what would happen at the present day if the earth's whole frame were to be gradually heated until at last the surface glowed with a heat equal to that of white-hot iron, to perceive that, whatever other changes might take place, the ocean certainly would be entirely evaporated—boiled off, so to speak. But the water thus added to the earth's atmospheric envelope in the form of vapor could not possibly remain *wholly* in that form. At a great distance from the glowing earth the aqueous vapor would find a cooler region, and higher still would be exposed to the actual cold of space. Hence there would follow inevitably the formation of clouds of the various orders, *cirrus*, *cumulus*, and *nimbus*, not probably in absolutely distinct layers, but the *cirrus* commingled with the *cumulus*, the *cumulus* with the *nimbus*, and the whole series of cloud-layers affected by the most violent disturbances, partly from the continual rushing upwards of freshly-formed vapor, partly from the continual rarefactions and condensations of the air under the varying conditions to which it would be subjected through the continual changes of the watery envelope. For at every change from the form of pure aqueous vapor to the cloud-form, an enormous amount of heat would be developed, while corresponding quantities of heat would be withdrawn in vaporising other masses of watery matter. The depth of the atmospheric region throughout which these stupendous processes were continually in progress must far have exceeded the depth of the cloud-regions of our own atmosphere. For the same heat which prevented the water from resting on the earth's surface must have prevented the heavier rain-clouds from approaching within many miles of that surface without being turned into pure aqueous vapor. Again, not only would the layer of rain-clouds, thus raised many miles above the earth's surface, be also many miles in depth, but the heat prevailing throughout the layer would in turn prevent a layer of *cumulus* clouds from being formed, except at a great height, above the rain-cloud layer. In like

manner the *cirrus* or snow-cloud layer would be raised high above the layer of the *cumulus* clouds. And each of these layers, besides being separated from the next below by a deep intermediate space of commingled cloud-forms, would also be of great thickness. Hence we may fairly assume that the extreme range of the lightest and highest clouds in that era of the earth's history must have been many miles from the earth's surface, even if the atmosphere then contained no greater amount of matter (other than its watery constituents) than at present. But we have reason for believing that, besides the oxygen and nitrogen now present in the air, there must have been at that remote era enormous quantities of carbonic, chloric, and sulphurous gases besides an excess of oxygen; and all these, with the aqueous vapor (alone far exceeding the entire present atmosphere of the earth), expanded by a tremendous heat. This heavily-loaded atmosphere must therefore have extended much farther, we may even say *many times* farther, from the earth than her present aerial envelope. It is not at all unlikely that the outermost part of the cloud-envelope was then several hundred miles from the earth's surface, itself raised, through the expansive effects of heat, many miles above the level it was to assume when cooled. In attempting, indeed, to conceive the effects produced by that tremendous heat with which, most certainly, the whole frame of our earth was once instinct, we are far more likely to fall short of the reality than to exceed it, partly because the physical processes concerned are so far beyond our ordinary experience, but much more because they operated on so inconceivably vast a scale.

While it cannot but be regarded as certain (that is, as not less assured than the theory of cosmical development itself) that during a very remote and long-lasting period the water now forming our seas surrounded the earth in the form of mixed vapor and cloud, yet this consequence of the development theory, however certain, is so remarkable that one would wish to see it confirmed, if possible, by some evidence derived from actually existent worlds. Now as the various orbs peopling the universe occupy all regions of space, so they must

present all the various phases through which each orb has to pass with the progress of time. It would be absurd to suppose, for instance, that every star (that is, every sun) peopling space is passing through exactly the same period of sun-life as our own sun, no less absurd to suppose that every planet is passing through the same period of planet-life, or each moon through the same period of moon-life. But it is in reality seen to be as absurd, when once we open our eyes to the real meaning of the astronomy of our day, to suppose that among the millions of millions of bodies which exist even in that mere corner of space which is measured by the range of our most powerful telescopes, there are not illustrations of *every* stage of the existence of worlds in space, from the first known to us, the vaporous, to the sun-like, and thence through all the forms of world-life down to the stage of absolute refrigeration or planetary death. Some among these varieties must exist within the solar system, and therefore admit of being telescopically examined, unless we suppose that by some amazing accident all the members of the solar system are passing through the same exact stage of world-life. But this, though it is the theory commonly accepted (because of a species of mental indolence which makes the most uniform theory appear of easiest acceptance), is in reality the most glaringly improbable, or rather the most utterly impossible theory it ever entered the heart of man to conceive. It is as though one who knew that a number of ships, unequal in size and power, had set out at different times from various ports on long sea-journeys, should assume, as the most probable opinion respecting their position at any time selected at random, that they were riding all abreast upon the long crest of some great ocean roller.

But regarding the planets of the solar system as presumably in various stages of world-life, according to what law may we expect to find them ranged in point of age? May we take the outermost as the oldest, and the innermost as the youngest? According to the development theory conceived by Laplace, we might do so; though even then the various ages assigned to the several planets would only be arranged in the order of

their actual antiquity, not with reference to the youth, maturity, and decadence of planetary life. A planet younger than another in years might be older in development; just as an animal twenty years old might be aged, while another thirty years old might scarcely have reached maturity. Moreover, it begins to be recognised that Laplace's theory of the formation of our solar system from without inwards does not present the whole truth, even if it presents the most characteristic feature of the system's process of development. Other processes have been at work, and even still continue to be at work, which may have helped to complete the fashioning of interior planets while outer planets still remained unfinished. Indeed, it is more than suspected that Jupiter may still be growing, and that Saturn may not even have assumed his final planetary form.\* But undoubtedly the most important consideration is the first mentioned. Among planets so unequal in size and mass as those of the solar system it cannot be but that the duration of planet-life and of its several periods must differ very largely. If all the planets, then, had been fashioned simultaneously, they would now have reached very different stages of progression. Not only so, but even enormous differences in the epochs of planetary formation would probably be more than cancelled by these varieties in the rates of growth and development.

Shall we, then, take quantity of matter as the main guide for determining the relative duration of planetary life and of its various stages? Experiment will readily show whether and to what degree such a guide might be trusted. It is manifest that the chief question to be determined is the relative rate of planetary cooling through the various stages, from the time when a planet is a mere mass of vapor, down to the time when its whole substance is entirely refrigerated. Suppose, then, we take two globes of iron, one two inches and the other one inch in diameter, and, heating them both to a red heat in the same fire, set them

\* Something of this sort is hinted at by Laplace himself, when he says of Saturn's rings that they seem to him to be "*des preuves toujours subsistantes de l'extension primitive de l'atmosphère de Saturne, et de ses retraites successives.*"

aside to cool. From the result we can form an opinion whether the larger or smaller of two similar and similarly heated orbs will cool the more quickly, or whether size has little or no influence on the rate of cooling. The result of the experiment leaves us no room for doubt on this point. Long after the smaller globe has ceased to glow the larger still shows its ruddy lustre, while a still longer interval separates the time when the smaller globe can be handled from the time when the larger has cooled down to the same extent. We infer, then, that size, or rather quantity of matter, most importantly affects a body's rate of cooling. Indeed, a little consideration shows that this might have been expected. For a body can only part with its heat from its surface. Now the surface of the larger globe in our experiment is four times as great as that of the smaller, and therefore the larger gives out moment by moment four times as much heat as the smaller, when both are at the same temperature; but the larger has eight times as much matter in it as the smaller, and therefore eight times as much heat to part with, both starting from the same temperature. Naturally, therefore, since the larger, with eight times as much heat to give out, expends that supply only four times as fast, the heat supply of the larger lasts longest. We should expect the supply to last about twice as long; and, but for some minor considerations which affect the practical carrying out of the experiment, that would be the relative duration of the heat-emission from the two globes. Only of course it does not follow that the test by touch would correspond with the law here indicated, for the surface of a metal globe may be cool enough for handling while the interior is still exceedingly hot.

It is, indeed, the consideration last indicated which prevents the careful student of science from accepting as demonstrated certain conclusions which have been somewhat confidently advanced respecting the time required by our own earth for cooling down to its present condition. The experiments of Bischof, for example, upon basalt have been quoted as showing that our globe would require 350 millions of years to cool down from 2,000° to 200° Centigrade, and the

process has been referred to as if it were long since completed, so that that period certainly might be reckoned as belonging to the earth's past; yet an enormous portion of the earth's globe may still possess a degree of heat between those limits, and possibly nearer to the higher limit than to the lower.

Yet while it is in our opinion an altogether hopeless task to attempt to deduce absolute time-measures, either experimentally for the determination of our earth's antiquity, or theoretically for the comparison of other planets' development with hers, we can nevertheless very confidently infer that some planets must be far less advanced than the earth towards planetary maturity, and that others must have passed beyond such maturity to extreme old age, if not to decrepitude or even to planetary death. When we consider, for instance, that the quantity of matter in Jupiter exceeds three hundred-fold that in our earth's globe, we cannot doubt that the stages of Jupiter's existence as a planet must exceed the corresponding stages of the earth's existence many times in duration. We cannot argue, indeed, directly as follows, as some have done: Since Jupiter contains three hundred times as much matter as the earth, the globe experiment described above shows that Jupiter would take nearly seven times as long as the earth in completing any given stage of planetary cooling, for if one globe contains three hundred times as much matter as another it will exceed this other nearly seven times in diameter. Nor can we proceed to argue that, since Bischof's experiments indicate 350 millions of years for one stage of the earth's cooling, Jupiter would require more than 2,350 millions of years for that stage, and so must be at least 2,000 millions of years behind the earth in development, from the consideration of that stage alone, and probably some 10,000 millions of years behind the earth altogether, in such sort that some 10,000 millions of years hence Jupiter will be in the same stage of planetary existence that our earth is now passing through. The definiteness of such statements as these makes them more attractive to many than more general statements, but they cannot be relied upon. All that can be safely alleged—and manifestly so much

can be safely alleged—is that planets like Jupiter and Saturn, exceeding the earth enormously in quantity of matter, must have required far longer periods of time for the various stages of planetary development, and must consequently be as yet far less advanced towards planetary maturity. It follows, equally of course, that bodies like Mars, Mercury, and the Moon, as well as the moons of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, being so much less than the earth in mass, must require much less time for the various stages of their development, and may be regarded as having probably long since passed the era corresponding to that through which our earth is now passing.\* It would be, therefore, to Saturn and Jupiter that the telescopicist would turn for indications of the existence of ocean-waters in the state wherein our own ocean must once have existed. Instead of holding the opinion, commonly expressed in our books of astronomy, that, unless very strong evidence is presented to the contrary, other planets ought to be regarded as probably like our earth, we ought (at least if we accept, as every astronomer does, the doctrine of cosmical evolution) to expect to find Jupiter and Saturn in some far earlier stage of planetary existence, and only on the strength of absolutely overwhelming evidence to admit the possibility that they may resemble the earth. Seeing, however, that every particle of evidence yet obtained respecting those planets favors the belief that they are in that early stage of development in which we should expect to find them, while many parts of the telescopic evidence are

such as cannot possibly be interpreted on any other theory, it would seem to be only by an amazing effort of scientific conservatism that the old view, originally incredible and opposed by all the telescopic evidence, is retained in our books of astronomy, as though it had been the subject of some such demonstration as Kepler gave of the laws which bear his name, or Newton of the laws of gravity.

Without entering here at length into the evidence relating to the age of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, or rather to their present stage of development, we shall consider how their appearance corresponds with that which the earth must be supposed to have presented when the waters now forming her oceans enveloped her in the form of commingled vaporous and cloudy masses.

We have seen that at that remote epoch the earth must not only have been completely cloud-enwrapped, but that the outermost of her cloud-layers must have been raised hundreds of miles from her real surface. Measured, then, by an observer on some other planet, her apparent dimensions would then have been far greater than at present, for her outermost cloud-layer would be measured, not her true body. Thus judged, then, to have a much greater volume than she really has, she would be regarded (supposing her total mass to have been determined, as it might readily have been, from the motions of her moon) as having a mean density much less than that of her actual globe. How much less we do not know, because we cannot determine the extent to which her own frame would be expanded, her atmosphere swollen, and the various cloud-layers floating in it thrust away, so to speak, from her intensely heated surface. But it may well be believed that her apparent diameter would be so increased that (her volume being increased necessarily in a much greater degree) her estimated density would be much less than her present density. Now this precisely corresponds with what we find in the case of Saturn and Jupiter, each of these planets having a very small density compared with the earth's, though the tremendous attractive power residing in their enormous globes would, if unresisted, lead to a high degree of compression and therefore to great density. The evi-

\* Only it is to be noted that the smaller the orbs considered the smaller the periods of their existence, and the less, therefore, the probability that differences so arising would cancel differences in the actual epoch of first formation. For instance, suppose that the above reasoning about Jupiter could be relied upon in points of detail as well as in its general sense. Then we see that a difference of no less than 2,000 millions of years comes in as affecting one stage only of the history of that planet and of our own earth: but if instead of comparing our earth with Jupiter, containing three hundred times more matter, we compared her with an orb which she exceeded in the same degree, we should find that the smaller orb would require about 75 millions of years for the stage which lasted 350 millions of years in the earth's case—a difference of only 275 instead of 2,000 millions of years.



dence afforded by the spectroscope renders it highly improbable that these planets are formed of other substances than those forming the earth, or of the same substances in very different proportions. We know that the attractive energy of these planets' masses must act out yonder precisely as the energy of our earth's mass acts throughout *her* frame. Experiments assure us that no cavities can possibly exist in the interior of a planet, so that Brewster's ingenious attempt to account for the small density of Saturn and Jupiter, by supposing these planets to be but hollow shells, fails altogether to remove the difficulty. There remains, then, only the supposition that these planets' attractive energies are in some way resisted, and the natural effect of those energies, extreme compression, prevented. And we find just the required explanation in the theory (to which we had been already led on *à priori* grounds) that these planets are still young and therefore intensely hot, the waters one day to form them being thus raised into their atmospheres, enveloping the planets in enormously deep and complex layers of mingled cloud and vapor, the planets' real globes lying far within these cloud-envelopes, and being also themselves greatly expanded by the tremendous heat with which their substance is instinct. Not only is this the only available explanation of the small density of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, but it is a manifestly sufficient explanation.

It is next to be noticed that certain very striking phenomena would result from the great depth of the earth's vapor laden and cloud-laden atmosphere, disturbed not only by tremendous hurricanes moving horizontally, but also by vertical movements of great energy and velocity. Conceive the descent of vast sheets of water towards some intensely-heated portion of the earth's surface, and the effect of their rapid conversion into vapor. The mass of vapor thus formed, being much lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, would rise just as heated air from a chimney rises in the surrounding cooler and therefore heavier air; only with much greater rapidity, because the vapor of water is far lighter than heated air, and the atmosphere of the remote period we are considering was far

denser than our present air. The mass of vapor would rush upwards to an enormous height in a very short time, and, coming from a region relatively near the centre of the earth to a region farther away, it would be affected by the difference in the rate of rotational movement at these different levels. For instance, at the present surface of the equator the movement due to rotation has a velocity of rather more than a thousand miles an hour, while at a height of a hundred miles above the surface the air is carried round with a velocity twenty-five miles greater per hour. If, then, a body or a mass of vapor were shot upwards from the equator to a height of a hundred miles, it would, while at that height, lag behind the surrounding parts of the air, and, in fact, would travel backwards at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

If the matter propelled upwards were vaporous, and when at the higher level became condensed into cloud, a trail of clouds would be formed along a latitude-parallel, and, as observed from some other planet, the earth would appear to be girt round by a whitish band parallel to the equator. The deeper the envelope of mixed vapor and cloud, the more readily would such bands form; and remembering the tremendous energy of the causes at work, the whole frame of the earth glowing with intensest heat, and keeping the whole mass of water now forming our oceans in the form of mixed cloud and vapor, we cannot doubt that well-marked belts must almost at all times have existed in the earth's cloud-envelope. The earth, then, would have appeared as a *belted planet*, resembling the planet Jupiter (or Saturn without his rings), but on a miniature scale. It is, indeed, common enough to find the belted aspect of Jupiter and Saturn compared with the probable present aspect of the earth, because of the existence of a zone of calms near the equator, bounded on the north and south by the trade-wind zones, and these in their turn by the zones of the counter-trades. But there is not the slightest reason for supposing that these so-called zones could be recognised by an observer viewing the earth from without. Still less reason is there for supposing that they would, even if recognisable, resemble in the remotest degree the well-defined

bands surrounding the globes of Saturn and Jupiter. Such as they are, too, they would be found obeying the influence of the sun as the ruler of the day and also of the seasons; they would be also limited to sea-covered regions; and, in fine, they would correspond much more nearly with the appearances presented by the planet Mars (where occasionally for a few hours portions of bands, not complete zones, are seen across the Martian seas) than with anything shown on the discs of Jupiter and Saturn. What we see on these giant planets corresponds closely, however, with what we should expect to find in the case of planets whose vapor-laden and cloud-laden atmospheres are so deep as to form a considerable portion of the disc seen and measured by astronomers. For the belts of these giant planets show no dependence whatever upon the progress of day and night, or of the long years of Saturn and Jupiter, but behave in all respects as if generated by forces residing in the planets themselves; their well-defined shapes also corresponding exactly with what we should expect from the mode of formation indicated above.

But, returning to the earth, it is manifest that cloud-belts formed in the way we have described would not be permanent. Sometimes they might continue for several weeks, sometimes perhaps even for months; but frequently they would be formed in a few hours, and last but for a few days, or not even, perhaps, for an entire day. So that the belts of the planet earth, viewed in those times from some remote world, would present changes of appearances, sometimes occurring slowly, sometimes rapidly. Now this precisely corresponds with what is observed in the case of the belted planets Jupiter and Saturn. Sometimes the belts remain, though undergoing constant changes of form, for weeks or months together, while sometimes they vanish very soon after their formation.

Again, it is clear that other changes than the formation or dissipation of cloud-belts would affect the deep cloud-laden atmosphere of the planet. Hurricanes and tornadoes would rage from time to time, and sometimes for long periods together, in an atmosphere where processes of evaporation and condensation, with all the rapid variations of tem-

perature occasioned by them, were continually taking place on a scale compared with which that of the most tremendous tropical storm on the earth in our time is utterly insignificant. The effects of such hurricanes and whirling storms would be visible from without through the displacement of the great cloud-masses forming the belts. Sometimes cyclonic storms would produce great circular openings in the cloud-belts, through which the darker depths below would be brought into view. These openings would be visible from without as dark spots on the lighter background of the belts. At other times the uprush of columns of heated vapor, condensing as soon as it reached the higher regions of the planet's atmosphere, would cause the appearance (to an observer outside the earth) of rounded masses of cloud, which, because of their strong reflective power, would seem like spots of white upon the background even of a light belt, and show still more markedly if they appeared above one of the dusky bands corresponding to lower cloud-levels. And besides changes due to great disturbances and rapid movements in the cloud-envelopes, the changes resulting from evaporation and condensation proceeding quietly over extensive portions of these cloud-regions, would be discernible from without. The observer would see dark spaces rapidly forming, where some higher cloud-mass which had been reflecting the sun's light brightly, evaporated, and so allowed part of a lower cloud-layer to be seen. Where the reverse process took place, large masses of transparent aqueous vapor rapidly condensing into cloud, the formation of bright spots would be observed. How closely all this corresponds with what now takes place in the deep vapor-laden atmosphere of Jupiter, will appear from the following account by South of the appearance and rapid disappearance of an enormous dark spot on one of the belts of Jupiter: "On June 3, 1839, I saw with my large achromatic, immediately below the lowest [edge] of the principal belt of Jupiter, a spot larger than I had seen before; it was of a dark color, but certainly not absolutely black. I estimated it at a fourth of the planet's 'longer' diameter. I showed it to some gen-

tle men who were present; its enormous extent was such that, on my wishing to have a portrait of it, one of the gentlemen, who was a good draughtsman, kindly undertook to draw me one; whilst I, on the other hand, extremely desirous that its actual magnitude should not rest on estimation, proposed, on account of the scandalous unsteadiness of the large instrument, to measure it with "a telescope five feet in length. "Having obtained for my companion the necessary drawing instruments, I went to work, he preparing himself to commence his. On my looking, however, into the telescope of five feet, I was astonished to find that the large dark spot, except at its eastern and western extremities, had become much whiter than any of the other parts of the planet, and "in thirty-four minutes from the first observation, "these miserable scraps" (that is, the two extremities of the original spot) "were the only remains of a spot which, but a few minutes before, had extended over at least 22,000 miles." Again, Webb, in his singularly useful little treatise, *Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*, thus describes certain small whitish spots seen for a time on the planet's dusky belts. Recently, "minute white roundish specks about the size of satellites" have been seen "on the dark southern belts. Dawes first saw them in 1849; Lassell in 1850, with his Newtonian reflector, two feet in aperture. Dawes has since given several striking drawings of them," and they have been seen with a nine-inch telescope by Sir W. K. Murray, in Scotland. "They are evidently not permanent. Common telescopes have no chance with them, or with similar traces which Lassell has detected (1858) on the bright belts." But, indeed, many pages might be occupied with the account of appearances on Jupiter's belts, indicating the progress of changes such as could not be looked for except in the case of a planet enveloped by an exceedingly deep atmosphere laden with enormous masses of cloud and vapor. In the case of Saturn such appearances are less often and less clearly recognised, doubtless because the planet lies so much farther away. For it should be remembered, in comparing the accounts which observers give of the two planets, Jupiter and Saturn, that these

orbs are studied under very different conditions, a telescope nearly twenty times as powerful being required to show Saturn as to show Jupiter with equal distinctness.

One circumstance seems to us to merit attention here, of which, so far as we know, no explanation has ever yet been attempted. There is sometimes to be observed along the belts of Jupiter, and in particular along the great equatorial belt, a certain regularity of marking giving to the belt affected by it somewhat of the appearance of a ring marked with a series of regular elliptical mouldings; or, to use Webb's description, the belts throw out dusky loops or festoons, "whose elliptical interiors, arranged lengthwise, and sometimes with great regularity, have the aspect of a girdle of luminous egg-shaped clouds surrounding the globe." "These oval forms," he proceeds, "which were very conspicuous in the equatorial zone (as the interval between the belts may be called) in 1869-70, and of which the vestiges still remain (in 1872-73), have been seen in other regions of the planet, and are probably of frequent recurrence. It is by no means easy to assign a reason for this prevalent configuration, which sometimes shows itself in a solitary ellipse, seen by Gledhill and Mayer in 1869-70." Several considerations suggest themselves when we study these peculiarities thoughtfully. First, the enormous size of these oval cloud-masses indicates that they are formed in a very deep atmosphere—they have a length and breadth often of nine or ten thousand miles, and sometimes (as in the case of the great solitary oval seen by Mayer and Gledhill) the extreme length of an oval cannot, after every allowance for possible exaggeration in the drawing, be computed at less than 30,000 miles. The regularity of their shape indicates that they are due to the operation of some cause at work below, and whose action, extending all around some central region, leads to a regular form, having, like the oval, a centre of symmetry. But the enormous size of the ovals indicates that the centre of disturbance must lie very deep down. One cannot, indeed, fairly estimate its probable depth at less than thousands of miles. Now, if we ascribe each of the oval clouds, seen when a belt

looks like a girdle of egg-shaped mouldings, to a region below the cloud-stratum, we should have to suppose a girdle of such regions; in other words, that the real surface of the planet was not only zoned by such regions of disturbance, but the zone divided regularly up into equidistant regions of disturbance alternating with regions of calm. This theory is not only improbable in itself, but, since we have seen that the existence of belts of cloud arises from the lagging of cloud-masses thrown up from lower depths, we perceive that there is no reason for supposing the real surface of Jupiter to be divided zone-wise, still less for supposing the zones to be at any time divided regularly along their length. The cloud-masses lying along different parts of a zone come thus to be regarded as owing their position, not to the position of the region of Jupiter's real surface immediately underlying them, but to the *time* when the vapors forming them were carried upwards from the neighborhood of the true surface. A regular series of oval cloud-masses, then, would be explained simply as a series which had been formed over one and the same part of Jupiter's true surface, but at successive equal intervals of time, the causes leading to the upthrowing of the vapor being alternately active and quiescent. Now, we know that such uniform, or nearly uniform, alternation of activity and rest is a phenomenon frequently to be observed in terrestrial phenomena, and very readily to be explained. For the energetic action of any particular process in nature will bring about, by its very energy, the action of the reverse process, which, again, will bring the former into work, the two alternating with gradual diminution of intensity, just as a pendulum swung in one direction is by that very motion caused to swing in the opposite direction, then back again, until gradually the alternate motion is brought to an end.\*

\* We see an interesting astronomical illustration of such alternate action in the formation of successive envelopes around the head of a comet. These are generally seen to be arranged with great uniformity, envelope within envelope, separated by well-marked interspaces of transparent matter; and they rise gradually from the nucleus, the outer envelopes disappearing, and new envelopes forming within. Now, the formation of the

So that this explanation of the occasional regular disposition of enormous oval cloud-masses in a zone girdling the whole frame of Jupiter, while corresponding well with conclusions to which we had been already led, is far simpler and better in accordance with observed phenomena than the idea of a series of equi-distant centres of disturbance round a zone of Jupiter's real surface. It should be added, as in our opinion placing the real nature and method of formation of Jupiter's belts beyond a peradventure, that the cloud-surface in different latitudes of the planet's globe turns round at different rates, the equatorial portion moving fastest. This, of course, could not be the case if we saw anywhere the real surface of the planet, or even if the depth of its atmosphere were small in proportion to the planet's apparent diameter.

Next we may note yet another remarkable feature which the earth must have presented to observers on other worlds during the first stage of our ocean's history. With an atmosphere so deep as she then had, in which many layers of cloud were floating at various depths, it could not but happen that from time to time such changes would take place, either by the rapid appearance or by the rapid disappearance of extensive cloud-masses at high levels, that her shape would seem to be distorted. Indeed, this is only supposing that from time to time high cloud-layers formed or vanished in a part of the earth's atmosphere chancing at the moment to form a portion of the *outline* of her visible disc, instead of forming part of a belt in the mid portions of the disc. Accordingly, to an observer viewing the earth from without, her shape would not always appear perfectly circular, or rather of that

visible envelope implies a process of one kind (possibly condensation), while the transparent space between indicates a process of the reverse kind (possibly evaporation); so that the regular arrangement of envelopes and spaces shows that there must be an alternation of these processes at nearly uniform intervals. And though the forces causing either process are, so far as we can perceive, at work all the time, we can quite readily understand how first one, then the other, prevails, each by its very prevalence for a while bringing about conditions favorable to the prevalence of the other.



figure almost circular, but very slightly elliptical, which in those remote times, as now, must have corresponded to the proportions of her real globe. Cloud-layers floating very high in the earth's extensive atmosphere would cause her disc to bulge out slightly but perceptibly, if they chanced to be so placed as to form the outline of that disc, while regions where for a while the higher layers were wanting would (under the same circumstances) appear slightly depressed below the mean outline of the disc. It might very well happen that these irregularities would usually be too minute to be detected; that effect called irradiation, which slightly expands the apparent outline of every bright object seen on a dark background, would go far to hide such peculiarities. Yet sometimes they would be too marked, probably, to escape notice, supposing only the observer's station were well placed for the observation of the earth; as, for instance, if at that remote time there were creatures living on the moon, and able to examine the earth from that convenient distance. Especially when it chanced that raised portions of the earth's outline lay between two depressed portions, or a depressed portion between two raised portions, the observer would have a good opportunity of recognising the irregularity so resulting. He would perceive in one case that the outline had two somewhat flattened parts with a sort of corner between them, while in the second case there would be flattening between two corners. Of course, in neither case would the corners or the flattened parts be well marked; they would, in fact, only be just discernible by the most scrutinising observation. It might, however, have happened at times that whole zones of cloud-layers would lie higher than usual, while adjacent to them were zones where only the lower cloud-layers were formed for the time being. During such periods the whole disc would appear out of shape, at least to very keen vision.

Now, precisely such peculiarities have been recognised in the case of Jupiter and Saturn, the two planets which, as already seen, we should expect from *a priori* considerations to be in the cloud-enveloped condition, and whose exceedingly small mean densities compel us

either to believe that they are so, or else to adopt the conclusion that they are framed of materials quite different from those constituting our own earth. For that careful observer Schröter, the contemporary, and in some orders of observation the rival of Sir W. Herschel, notes that at times he could not but suspect that the outline of Jupiter was imperfectly rounded, being in places slightly flattened.\* In the case of Saturn, not only have occasional local irregularities been noticed, but the planet has sometimes been observed to be for a time quite markedly out of shape, bulging out in the regions corresponding to the earth's temperate zones, and compressed (relatively) in the equatorial and polar regions. It would be easy to dismiss such observations as due to optical illusion if they had been made by mere amateurs. But Schröter was no amateur telescopist; few ever surpassed him in skill, and none in zeal and patience. The peculiarity in Saturn's figure, again, was first observed by Sir W. Herschel when at the height of his fame as a telescopist; and it has since been observed by such astronomers as Sir J. Herschel, Airy, the Bonds of Harvard (than whom no better observers ever lived), Coolidge, and many others, while the practised and certainly not imaginative workers at Greenwich Observatory have recorded,

\* It may, indeed, be noticed as remarkable that such a peculiarity, if it exists, has not been more commonly observed; but in reality it would be very readily overlooked and might even be altogether imperceptible with many telescopes superior to Schröter's. It was but a few years ago that certain irregularities of the moon's surface, so extensive as to modify her outline when they chance to be so placed as to form part of it, were detected by Mr. Cooper Key, though the moon must quite often have been observed at times when the peculiarity should have been noticed; and he detected the peculiarity by a process corresponding in fact to the spoiling of his telescope, at least temporarily. It was a silvered-glass reflector; and he removed the silvering so that the glass itself reflected the rays, but much less perfectly, of course, than the polished silver. He thus had a much fainter image of the moon, and, the effects of irradiation being removed, the flattening at the edge of the disc could be recognised. It is so great, when the moon is in one particular position, as to give two flat edges which would form sides of a twelve-sided polygon if the rest of the disc's outline were similarly shaped.

in the account of their year's work, that "this year Saturn has from time to time assumed the square-shouldered aspect." It is impossible to reject such testimony, though beyond all question the *normal* condition of Saturn is not the "square-shouldered," as some have supposed. It is certain, from multiplied observations and measurements, that Saturn usually presents the figure of a perfect ellipse, flattened like the earth at the poles, but in far greater degree. It is equally certain, therefore, that the square-shouldered aspect is but an occasional peculiarity. It is explained quite simply and naturally when we regard Saturn's real globe as deep embosomed within his cloud-laden atmosphere—a view of the planet (we again and again repeat) which *à priori* considerations, as well as his exceedingly small apparent density, absolutely force upon us. On the other hand, those who reject as utterly incredible, or at least sensational, the belief that the giant planets are passing through a stage of planetary existence through which our earth has certainly passed, insisting on regarding all the planets as in the same stage of their existence notwithstanding the enormous *à priori* probabilities against such a supposition, are not only compelled at the very outset to adopt the opinion that Saturn and Jupiter must be formed of materials altogether unlike those constitut-

ing our earth—a view much more opposed to their theory of general resemblance than the one we have here indicated—but when observations such as those we have been describing are brought under their notice they are compelled either to reject them as optical illusions (an explanation which will account for anything), or else to adopt the conclusion that disturbances have taken place in the solid framework of a planet compared with which the most tremendous earthquakes would be the merest child's play. Thus their very preference of observation to theory, and of the ordinary to the sensational, forces them in this case either to reject multiplied observations as mere illusions, or to adopt a theory of planet disturbance which is not sensational merely, but utterly extravagant and incredible.

But in that remote period which we are considering, the waters of ocean, existing as mighty cloud-masses and borne aloft by the earth's deep atmosphere, must have caused the earth to present yet other peculiarities of appearance to observers, if such existed, who may have viewed her from the then young but now decrepit planets Mercury and Luna. Some of these we shall describe in the second part of this essay, and then briefly consider the evidence afforded by the present condition of the ocean respecting its past history—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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ALFRED DE MUSSET.

THE gift of genius is, in many ways, the best and most happy gift bestowed on man. Yet its possessors in general have not been happy. Something too much of expectation, a hope too highly placed, a conception of pleasure beyond anything that is to be obtained in this dim world; may be the cause; or perhaps the unconscious exaggeration in their eyes, the glorifying and elevating influence which embellishes the earth wherever they move, have even a practical effect, bewildering their steps, and betraying them into devious ways. It is hard to estimate the advantages of a mere commonplace footing on solid ground, when that ground is wrapped in all the glorious sheen of the ideal, glow-

ing with light and color unseen to common eyes. The practical genius of the great soldier, the great administrator, has no such dangerous weakness connected with it. It is the poet alone, or at least above all others, who arrays the world in garments brought out of heaven, and who, in consequence, gets most often bewildered in the darkling ways upon which no such reflection can be got to gleam, and which are not dreamed of in his philosophy. And, strangely enough, his own errors and weaknesses, from which he is no way guarded by his supreme endowment, do not suffice to warn him that the charm is not real which it is his faculty to throw around him. He may be fickle and changeable himself,

but the lovely truth which, being of all things the loveliest, is in his eyes to glorify the world, is what he looks for with childlike certainty; and he is deceived. He may be cold-hearted, self-regarding; but love always more beautiful than selfishness is what he demands from others: and he fails in finding it, even as other men do who have no such expectation or certainty. Poetry is no creed of morality, no source of elevated personal sentiment for its possessor. Yet as it is his office for the good of humanity to add beauty to everything he sees, and to see all the loveliness of which earth is capable, and to persuade other men of its reality, so he is himself the first and most easily deceived. Some few there are, strongly fashioned and of robust character, calm men of wholesome condition like Wordsworth, like Goethe—perhaps, for all we know, like Shakespeare himself—who have sufficient breadth of constitution to bear and to accept the shock. But the greater number are of less vigorous frame, and feel to their hearts the fading of the finer tints their imagination creates, even when themselves endowed with no portion of that celestial clothing—a paradox which is as wonderful as any of the other paradoxes which surround mankind.

It is this, perhaps, which justifies the popular idea of the poet, as one of the unfortunates of the earth, subject to more painful downfalls, more dismal disappointments than other men, and also unhappily prone to go further astray than other men, when beguiled, as we permit it to be said, by the light from heaven—though we are all well aware that light from heaven never yet led human nature astray, and that it is not Genius that is to blame, but the mortal companion to whom it is committed, whom it makes glorious, but cannot preserve from sin or sorrow. And there could be no fitter illustration of this theory than the sad and pitiful figure which such a man of genius as Alfred de Musset presents to the world, to which the vagaries and offences of great writers are so much more open than the peccadilloes of ordinary men. France has no other man so gifted in his generation—at least none with whom we may justly compare him: for

Victor Hugo still lives, and cannot enter into direct competition with the fame of a completed work: and the energy, the fire, the passion of his poetry raise him above the level of the mild Lamartine, to whom sentiment only, not passion, was possible. We might almost say that (leaving his dramatic works aside) he is the only French lyrical poet, except Beranger, who has been able to seize upon the attention of an audience wider than that of his countrymen. To many a reader who has felt in all other cases the bondage of the French rhythm, with its rigid, artificial laws, to be an oppression and tedium insupportable, De Musset has been the one singer whose natural command of melodious and varied expression has made the national form of art endurable. He has triumphed over those rigors and monotonies by the force of genuine life in him, not always lofty, but yet real—by the passion, by the vitality, the quiver and thrill of feeling which moves himself in every pulse, more than and before it moves his audience. His power is not, like the gay and delightful genius of Beranger, capable of throwing itself abroad upon the world, and lighting up the whole face of the country with expression and meaning. The France, the *siècle* of De Musset is within himself. What he is able to expound in verse is not the fresh and varied episodes of the national life, the loves and sorrows of his race, but only that struggle between passion and reason in his own bosom, that perpetual and conflicting ferment of wishes and thoughts—the one eager, wild, and irresistible, the other melancholy, fastidious, and unbelieving—of which he is always conscious, which scarcely intermits for a moment, which brings disgust close upon the heels of pleasure, and mingles the sentiment, which in his vocabulary is entitled love, with sudden loathings still more passionate than itself. It is this which gives intensity and reality to his work, but in the very charm of the production makes the image of the man more deplorable, more unhappy, forcing it down in the scale of being even by the energy of the *elan* which inspires the poetry. The verse soars aloft, indignant, pensive, passionate, despairing; but the earth from which it has taken its

spring is not the broad standing-ground of humanity, but that poor clod close to the edge of a precipice which it spurns to destruction as it darts upward, and which, alas! is its author. Other men no doubt have been as wretched, as deceived in life, as worn by passion, as bitterly betrayed by love; but none have so opened the quivering bosom, and shown with such *abandon* how entirely justifiable was the betrayal, and how inevitable the anguish; the misery of moral failure is in every line of the picture; and the cruel sketches made by other hands are but shadows of the more bitter and more damning portrait drawn by himself. Too weak in good to resist a single temptation, to quench a single impulse—too weak in evil to suppress one quick rising of disgust, or shut up within himself one word of those aimless self-reproaches and accusations of his fate and his fellow-sinners, which mingle with the very tumult of enjoyment, no moralist could furnish a more miserable fable of the evils of vice than does the unhappy poet who knew no existence but that of "pleasure," so called in a pitiful mockery too bitter for legitimate satire. Had he been a little better or a little worse—less enslaved by the grosser passions, or more contented with the coarse satisfaction they are capable of producing—he would have been a less miserable man; but the special curse of De Musset's nature seems to have been, that in combination with the discontent, which of itself is divine, he had an ignorance of and incapacity for better things, which took all noble use and meaning out of that discontent: thus he lost all the advantages (such as they may be) of dissipation, as well as those of goodness; lost even the poor credit of a libertine—too good for that, too bad for anything better—and suffered at once the penalties of vice and those of virtue. An existence less satisfactory, more melancholy to behold, more hopeless to endure, could not be. He has been called the Byron of France, and there are without doubt many traces of the influence of Byron in his works; but poor De Musset had none of the splendor or prestige of the English patrician, whose position gave a certain lacquer to his character, and whose nature was less com-

punctious, less troubled with conscience and the ideal, and (strange though it seems to say so) in consequence even of this insensibility, less contemptible to the crowd.

Alfred de Musset was born at Paris in November 1810—just as the glory of the great Napoleon approached its climax and its fall. His father was a Government *employé*, and at the same time a literary man of some reputation, and the sons (the eldest of whom, M. Paul de Musset, is also known in literature) were educated with the usual advantages "in the College Henri IV.," where Alfred "fit de brillantes études." The description he himself gives, however, of the condition of mind of the youths who issued from these Parisian colleges, is, though perhaps exaggerated, very well worth attention, especially from those readers who are interested in the internal history of France, as well as the noisy outside record of all her revolutions and changes. Nothing could be more unlike the ways of thinking of De Musset and his wildly irregular companions than the opinions and ideas of the late Count de Montalembert and the party which, with and under his leadership, fought so desperately for religious education. De Musset was no partisan of the priests, no supporter of religious influence. He was of the sect of those who believe nothing—indifferent, if not even hostile, to Christianity itself; but the testimony he bears to the strange and horrible condition of the young minds which came forth from these seminaries of everything but faith and virtue, is more trenchant than that which any opponent could have ventured to give. He begins the revolting and painful story which he calls 'Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle' by an account of France at the moment he himself woke to consciousness of what was going on around him. The strange internal turmoil concealed by a stagnant surface of peace, which existed under the Bourbons, especially in the minds of the new generation born amid the clamor of Napoleon's wars, "between two battles," and who, with their heads full of conquest and victory, suddenly found the whole world change around them, has seldom been more gloomily described.



"Alors s'assit sur un monde en ruine, une jeunesse soucieuse," he says, with sombre vehemence.

"The life which appeared before these youths was made up of three elements: behind them was a past entirely destroyed, but still throbbing under its ruins amid all the fossil remains of ages of absolutism; before them the dawn trembling on the horizon, the first gleams of the future; and between them two worlds—something like the ocean which separates an old continent from the young America, a vague and fluent waste, a gloomy sea full of shipwrecks, traversed from time to time by some white distant sail, or by some vessel breathing forth a heavy flood of smoke: in one word, the present age which separated the past from the future, which was neither the one nor the other, which resembled both at the same time, and in which no one could tell, at any step he made, whether what he trod on was a springing seed or a fragment of ruin. Such was the chaos through which a path had to be chosen. Such was the world which lay before this race full of boldness and of strength, sons of the Empire and grandsons of the Revolution. . . . An inexpressible confusion of pain began to ferment in all their young hearts. Condemned to repose by the sovereigns of the world, given up to evil guidance, to idleness and weariness, these youths saw the foaming waves against which they had prepared themselves, retiring before them. All those oiled gladiators felt at the bottom of their hearts the misery of the disappointment. The rich among them became libertines; those of mediocre means gave themselves up to a profession, and resigned themselves wholly to the sword or to the gown; the poorest threw themselves into a cold enthusiasm, into big words, into the fearful whirlpool of aimless action. As human weakness seeks association, and men herd together by nature, politics were soon mixed up with this. They fought with the royal guards on the steps of the legislative assembly, they rushed to the theatre to see Talma in a wig that made him resemble Cæsar, or they thronged to the funeral of a Liberal deputy. But of the members of these two opposite parties, there was not one who, on retiring within himself, did not feel bitterly the emptiness of his existence and the poverty of his powers.

"Who would dare to tell what passed then in the schools? Men doubted everything, but boys denied everything. The poets sang songs of despair, but boys came out of the schools with serene looks, with fresh and shining faces, but blasphemy in their mouth. Besides, as French character, always gay and open, ruled everything, their heads, indeed, got easily full of ideas which were English or German; but their hearts, too light to struggle and suffer, faded like plucked flowers. Thus the principle of death overshadowed every thing from the heart to the feelings. Instead of having the enthusiasm of wickedness, all that we had was a relinquishment of goodness; instead of despair, insensibility. Children of fifteen, seated carelessly under the

shade of blossomed shrubs, held for pastime discussions which would have thrilled with horror the ancient thickets of Versailles. The host, the communion of Christ, that eternal symbol of heavenly love, was used as a wafer to seal letters; children tore asunder the bread of God. Happy are those who escaped from these times! Happy those who passed over these depths with their eyes fixed on heaven! Such existed, no doubt, and pitied us.

"It is unhappily true that there is in blasphemy a great outburst of strength, which eases the overflowing heart. When the atheist, drawing out his watch, gave God a quarter of an hour to strike him with a thunderbolt, there can be no doubt that he promised himself a quarter of an hour of atrocious enjoyment. It was a paroxysm of despair, a momentous appeal to all the heavenly powers; it was the convulsive struggle of a poor and miserable creature under the foot which crushed it; it was a great cry of misery. And, who knows? in the eyes of Him who sees everything it was perhaps a prayer. Thus youth found an employment for its creative force in the sentiments of despair. To mock at glory, at religion, at love, at everything, is a great consolation for those who have nothing better to do. They make a jest of themselves, and prove themselves right, at the same time that they teach themselves a lesson. And then it is sweet to believe one's self unfortunate when one is only vacant and bored with everything. And debauchery, the first consequence of these principles of death, is a terrible instrument of enervation. So that the rich said, 'There is nothing true but wealth; everything else is a dream; let us enjoy and die.' And those of modest fortune said, 'There is nothing true but forgetfulness; all the rest is a dream; let us forget and die.' And the poor said, 'There is nothing true but misery; all the rest is a dream; let us blaspheme and die.'"

This is the beginning which the young Frenchman early in the century claims to have had, without any self-deceit as to its debasement, perhaps rather with an exaggeration of all its miserable qualities. The picture, however, is general, and we have no details of the particular growth of the young Alfred, till we find him emerge into perhaps the most brilliant portion of contemporary society, the little world in which young men of letters hold the chief place, forming at once such an audience for each other as is the easiest way to fame—pushing each other to the front of public notice, not only by mutual admiration, but by quarrels, scandals, and the introduction of full-length portraits, and scarcely veiled individual histories, into the literature they were making. Through this influence, and another more tragical to which

we shall hereafter refer, we have sketch after sketch of the young poet, who seems to have made his start in the world with all those qualities which attract the admiration of youth—a light heart and lively disposition, and a love of pleasure not yet degenerated into anything lower than the habitual standard. He was a “jeune blondin, un élégant, portant touffe de cheveux d’un côté, chapeau sur l’oreille de l’autre, taille de guêpe, l’air fat, haut sur talons, dédaigneux des petites gens comme nous,” according to one description. “His beauty, his youth,” says a graver account—“his excellent manners, his almost too studied dress, made him remarkable, and much noticed, especially by women; but he had other and more unusual advantages. Of that ardent and vivacious generation which put so much passion in everything as to make a literary quarrel into a war as hot and prolonged as that of Troy, he was the one most happily endowed. He had received from nature an amiable and easy character, which after-troubles changed.” Here, however, is another sketch, more detailed and sentimental, made by the skilled hand of a Parisian *précieuse*, one of the women of letters who were unfortunately mixed up with his unhappy fate. There is something both melancholy and laughable in the picture, in which the ancient *mode* flourishes as well as the ball-room hero in all his bloom of light-hearted youth:—

“He was of middle height and slight figure, dressed with extreme and almost elaborate care in a green coat with metal buttons, a brown silk waistcoat crossed by a gold chain, and two onyx buttons which fastened the cambrie folds of his shirt-front. His narrow black satin cravat encircled his throat like a jet necklace, and brought out the fine tone of his complexion; his white gloves showed by an irreproachable fit the delicacy of his hands; but it was the arrangement of his beautiful fair hair that was specially remarkable. Following the example of Lord Byron, he had succeeded in giving an air of noble grace to that natural crown of his inspired brow: numerous curls waved upon his temples, and descended in clusters towards his neck, and I was much struck, as the rapid circle of the waltz brought him repeatedly under the light, by the different shades of color in his hair. The rings which caressed his forehead were of pale gold, those behind were amber, and those which covered the higher part of the head sank gradually from light to dark. This peculiarity he retained till his death. Con-

trary to most fair men, whose whiskers are generally red, his were chestnut, and his eyes almost black, which gave vigor and fire to his countenance. His nose was perfectly Greek in form; and his mouth, then fresh and smiling, showed white teeth. All these attractions were enhanced by an air of aristocratic distinction, which gave additional light to his eyes, and elevated the ideal crown of his brow.”

This curious mixture of the Minerva Press and the books of fashion, will make the reader smile; but yet there was a day, no doubt, when green coats with metal buttons might be the garb of aristocratic distinction: and the *jeune blondin* with his *touffe* of curls, his smiling eyes, his hair in shades of gold, turning in the rapid circles of the waltz upon the verge of that bottomless pit which was so soon to swallow him up, with all his boyish beauty and undeveloped genius,—how sad, even with those ludicrous touches of sentiment, is this first and almost last sight of him, so trifling, so joyous, so near destruction! Believing nothing, taught nothing except the vulgarst creed of the profligate, tuning his young voice to miserable echoes of older dissipation, and knowing no finer hero than the Byronic Don Juan, a type so far debased and fallen, even from the splendid sinner of Molière,—what sight could be more melancholy than that of this beautiful youth of twenty-three, to whom earth and heaven contained nothing but the vice which is called pleasure—the miserable passion which masks itself with the name of love? The evil, however, was not De Musset’s alone, but that of his age and country. The reader will remember that Lamartine, too, knows scarcely any subject for poetry (except the rural landscape, the exquisite home-scenes in which he is a man as well as a poet) but this everlasting monotone of passion, mawkish in his milder treatment; and De Musset, with a much more ardent nature and impassioned style, was the lineal descendant of Chateaubriand and Lamartine. The genial Beranger, who escapes the weakness, was incapable by nature of any monotone whatsoever, and he had the wholesome outer world besides to keep his genius sweet; another proof, if any were necessary, that the mass of mankind is never so corrupt as the *élite*, either of society or literature, can be. The poet

of the people, with all his homely Gallic force and frankness, is infinitely purer than the fine Lamartine, the elegant De Musset—a fact which is worth consideration in passing. But what kind of moral sense could be expected from a young poet in the full whirl of Paris, or from the audience which he addressed, when a serious critic like M. Sainte-Beuve calmly discusses and approves their choice of lawless intrigue instead of lawful love, as an equally worthy subject of song and story? “If the love called virtuous, the love of marriage and order, seemed to him unfavorable to the framework of his romance; if he preferred the love which is free of all sacred engagements,—the conclusion was still satisfactory and noble, still worthy to be proposed in our day, not only without scandal but even with fruit,” says this grave literary judge whose opinion has carried so much weight for the last half-century. When an acknowledged authority formulates such opinions, what can be looked for from an inexperienced writer, whose misfortune it was to have fallen upon such evil times? His predecessors at least had the tradition of something better—a kind of faith, a kind of loyal principle to which they were born, or if not even so much as that, at least they believed in fighting, in war, and conquest of something more substantial than hearts. But even that manly inspiration had failed, as well as all higher enthusiasms. There was neither breadth in the horizon nor purity in the atmosphere—neither light enough to make a worthy pathway clear, nor air enough to fill the lungs with one full and wholesome breath. Nothing but lukewarm breezes, stale perfumes, and *amour*, or rather *amours* in the plural, a depth more miserable still.

De Musset was not strong enough to resist this current; indeed it would not appear that he had the slightest inclination to do so. No individual impulse towards purity and virtue was in the young Parisian, so early launched upon all the excitements of a *jeunesse orageuse*. He was trained to dissipation as other young men are trained to sobriety, and his inclinations went with his training. His first boyish publication, brought out when he was but eighteen, contains little but tales of intrigue after the worst Byronic model—Byron diluted with Lamar-

tine, the most sickly compound possible. But after this, the most singular change appears all at once in the young poet—a change unperceived or unappreciated by his contemporaries, but as remarkable now to the thoughtful reader as any symptom of mental convulsion could be. In the midst of those old complacent echoes of cynicism and vice, which all his audience were ready to applaud to the echo, and in which the foolish boy—like an infant taught to blaspheme, rolling big oaths out of its rosy mouth in delighted uncomprehension—was ready to out-do all competitors,—there suddenly rang out a deeper note—a tragic tone, undreamed of before by either singer or hearers. If here and there some one who listened was startled by it, or if he himself was aware of the new thing he was doing, who can tell? But certainly the Sainte-Beuves remained calmly unaware, not perceiving that between the brilliant verses of “*Namouna*,” and the tragic, almost prophetic solemnity of “*Rolla*,” there lay a gulf wide enough to appal the observer. What produced this sudden outburst of new perception, new meaning, enlightenment so tragic and terrible, we have no way of knowing. It comes without warning, and dies away—its appearance and disappearance equally remarkable, though the latter may perhaps be interpreted by the fact that De Musset’s personal history and misfortunes surged uppermost soon after this gloomy yet splendid revelation, and quenched in him the new-born insight. But what fierce disgust, kindled in a moment and wrought to a climax of tragic vehemence, what loathing of the vileness hitherto so lightly treated, what a sudden sense of something nobler that might be, is in this curious, sudden, temporary inspiration!

The strange crude drama called “*La Coupe et les Lèvres*” gives the first sombre sign of the rising feeling. But it is in the poem called “*Rolla*” that the poet bursts upon us in all the passion of this new and strange strength. Few efforts of genius so startling, so hideous, so beautiful, have ever been made. Another world seems suddenly to have revealed itself in which the cynic has no longer a place, but where some stern despairing angel, himself fallen yet pitiful, above the shrinkings of human feeling,

ventures to combine the most hostile elements, and make a desperate sally in favor of innocence and purity from the very stronghold, and with the very arms, of vice. We may almost take it for granted that De Musset does not consciously intend half the meaning that really exists in this wonderful production. The words seem overbold: yet the fact can scarcely be doubted that Genius does often make an only half-conscious instrument of its possessor, and that, like the Hebrew prophet, the poet often strikes a higher note than he wots of, and in pursuing his own voluntary motive, opens a wider sequence than he knows. It would seem to be only a stronger representation than usual of that hideous travesty of love which is the leading principle of debauch, at which De Musset aims; but the most tragic suggestions of life made worthless, of needless and unprofitable destruction, of ruin, debasement, and despair, open up around the central idea. The poem is so woven through and through with the images of impurity and the agitations of vice, and the chief situation is so revolting, that it is almost impossible to quote from it, or to describe it. The very story is untellable. It is a description of the last night of the hero, who has sentenced himself to suicide at the end of a three years' debauch, and who, the emblem, as the poet intends, of his generation, chooses to pass the last moments of his existence in a *mauvais lieu*—an idea which would strike the greater number, even of the depraved, with terror, and which therefore has a fascination alike for the hero and the writer of the poem:—

"De tous les débauchés de la ville du monde,  
Où la libertinage est au meilleur marché,  
De la plus vieille en vice et de la plus fé-  
conde,  
Je veux dire Paris—le plus grand débauché  
Était Jacques Rolla—"

This is, naturally, his claim to be renowned. He has been brought up without occupation, the only child of a foolish father, who leaves him at nineteen his own master, without means enough to insure a life such as he has hitherto lived, and "ni talent ni métier" to support himself. Rolla divides his money into three portions, determining that each should serve for a year of debauch-

ery, and that, all being ended, he should die. The end at last arrives, the money is gone, and the young man, in the full bloom of his youth, prepares for the pre-determined close, but reserves a crowning indulgence for the last night of his life. Searching in his sombre imagination for the most painful combination to be found, the poet brings this emblem of youthful bravado and despair to the chamber of a creature still innocent and pure, though born and trained for the worst of purposes, externally the most delicate and exquisite flower of humanity, and still in the calm of childhood, unawakened either to shame or guilty knowledge. The description of this unconscious creature, wrapt in profound and childlike slumber, would be one of the most beautiful examples of French poetry could it be detached from its surroundings; but it is these surroundings which give it its sinister and terrible power. The contrast of the vile circumstances around with that calm, that youth, that human flower, to which still all kinds of lovely blossomings are possible, though the deepest pollution is close at hand, surround the scene with tragic and sombre shadows,—to be heightened and deepened by the entrance of the other life, breathing nothing but vigor and vitality, but with death close at hand, and ruin reigning in heart and soul. We turn with a shudder from the appalling picture, which no manipulation could make fit to be regarded by innocent eyes, but which yet is, we think, the most powerful, as it certainly is the most tragical, of all De Musset's productions. Nowhere has he struck so high yet so deep a note, and shown so profound a perception of that last sting and poignant climax of debasement, the possibility of moral salvation, the sense of what might have been. We will venture to quote the beginning of this poem, which is almost all we dare attempt to put into decorous English—English, alas! in which the fire and passion of the original are sadly lost.

O Christ, I am not one of those who pray,  
Trembling in thy mute temples—those who  
beat  
Their hands upon their breasts, and take  
their way  
To Calvary to kiss thy bleeding feet.  
I stand erect thy holy courts among,  
Where in the sacred gloom the faithful bow,



Moved by the murmurous breeze of sacred  
song,  
As reeds before the wind make reverence  
low.

Thy holy words, O Christ, unmoved I hear,  
Born all too late into a world that dies.

The age that knows no hope can know no  
fear;

Our comets have unpeopled the great skies;  
And sightless Chance through sombre shadows leads

The worlds from all illusion freed at last,  
While flinging down thy once-throned angels,  
treads

O'er its own wrecks, the spirit of the past.  
The nails of Golgotha scarce hold thee more.

From off thy grave divine the soil is torn.  
Dead is thy glory, Christ! the cross that  
bore

Thy heavy weight to dust and ashes worn.

Yet be it still permitted to the son  
Most unbelieving of a faithless time,  
To kiss that dust, O Christ, and weep upon  
The Earth that once lived by thy death sub-  
lime.

Who now, my God, will bring her life again,  
Once by thy purest blood made young? who  
may,

Jesus, do that thou didst, or with what pain  
Bring youth to us, old men born yesterday?

We are as old as when thy coming made  
New hope; have lost more and expecting  
found

As much to look for; Lazarus is laid  
A second time within the mournful ground  
Which is man's tomb. Where is the Saviour  
then

To open graves? and old St. Paul though  
clad

In rags divine, upon whose lips all men  
Hung breathless? where the Supper? and the  
sad

Dark world of catacombs? Upon what feet  
May drop the perfumes of the Magdalene?

What brow for aureole of fire is meet?

Where vibrates in the air a voice serene

Yet more than human? Which of us will be

The God we have need of in our misery?

Earth is as old, as desperate, and her head

As palsied as when John stood on the sands

And roused her from her stupor nearly dead,

With holy words that rang through many  
lands,

And woke a thrill as of a world new-born.

Now are we back to evil times, the days

Of Claudius or Tiberius: living morn

Rises no more, all dead by all the ways.

Saturn is near the end of his fell meal,

And human Hope, weary of endless strain,

Her bosom scarred by nursing, learns to steal

Repose from sterile calm, an end of pain.

By the side of this very powerful and  
passionate poem, M. Sainte-Beuve calmly  
places as a companion-picture the glitter-  
ing *vers* of 'Namouna,' a philosophical  
sketch of a stale Don Juan made into  
a Turk, with all the movement and ad-  
venture left out; so little, at least for

the moment, did the calm contemporary  
understand that wild and solemn discord  
which trembles through the music and  
gives it soul and meaning. And unfor-  
tunately this deeper note, though it still  
echoes here and there in an undertone,  
found no such lasting place in De Mus-  
set's poetry as 'Rolla' promised. The  
poet was caught away out of the broader  
regions of genius into that painful ab-  
sorption in the accidents of his own life  
which so often kills poetry for the mo-  
ment to enrich it after with many expe-  
riences. Unhappily, the experiences in  
this case were not of an ennobling kind.

For it was about this time that Alfred  
de Musset made the acquaintance of a  
woman of genius, perhaps superior to his  
own, and of infinitely stronger character  
and constitution, which colored all the  
rest of his life, and broke his heart, and  
probably shortened his days. It is not  
here that it is becoming to speak of Ma-  
dame Georges Sand. So great a writer  
should not be regarded without the aid  
of extenuating circumstances in one de-  
tached episode which happened to be  
one of the worst actions of her life.  
She met this young poet, still fresh and  
gay, a *beau valseur*, a favorite of fortune  
and of the *salons*, when she herself was  
in the full bloom of her beauty and of  
her fame. He, too, had all the attrac-  
tions that romance demands. Unhappily  
there was no possibility between them of  
that legitimate romance which ends in  
marriage; nor would this seem to have  
been considered even desirable on one  
side or the other. They met, rushed  
into intimacy, and after a short interval  
went away together into Italy, whither  
she was bound. The story of their in-  
tercourse, and its sudden and prompt  
termination, has a little literature of its  
own. It has been told three times over:  
at first hand, by Madame Sand herself  
in 'Elle et Lui;' by M. Paul de Musset  
in the answering tale of 'Lui et Elle;'  
and by Madame Louise Colet in a third  
publication called 'Lui.' The two later  
books are supposed to give the poet's  
own account of this fatal love, which is  
supposed on all sides to have been his  
ruin—given in one case to his brother on  
his deathbed, and (we are again to un-  
derstand) intrusted to the other writer  
in the confidence of a new attachment,  
which was broken by his death. When

we say that these books are all in the form of *novels*, each telling the story of this intrigue in detail, with differing sets of false names and slightly-altered circumstances, it will be immediately evident at what cost of good taste and decorum the record must have been made. But good taste is a trifle in comparison with the deeper horrors of the life thus revealed. Not that it is a record of wild orgies or insolent pleasure, which we find recorded and repeated in these volumes. It is not their depravity that strikes the reader, for in that strange moral atmosphere no stigma seems to attach even to the most unauthorised and lawless ties; and the heroine of 'Elle et Lui' is as ready to call heaven to witness the purity of her motives, and as secure in her own religious certainty of uprightness, as if she had all the Decalogue on her side. But the wretched tedium of this life of supposed passion and rapture, the petty quarrels, altercations, makings up, the narrow and contracted scene, the one monotonous unvaried *motif*, convey nothing but a sense of nausea and weariness insupportable to the spectator. In comparison with this romantic union, above the limits of law or purity, of two poets, in which the innocent imagination is disposed to expect some appearance at least of those transports of excitement and delight which give compensation for all the external penalties of wrong-doing, the flattest commonplace existence becomes interesting; and the honest prosaic pair who spend their tranquil evenings together, after the labors of the office and the housekeeping, become idyllic in natural force and tenderness, after a volume or two of the hectic but ineffably dull loves of Laurent and Therese. Literature so unprofitable, so opposed to all true feeling, so revolting to the moral consciousness, half atones for its unwholesome character by the mortal dullness of the record, which bears a lesson more striking perhaps than that of the most tragic pains and penalties. The object of Madame Sand is to show that the young lover to whom *elle se donnait* (which is the accepted formula) with the most exalted motives, to do him good and purify his life and being, wore out all patience by his peevish and childish jealousies, making life impossible, and affording her complete justification for

casting him off as she did, at a very early period. The other books written on the subject are full of an elaborate attempt to prove Madame Sand to have been wrong, and to show the deep injury which she inflicted upon her lover. This extraordinary controversy is noticed in all the periodicals of the time, discussed with seriousness even by such writers as Sainte-Beuve, who himself was somehow mixed up in the business, and finds a place in the classic literature of the century—wonderful result of that fictitious elevation of the literary class to the front of French society, which is as little real as among ourselves, yet which gives them the power of throwing up a mass of personal gossip, rubbish of the most unsavory description, to the surface, and playing the wildest pranks before high heaven, to the debasement of their own gifts, and shame of the country which they are supposed to represent! It is needless to say that this greatly-important question, whether Madame Sand ought or ought not to have retained Alfred de Musset as her lover, is not only indifferent but disgusting to us, and revolts every instinct of feeling, as well as the moral sense, which is ignored in the controversy, none of the disputants on one side or the other appearing conscious of the fact that the *liaison* itself is beyond the range of legitimate discussion. It must be added, however, that if such a discussion could ever be permitted or pardoned, the fullest justification of Madame Sand's inexcusable volume is to be found in the 'Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle,' the most important prose work of De Musset, in which the unhappy poet gives us the full detail of a similar episode, and makes himself out to be more miserable, more jealous, more fantastic in aggravation, more persistent in ill-humor, and altogether more insupportable, than even Madame Sand had depicted him. His advocates have a vain task before this proof of the accusations against him, notwithstanding that these accusations and his own confession form one of the most deplorable and revolting chapters of modern literary history. It is bad enough at all times to lift the veil from private life. What ought the penalty to be when the scene revealed is one of shame?

Let us say, however, in passing—for there are, it is to be supposed, depraved imaginations to which the garbage of such a production as the 'Confession' is more agreeable than better fare—that notwithstanding an occasional gleam of genius, the prose works of De Musset are entirely unworthy of his reputation. There is nothing in them of the refined grace of his 'Proverbes,' nor of the profound feeling which sometimes reaches a tragic depth in the higher efforts of his poetry. All the dignity of true genius, the balance which intellectual power must confer more or less, steadying the most uneven march, and giving a certain force and weight to the most fantastic imagination, is lost in the maunderings of a weak self-analysis, or in the flippant 'Contes,' which recall to us the *déjà* of the ball-room, with his *air fat* and his *taille de guêpe*, rather than any more dignified figure. The mournful poet, he who even in his youth could be caught by the stern prophet-inspiration which almost justifies the horrors of 'Rolla'—the graceful dramatist, full of airy and delightful fancy, yet not without a capability of heroic perception—are lost in the white-gloved exquisite of the green coat and metal buttons, at this distance the most laughable kind of finery which fashion ever invented, the literary dandy, to whose social reputation a certain amount of intrigue, vice, sentiment, and cynicism were necessary. It is one of the drawbacks of literary coteries that everything is applauded which comes from a popular favorite, and often the least worthy has from some accidental cause the greatest praise. But time ought to set this right, if nothing else, and in the majority of cases does so. It is, however, a deplorable fashion of recent times to see or pretend a charm in the unwholesome dissection of sentimental or sensual feeling, which still imposes upon many inexperienced minds, and turns the natural disgust of impurity into an evidence of low intellectual appreciation. This altogether false taste keeps many productions of French fiction in artificial life. But it is the greatest wrong that posterity can do to such an erring, feeble, unfortunate man of genius as De Musset, to remember against him the miserable productions of his worst moments—work prompted half

by vicious inclination and half by fashion, feverish vanity, and the irritation of personal offence. Let those who love the flavor of vice content themselves with 'Rolla,' in which there is still a tragic element of genius to justify the poet; but let all the foul rubbish of those 'Confessions' be swept away from the grave, over which no ghouls and vampires should be permitted to prowl.

It is certain, however, that though the story of this episode in De Musset's life is in every way miserable, and though the light it throws upon the existence of his class is so lowering and painful, yet it formed the turning-point in his career. The link was fatal, but the love was real. In strange contradiction of the ordinary rule, the woman passed upon her way, careless, treating as a mere chapter in her many-sided history that moment which colored the whole existence of her companion; but to the *jeune blondin*, the *beau valseur*, the effect was very different. His youth, his gaiety, his *insouciance*, were all over. Life was no longer at his feet, a universe of hope and pleasure, as even in his most cynical moods it had hitherto been. Broken and crushed he came back from Italy where his unkind love had forsaken him, stung to the heart with a thousand wounds. If his attachment carried him away from the higher strain of poetry, upon which at one moment he seemed about to enter, his disappointment brought him back with a rush of new energy to the natural work which still held some balm for his suffering. Happy, he had but played with his powers, often, with the perversity of youth, doing his best or worst to fritter away the untried strength of which he himself had no just conception; but in his wretchedness, in his desolation, the poor young poet instinctively turned to that sublime means of relief, and poured out his suffering heart, not in miserable display of his circumstances to the world, but in those outbursts of profound feeling, which are for mankind, which answer for all sorrows, and speak the infinite disappointments, mortifications, pangs of the heart, that occur in all lives. Here at least he has for ever the better of the question. The woman whom he loved held him up to the ridicule of the world, but he, magnanimous, made no reprisals; and the blow, if it

broke his heart, made his fame. The 'Nuits,' which are almost his finest lyrics, the 'Letter to Lamartine,' almost all his 'Comedies' and 'Proverbs' came in a rush of inspiration after this crisis. While his friends chattered over his disasters with sneers and with sympathy equally hard to bear, the sufferer sought for himself that noblest anodyne which lies in work. They say he had recourse to coarser anodynes as well, poor soul! but at least he was too noble to return evil for evil. A rising flood of power, a more assured knowledge of his own strength and exercise of his gift, mark the period of this bitter disenchantment, which is a better issue than could have been hoped from such an episode. Here is the most detailed description he has left of his sufferings. It is contained in the 'Letter to Lamartine,' one of his finest poems.

Lamartine, who of us, or of our strain,  
Knows not by heart that song, to lovers dear,  
Which by thy lake, one evening, to our ear  
Was sighed forth soft? We read, and read  
again,  
A thousand times, and re-read without cease.

Alas! of lying loves the long regret,  
The ruins of the past in every lot,  
Long-lasting trace of passing light soon set,  
Can that man be called man that knows them  
not?

Whoever loves long time must bear the scar  
Concealed in every heart, reopening sure  
A dear and secret torture carried far,  
And as the blow is deep, less wished the  
cure.

Singer of suffering, how then shall I say  
That of thy glorious sickness I too die?  
And that like thee, under this light of day,  
Clasped in my arms sweet life and hope once  
lay—

A dream, even like thy dream, and soon to  
fly—

How, one fair evening when the breeze was  
balm,

Lulled by beloved voice with heavenly strain,  
Like thee I slumbered in the happy calm,  
And felt swift time stop short. And how  
again

Tell of another evening, when, forsook  
And lonely on the earth, devoured like thee  
By memories, and the wonder how to brook  
Suffering so long ere death should set me  
free,

I stood amazed at my own misery.

Ah! all the anguish of that moment dread  
Dare I make my lament, and tell thee all?  
After thee, in thy presence, lift my head,  
And put in words a woe unspeakable?

When the worn laborer turning home at  
night,

Finds his poor field all ravaged by the storm,  
He thinks it first some dream of fearful form  
That cheats his eyes; nor can he trust the  
sight.

All dark the heavens and burnt the earth  
appears,

He searches round him, trembling with  
strange fears.

Where is the wife at the half-opened door?

He sees a heap of ashes on the moor.

And by-and-by from out the hollows creep

The half-naked babes, who tell their tale and  
weep,

How their poor mother fell before their eyes,  
And perished 'neath the thatch with fearful  
cries,

Though all both far and near is silent now.

The miserable man listens, and, slow

To understand, at last his ruin sees,

Desolate, takes his children to his knees.

Nothing remains to him except to hold

His hand for charity, save hunger cold

To-night, and death to-morrow. From his  
breast

Oppressed there bursts no sob; towards the  
west,

Turning his weary eyes, he sits apart;

And while the promise of his harvest flies

In whirlwinds of dark smoke towards the  
skies,

Misery intoxicates his failing heart.

So when by faithless love forsook, my heart  
For the first time great anguish learned to  
know,

Transfixed at once by swift and sudden dart,

Alone I sat in that dark night of woe—

Not by a lake, with limpid waves unstained,

Not upon tranquil slope of flowery ground,

My weeping eyes on the void distance  
strained,

My stifled sobs no answering echo found.

'Twas in a winding street, grey and obscure,

Of that abyss called Paris; to my ear

Came outcries of that railing crowd, secure

No voice of the unfortunate to hear.

On the dark pavement lanterns of pale light

Threw forth a doubtful day more sad than  
night.

It was in spring, the time of Carnival:

A noisy joy rang echoing everywhere;

Masked drunkards, meeting in the gutter,

call

An ill word here, a loud-mouthed chorus  
there.

Sometimes a group, heaped in an open car,

Showed for a moment 'neath the rainy skies,

Then in the town's mad folly, lost afar

With flare of torch, and shout of impure cries.

In the mean taverns, foul with stains of wine,

Lurked old men, women, children; and the  
while

Priestesses of the night, through shade and  
shine,

Inquiet moved about like spectres vile.

Just God, to weep alone 'mid such a crowd!

Oh my sole love, what had I done to you,

That you could leave me, you so late who  
vowed

You were my life, and in God's presence  
true?



Oh didst thou know, thou cold and cruel heart,  
That 'mid the dimness of that shameful night,  
Gazing as at a star in heaven apart,  
I watched outside the glimmer of thy light?  
No, no; not thou. I saw no ghost of thee,  
No shadow at the window, drawing near  
To look perchance if the night skies were  
clear,  
Or in that tomb to search some trace of me!

'Twas there, Lamartine, in that gloom profound,  
In the dim street, seated upon a stone,  
My hands upon my heart, pressing my wound,  
Which bled with love unquenchable—alone—  
'Twas there that night of horror and of ill,  
'Mid the mad transports of the foolish crowd,  
I seemed to see my youth pass, crying loud,  
"Thou, who weepest now, like them have  
laughed thy fill."  
Then by the wall, 'gainst which I struck my head,  
Where twice the thought of self-given death  
was mine;  
'Twas there, believ'st thou, poet chaste and great,  
That I bethought me of thy songs divine!

Oh thou, Elvire's true lover, learned in love,  
Know'st thou how lovers part, and how is said  
That word farewell; and how the hand can move  
To write it; the heart sign it; and lips made  
To be united by a kiss 'fore God—

This is the poet's answer, full of a desolation too noble for the subject, to all the lengthened romances made about him. The poem ends in a still more lofty strain, recounting the lessons taught by "les anges de douleur," who had converted him by means of his sufferings to a better faith. Here, notwithstanding the beauty of the poetry, the critic cannot but pause with a whimsical sense of incongruity. For the angels of sorrow whose sublime lessons console a man for the loss of a mistress, are they those pure angels whom we wot of in other griefs? Poor De Musset! he is too much in earnest, too desperately wounded, and holding with too anxious vehemence to any consolation, to be aware of the incongruity; and besides, it was for him no soiled and vulgar connection, one of a dozen, an idea which in its mere statement sickens every sober fancy, but a tie entirely in accordance with the ideas of his class, revolting as it seems. To him "les anges de douleur" were not out of place. One of them at least, some quick impatient spirit, intolerant of mawkish

despairs, must have stood by to prick and goad the unfortunate into something better—into finer work if not a higher life.

The dramas upon which a great part of his reputation depends belong almost entirely to this period of suffering and labor. With the exception of a pretty trifle, too much applauded by his contemporaries, called, 'À quoi révent les jeunes filles,' and of the tragic sketch called 'La Coupe et les Lèvres,' already referred to, all his best dramatic works were produced in the eventful years, traversed by so many joys and agonies, between 1833 and 1840. We may leave without notice the somewhat heavy 'Louison' and 'Carmosine,' and some of the slighter sketches; the 'Caprice,' though it became a favorite of the public; the bit of drawing-room romance called, 'Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée,' the 'Nuit Venetienne,' and one or two others. But the remaining comedies are at once so graceful and full of life, and on French soil so original and independent in conception, that they are equally interesting to the critic and to the reader, to whom this 'Spectacle dans un fauteuil' will, we promise, afford a pleasure more refined and varied than most spectacles produce. The most admirable are those which were written during the very crisis of his personal grief. "Jours de travail, seul jours où j'ai vécu!" he cries with a melancholy enthusiasm, and entering his *vieux cabinet d'étude* exclaims, "Dieu soit loué, nous allons donc chanter!" with all the fervor of a man who has found a refuge from his troubles. The ease and lightness of touch, the refined and animated dialogue, the tone of perfectly good society and manners, without exaggeration or extravagance, are apt at the first glance to conceal from the reader the real depth and dramatic power of these works. M. Sainte-Beuve, with characteristic boldness, places them by the side of 'As you Like it,' which he says has become, in the hands of De Musset, "the fine and fertile stem of a group of dramatic proverbs, in which observation and folly, smiles and melancholy, imagination and humor are happily combined; we have here," adds the critic, "a lovable crowd of young French sisters to Rosalind." This praise, how-

ever, is one which the English reader will scarcely allow. Rosalind, that sweetest and brightest creation of poetic fancy, in all the delightful variety of her nature—so brave, so tender, so smiling, so gay, the most delicious mockery on her lips, yet passion in her heart—what touch of any other poet ever brought such a creation out of the airy heavens to captivate our hearts? She is genius itself, in all its manifold sweetness; and even the most poetic of ordinary women—the Desdemonas, the Juliets, the Mirandas—pale before this unique impersonation. We cannot promise the reader that he will find anything like her among the Ceciles, the Mariannes, the Barberines of De Musset. He has but two feminine types—the *ingenue*, whose simplicity opens into sweet and frank womanliness in the pretty combinations of 'Il ne faut jurer de rien,' or her so fatally foolish in pretended wisdom, who gets hopelessly entangled in the gloomier web of 'On ne badine pas avec l'amour'; or else the charming *grand dame* of society, the Madame de Léry of the 'Caprice,' the Marquise of 'Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée.' These are far from the rank of Rosalind, but still they are charming and fresh, and quite unlike the ordinary heroines of French drama—the impassioned courtesans, the sphinxes and unfaithful wives whom Fashion has taken into favor, condoning all their offences. And as in his choice of character and situations De Musset has struck out for himself an independent path, so has he also done in plot and subject. He is a daring rebel against those primary laws of the drama which require regular construction and a definite end. Those broken lights of life, those episodes that come to nothing, those breakings off so common in actual existence, which may be worked out in sentimental fiction, but are generally supposed quite unsuitable to the stage, are his favorite inspirations. He seems to take a pleasure in demonstrating, exactly by that manner of art which is most opposed to such treatment, the fantastic irregularity of human affairs, the gleams of capricious meaning, the suggestions which are so often more interesting, more moving, than anything which is fully carried out. For example, what can exceed the daring which

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When, however, he has left her, she writes to him making an appointment, and meeting him, is as affectionate as

she has hitherto been cold, to the great surprise of her young lover, whom this strange girl immediately proceeds to interrogate, in a tone as strange, about his *vie de garçon*, unfit as that may be for discussion. "How often," she asks, "may a good man be in love?"

*Per.* Do you wish me to write a litany, or is it you who will say your catechism?

*Cam.* I want to know, to make certain, whether I should become a nun or not. If I were to marry you, ought you not to answer all my questions frankly, and show me your whole heart? I esteem you much, and believe you, both by nature and education, superior to most other men. . . . Answer then my first question. Ought I to stay in the convent?

*Per.* No.

*Cam.* I would do better to marry you?

*Per.* Yes.

*Cam.* If the curé of your parish breathed upon a glass of water, and told you it was wine, would you drink it as wine?

*Per.* No.

*Cam.* If the curé of your parish breathed upon you, and told me that you would love me all your life, would I be right if I believed him?

*Per.* You are full of pride, Camille—take care of yourself. You at eighteen, you do not believe in love!

*Cam.* And do you believe in it, you who speak? You kneel before me there with knees that have worn the carpets of your mistresses, and you no longer recollect their names. You have wept tears of joy and tears of despair, but you know that the water in the fountain is much more constant than your tears, and will be there always to bathe your eyes. You carry out your part as a young man, and you laugh at deserted women. You do not believe that any one can die of love; you who have loved yet live. When I asked you if you had loved, you answered me like a traveller whom one asks if he has been in Italy or in Germany: Yes, I have been there, —then he starts for Switzerland or any other place. Is your love, then, a piece of money, which can be passed from hand to hand till you die? No, it is not even a piece of money, for the smallest golden coin is worth more than you, and keeps its effigy whatever the hands may be through which it goes.

When the indignant girl has had her say, touching the wound more boldly than we care to do, the lover turns and replies, with an equally indignant outburst against the nuns who have taught her to look for nothing but treachery.

*Per.* Adieu, Camille! return to your convent; and when you hear again those hideous tales with which they have poisoned your mind, answer this as I tell you. All men are liars, inconstant, false, babblers, hypocrites, proud or mean, contemptible, and sensual.

All women are perfidious, artificial, vain, curious, depraved; the world is nothing but a bottomless pit in which unclean creatures rear and writhe among the mud. But there is one thing holy and sublime in this miserable world—it is the union of two of those beings so frightful and so uncomplete.

Thus the duel goes on. Sometimes it is the one who grows tender, sometimes the other; and love grows with all those provocations and mutual insults. It grows at the same time by the innocent means of a poor little village-girl, Rosette, the heroine's foster-sister, whom Perdican takes up, half to revenge himself and pique Camille, half to console his wounded pride and heart; and over whom the pair maintain their quarrel, growing more and more impassioned, till affairs come to a crisis. After a violent passage of arms, in which Perdican, after pledging himself to Rosette, declares his love for Camille, she draws a curtain suddenly, and shows him his poor victim, who has fainted at hearing this. "Tu m'aimes, entends-tu?" cries Camille; "mais tu épouseras cette fille ou tu n'es qu'un lâche!" "Oui, je l'épouserai!" cries the desperate lover. This scene is no sooner over than Camille, wild with what she has done, bids the old Baron, the father of Perdican, assert his authority and forbid the marriage which she herself had enforced upon her lover on pain of his honor. The last scene brings all this fooling, this youthful wilfulness and caprice, to the most tragic conclusion. Camille has taken refuge in an oratory, and, prostrated at the foot of the altar, is uttering her misery in broken exclamations, when Perdican enters. "Fools that we are; we love each other!" he cries; and the two have rushed into each other's arms, when a piercing cry is heard behind the altar. The lovers fall apart. There is a pause of horror which neither of them has the courage to break. Paralysed with fear they stand and listen.

*Cam.* It is my foster-sister's voice.

*Per.* How came she there? I left her on the stairs. She must have followed me, though I did not see her.

*Cam.* Let us go into the gallery; the cry came from there.

*Per.* I feel I know not what. My hands seem to be covered with blood.

*Cam.* The poor child has watched us. She has fainted again. Come, come to her. Ah! all this is too cruel.

*Per.* No; I cannot go. A mortal cold numbs me. Go, Camille, and bring her to herself. (*Camille goes out.*) My God, let me not be a murderer! Thou knowest everything. We have been mad; we have played with life and death; but our hearts are pure. Kill not Rosette, just God! I will take care of her. I will make up for my fault. She is young, she may be happy still. Do not punish us, my God! Thou mayst still bless Thy children. Camille! What is it?

*Cam.* She is dead. Adieu, Perdican!

Thus abruptly ends the drama. They have not meant to be cruel; they have been *enfants insensés*, thoughtless, absorbed in the excitement of their own spiritual duel, no evil intention in their minds, careless only of everything but that question between themselves which filled earth and heaven: and this is what has come of it. What remorse and misery, what a final note of despair, separation for ever, is in the three or four words which tell the climax! A ghost never to be exorcised has raised itself between these two, a horror of murder and mutual guilt. Adieu, Perdican! No thought of questioning that final judgment is in them. The story begins all smiling, and ends with a double despair more tragic than death.

Nowhere else, except in the tragic essay of 'Rolla,' has De Musset touched so high a chord. The play is far from being faultless; and we cannot say that the mixture of fun and buffoonery, though evidently an attempt to follow Shakespearean models and relieve the more serious strain of the story, is at all a successful one. Maître Blazius and Maître Bridaine could scarcely be anything but tedious on the stage. Perhaps even a new Dogberry would have difficulty in holding his place in a modern sentimental comedy, at all events if drawn by any less hand than that of Shakespeare himself; but it is not for an English critic to be too hard upon an essay evidently dictated by reverence for the example of our great poet. It does not, however, answer in French. But nothing could be more delicate, more subtle, and by times more powerful, than the struggle between the two lovers; or rather, indeed, between love itself and all those fanciful disquiets, impatiences, quick risings of pride, jealousy, and offence, all visionary, and put in with the lightest, firmest outline—which threaten its very existence. All, or al-

most all, might have happened in the soberest household; and yet how dramatic, how tragic, is the tale! An art more exquisite could not be imagined; it is the quintessence of refined fancy and observation, added to a knowledge of those unsuspected depths which lie beneath the smoothest, simple surface of inexperience and ignorance, which is rarer still. Only absolute youth and ignorance could have played such pranks innocently, and nothing but genius could have preserved that flavor of virginal folly even through the hardihood of many of Camille's speeches, and showed the innocence of the lovers' guilt so clearly even in the tragic end.

Of a lighter and happier kind, but full of the same grace and delicate perception—the best adapted of all, perhaps, for the stage—is the happy comedy of 'Il ne faut jurer de rien,' which has, to be sure, a *motif* of at least a semi-objectionable character, but no more so than almost all the works of the last century, even the most virtuous, which still hold their place on the stage. The most ambitious effort De Musset has made, however, is in 'Lorenzaccio,' a play, as its name indicates, founded on the story of that unfortunate inheritor of the great name of the Medici. The feebleness of an incoherent plot, and the purely literary, not dramatic, character of the work, are its great disadvantages. Mr. Tenyson has been betrayed into similar faults in his latest production. 'Lorenzaccio,' like 'Queen Mary,' contains several characters elaborately sketched out, as if intended for an important rôle, who drop here and there, and are seen no more—a curious fault of construction, which looks more like the lapsed memory of inexperience than the error of a well-trained workman. But the figure of Lorenzo himself is full of interest. Had the conception been fully carried out, French poetry might have been enriched with a new heroic type worthy to stand on something of the same footing as Hamlet and Faust; but the lines are faint in many places, the outline imperfectly kept; and dropping from the fatigued hand of his creator, the patriot-debauchee falls by times into the villainess he feigns, and loses his power. A Medici, himself in the line of sovereignty, yet a Florentine with all that love of

civic liberty and the old republic which was as the breath of Florence: revolted by the tyranny, debauchery, and cruelty of his own race; and suddenly seized in the purity of his studious youth by that frenzy of public virtue which suggests tyrannicide as the one panacea for all social evils,—Lorenzo feigns, not madness like Hamlet, but wickedness, which was more in accordance with the models of his time, and so plunges himself into the sea of corruption round him, that he becomes an object of popular horror, stigmatised everywhere, in the contemptuous force of a language so full of resource, as Lorenzaccio, the vile and base Lorenzo. There are fine indications of the strange moral problem which the poet thus set before himself for treatment, and of the manner in which he intended to carry it out. But either the giant's armor which he thus essayed to put on was too heavy for De Musset, or he delayed the effort too long, till darkness and decay had begun to invade his faculties. Work so weighty, a conception so full of gloom, and requiring such a strain of continuous effort, was probably beyond his powers. The fantastic element in it tempted him beyond his limits; but he was too closely bound to the facts of history to make the subject really congenial; and he had not the *longue haleine* necessary to sustain such a flight. It is, however, at least a heroic failure, if nothing more.

With those indications of his higher work ends all that can be said of the poet. He lived twenty years or more after the episode which changed the current of his life, but never got the better of his incurable wound. References to his misfortune, more or less vague, come in again and again through all his poetry, like that thrill and break which we sometimes hear in a voice.

Here is a little snatch of graceful and pensive song, introduced with one of the faint Shakespearian echoes in which he delighted, into the gayest scene of one of his liveliest comedies—'Barberine'—in which the note of suffering sounds muffled yet sweet:—

"Beau chevalier, qui partez pour la guerre  
Qu'allez vous faire  
Si loin d'ici?  
Voyez-vous pas que la nuit est profonde  
Et que le monde  
N'est que souci?"

Vous que croyez qu'une amour délaissée  
De la pensée  
S'enfuit ainsi  
Hélas! hélas! chercheur de renommée  
Votre fumée  
S'envole aussi."

We have quoted from the 'Letter to Lamartine' the story of his heart-break at its beginning; and we cannot do better now than conclude with some extracts from the fine poem called 'Souvenir,' written in the forest of Fontainebleau, when De Musset revisited that familiar place after an interval of years. "O Dante!" he cries, "why hast thou said that there exists no greater pang than to remember past happiness in misery? Must we forget the light as soon as night comes? Is it from thee, great soul of immortal sadness, that such a thought has come?"—

"Non! par ce pur flambeau dont la splendeur m'éclaire  
Ce blasphème vanté ne vient pas de ton cœur;  
Un souvenir heureux est peut-être sur terre  
Plus vrai que le bonheur."

"Qu'est-ce donc, juste Dieu, que la pensée humaine,  
Et qui pourra jamais aimer la vérité  
S'il n'est joie ou douleur si juste et si certaine,  
Dont quelqu'un n'ait douté?"

Comment vivez-vous, donc, étranges créatures?  
Vous riez, vous chantez, vous marchez à grands pas,  
Le ciel et sa beauté, le monde et ses soulures  
Ne vous dérangent pas.

Mais lorsque par hasard le destin vous ramène  
Vers quelque monument d'un amour oublié,  
Ce caillou vous arrête et cela vous fait peine  
Qu'il vous heurte le pié.

Et vous criez alors que la vie est un songe;  
Vous vous tordez les bras comme en vous réveillant  
Et vous trouvez fâcheux qu'un si joyeux mensonge,  
Ne dure qu'un instant.

Malheureux! cet instant où votre âme engourdie  
A secoué les fers qu'elle traîne ici-bas,  
Ce fugitif instant fut toute votre vie,  
Ne le regrettez pas!"

After this eloquent apostrophe, the poet narrates how he has seen again the object of his fatal and unhappy love.



"J'ai vu ma seule amie, à jamais la plus  
chère  
Devenue elle-même un sépulcre blanchi,  
Un tombeau vivante où flottait la poussière  
De notre mort cheri.

Oui, jeune et belle encore, plus belle osait-  
on dire  
Je l'ai vue, et ses yeux brillaient comme  
autrefois  
Ses lèvres s'entrouvraient et c'était un sou-  
rire  
Et c'était une voix.

Mais non plus cette voix, non plus ce doux  
langage,  
Ces regards adorés dans les miens confon-  
dus,  
Mon cœur encore plein d'elle errait sur son  
visage,  
Et ne la trouvait plus.

Et pourtant j'aurais pu marcher alors vers  
elle  
Entourer de mes bras ce sein vide et glacé,  
Et j'aurais pu crier, 'Qu'as-tu fait, infidèle,  
Qu'as-tu fait du passé?'

Mais non : il me semblait qu'une femme in-  
connue  
Avait pris par hasard cette voix et ces yeux,  
Et je laissai passer cette froide statue,  
En regardant les cieux."

Thus the anguish was calmed, but the wound never healed. And whatever may be said of this attachment, which was never a spotless and lofty passion to be acknowledged in the sight of heaven, it was at least, in its soiled and short-lived splendor, the best thing that earth contained for Alfred de Musset. He lived and died in illustration of one of the dearest tenets of poetry, the immortality and all-conquering power of love. It would be dealing hard measure to one

so unfortunate were we to estimate the quiverings of his heart as maudlin weaknesses, or to accuse him of showing an unmanly inability to contend against pain; for it must be remembered that all his best works were produced under the immediate sting and pressure of that goad of suffering which has inspired so many efforts. It was not without a struggle that he sank into the abyss of failure and moral ruin. There are some who by strength of nature, and many who by callousness of soul, can bear up against such shocks, and issue but little worse from the moral conflict; but De Musset was not of either class. He perished in that battle where, as many of us know, the best can do little more than hold their own; but he perished fighting in his fashion, singing still, though his voice was choked in his throat, and the music died out in cries and quivering chords as the darkness and the demons gained ground. Kindness itself is cruel, and Pity wounds as deeply as scorn does, over such a victim; but posterity has a great charity for the unhappy. To his own generation he was always the beloved poet of their youth, and of all youth; and France has produced no lovelier lyrics, and few finer studies of mystic and mournful life, than those which this deceived and betrayed Rômeo, this unhappy lover, poured forth out of his anguish, taking such tribute and ransom from Fate, before it killed him, as only genius can.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### ON TURKISH WAYS AND TURKISH WOMEN.

FIVE years of my life—from 1867 to 1872—spent in a harem in Constantinople gave me unusual opportunities for making notes on what I saw about me, and I hope some extracts from my papers on various aspects of family and social life, superstitions, &c. may not prove uninteresting at the present time.

The harem comprised some two hundred women, distributed amongst three households under three wives, five or six slave mothers having apartments in the houses of one or other of the wives, and being virtually under their supervision. The rest of the women were in various grades of servitude, if we except five or

six old ladies, dependants, who did duty as duennas. There are distinct grades even amongst slaves. Those belonging to the Pacha have the pre-eminence: next come those of the first, second, and third wives; those attached to the persons of the children, according to the ages of the latter; those of the slave mothers, and then slaves of slaves. These last are usually colored women—Abyssinians, Nubians—and we even had one Hottentot.

The head slaves in any special department are called *calphas*. They always receive a large share of respect and trust; and after a certain number of

years of servitude some suitable husband is found for them, a house, slaves, and monthly allowance being provided. It thus becomes the interest of the calphas to please their master or mistress, with a view to especial favor in the matter of an ultimate provision. This sometimes leads to injustice on the part of the calphas towards the slaves whom they have to train and overlook, as they have frequent temptations to throw the blame of their own shortcomings on these younger girls. I saw many instances of this.

The mistress is careful to observe a certain consideration towards the calphas and towards the slaves of others. Thus, she would carefully abstain from asking of the *hassnafec* (tire-woman) a duty belonging to the *chibouqujee* (pipe-bearer). Nor would she ask for her slippers from the slave of a visitor staying in her house. In the same way the daughter would not expect services as a right from the slaves of her father or mother, although she might ask them as a favor if none of her own attendants were within sight. I have known the Khanum Effendi unwilling to trouble her daughter's slaves for a cup of water, although thirsty and it was hot summer weather. It will thus be seen that there is a certain amount of etiquette in the hareem, and I soon found that in the matter of decorum the observances were very strict. The Pacha could not walk across his own hareem without the attendance of a eunuch (a hulking African, full of his own importance in his capacity of guard to the sanctity of the women), preceding his master as *his* master for the time being, crying out at each step, "Desstur! desstur! Pacha Effendi ghelior!" ("Keep to customs! The Pacha is coming!") At which all those women who were not the actual property of the Pacha, being bought with his money and fed with his bread—all the slaves of his wives or daughters, or those of the slave mothers or of visitors—would run and hide themselves behind curtains or in wardrobes, or in side rooms; but you would see them peeping out with wondering faces as the household god passed along—perhaps to visit the apartment of one of his sick children. Strictly speaking, the hareem is that part of the house given up to the undisturbed occupancy of the women. If one of the

Pacha's own twenty or thirty slaves chanced to be in any of the apartments he had to cross in thus traversing the hareem, her duty would be to stand still with folded hands till he was out of sight, as it would be considered bad manners on her part to continue in his presence any occupation in which she was engaged, though her lord and master would generally walk straight on, without so much as honoring her with a nod. The Pacha actually owns but one room within the hareem, and this he enters by a door communicating with the *saldamlık*, or men's apartments. None but his own slaves have the privilege of waiting on him here; no others approach even the corridor leading to it.

The moral and social aspects of hareem life, more especially as they affect family life, require to be regarded frankly and fairly if we are to get anything like a just view of them. It must, in the first place, be remembered that what we are accustomed to call "hareem life" (revolting as it is to our conception of the purity of family life) is an institution which belonged to the polity of the Jews, and is as old as the time of Abraham, Sarah, and Hagar,—Jacob, Leah, and Rachel. Many unthinkingly set down polygamy to the religious institutions of the Mohammedans, but in so doing they pass over the fact that the latter clearly derived their religious and social institutions from the Jews. The old Israelitish law recognised the son of the bondwoman as well as the son of the free-woman, although not in the same degree. Of the twelve patriarchs four were sons of slave mothers, and these shared with their brethren the honor of being the progenitors of the great Israelitish nation. Their descendants continued the customs permitted to their ancestors and attached no blame to them. According to Turkish law the children of slave mothers are legitimate, and on the father's death have a proportionate share in his fortune with the children of the wives. The slave mothers occupy in the hareem a recognised and respected position, which is, however, always subordinate to that of the wives, in whose presence they stand with folded hands. The rank of a slave mother depends on the sex of her child. Her title is *Oommool-Bey* (mother of a boy) or *Oommool-*

*Khanum* (mother of a daughter). In the case of the Imperial household, as the Sultan is of too exalted a rank ever to condescend to the ceremony of the *nikiah*, or giving of marriage pledges, he has no wives, but his chief favorites are called *kaden* (lady), and take precedence as first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh lady. It is a great mistake to suppose a sultana to be the *wife* of a sultan; such a person does not exist. *Sultana* is a title belonging to an Imperial princess in right of her birth. The mothers of the Sultan's children are thus virtually *all* slave mothers. *Validé Sultana* is the distinctive title used in speaking of the mother of the Padishah, or Sultan, but it applies also to the mothers of the Sultanas.

There are in reality four words—*validé*, *oommool*, *nina*, and *ana*—expressing "mother;" and the shades of difference in meaning show how decidedly a Turkish woman's grade in society is derived from her motherhood. *Ana* is applied even to animals, but *nina* is the ordinary appellation, and used by a child to its own parent. Great veneration is shown the *Sood-Nina* (milk-mother), or foster-mother. *Buyuk Khanum Nina* (great lady mother), *Ortanci Khanum Nina* (middle lady mother), *Kitchuck Khanum Nina* (little lady mother), are the respectful titles given by a child in speaking of its father's first, second, or third wife; and *Khanum Nina* (lady mother) usually when addressing the mother directly.

The wives of a Pacha, as I said, have separate suites of apartments, or live in houses communicating with each other, and exchange ceremonious visits, perhaps, two or three times a week, when they recline on the same divan, call each other *kadesh* (sister), and between the whiffs of their chibouques retail the incidents of the visits they have paid and received. On rare occasions the *whole* family meet, and more than once I was present at such a family *réunion*. It was one of the most curious scenes I have ever witnessed. There was a dinner given, the ceremony about which consisted in the waiting being performed by the slaves of the highest rank—in fact, by the slave mothers, who stood behind the chairs of the Pacha, his wives, and children, both sons and daughters. We were not seated on the low circular divan

in ordinary Turkish fashion, but at a long table furnished *alla franca* (the Turkish expression for European customs). Silver knives and forks were to be used by all the guests, by the Pacha's express wish. He was evidently preparing a little fun for the whole party, as the *duennas*, being accustomed to eat only with their fingers, could not manage the knife and fork. One old lady bungled through the courses holding the knife in her left hand and the fork in her right; another abandoned it altogether, amidst much merriment. There was every luxury of silver, glass, and European appliances, and our rather large party almost filled the pretty dining-room, the furniture of which was of carved oak, huge cupboards also of carved oak nearly covering the walls, so that one might almost have fancied oneself in some English country house in the time of the Commonwealth instead of in a mere wooden kiosk at Tchamlidja, a village above Scutari.

But to describe the scene of the dinner more minutely: The Pacha sat at the head of his table full of good spirits, and making *bons-mots* in French and in Turkish, and dispensing his wit in equal measure to his wives, children, and guests. The eldest son, a young man of about eighteen (the son of the second wife), who had been educated in Europe, sat at the bottom of the table, and kept up the ball of conversation with thoughtless gaiety. It was quite an innovation on Turkish custom that a young man of his age should be admitted to the *hareem*, but it was permitted in this instance with a sort of good-humored bravado, in order to be the more *alla franca*.

On the Pacha's right sat his third wife, an honor accorded to her ostensibly because it was known that she was even then dying of cancer, but in reality yielded her, as we knew, because her own gracious, calm dignity had won unbounded influence over the Pacha, whose brow would cloud now and then as the unwelcome thought of her critical state would force itself on him. Next to this poor lady was seated the favorite daughter, the only child of the first wife, to whose establishment I was especially attached as governess for French and *demoiselle d'honneur*. This young princess was possessed of great beauty, grace, and

high natural endowments, and had been taught English from the time she was three years of age. My place had been reserved by her side. Then came the daughter of Ortanji Khanum Effendi, a very fair, plump young girl of about sixteen, a French lady, her governess, being placed next to her. An Italian lady sat next, and then two younger daughters of the Pacha, while on the left of the young prince at the bottom of the table were placed two old duennas, seventy or eighty years of age, with coffee-colored skins, over which they had thought it incumbent to fling a veil of white muslin *en négligé* in presence of the Pacha.

On his left sat the Buyuk Khanum Effendi, a stout, fine Circassian lady, with a somewhat haughty expression, tempered just now by great amiability. By her side sat the second wife, a very slight, mischievous, and clever-looking *petite personne*, proud in the consciousness of being the mother of a grown-up son and daughter. Then followed five sons of different ages, four being the children of slave mothers, and the youngest, about four years old, the darling child of the poor princess who was so soon to die and leave him. One or two other places were filled by adopted children.

But the feature in the scene which was most striking, and affected me very painfully, was the sight of the Oommool-Beys and the Oommool-Khanums acting as waitresses behind our chairs. It seemed so out of place that the mothers should serve whilst their children (counted of higher rank than themselves) sat at table, and were waited on by one or other of them. The rich dresses and ornaments worn by these mothers did not lessen the impression I received. They waited gracefully, cheerfully, and with the utmost attention, but by hiding their hands in their long sleeves whenever they had an unoccupied moment they acknowledged their position of servitude.

The Buyuk Oommool-Khanum, the mother of the Pacha's third daughter (herself a fine-grown, tall girl), was a portly person of imposing height and carriage, very fresh-colored, with frank blue eyes and a kind, sensible face. She stood behind the Pacha's chair. The Buyuk Oommool-Bey, tall, pale, and fat, black-haired, with narrow, almond-shaped, almost closed, black-blue eyes—

accounted a great beauty—stood behind the chair of the eldest son. The third slave mother was of somewhat masculine appearance, angular, with high cheek bones, and very thin, dark, and sallow. All these three women were no longer quite young, and wore their hair cropped short to the ears—a fashion followed by most of the calphas and those slaves who were not dancers. Another Oommool-Bey was a very lovely young woman of about three-and-twenty. She had dark languorous brown eyes, wonderfully long hair, thick lashes, a rich, dark complexion, with a bloom like a cherry on her oval, *piquante* face, and being dressed in cherry-color, her appearance was altogether most winning and attractive. The Kitchuck Oommool-Bey was exceedingly ordinary-looking, redeemed only by remarkable turquoise-blue eyes; and the Kitchuck Oommool-Khanum, likewise of ordinary appearance, but very amiable, completed the number of those who waited immediately behind us, if I add the Pacha's head calpha, a young woman of eight-and-twenty, having a careworn, hard, domineering, cynical expression.

A second relay of waitresses stood behind the Oommool-Beys and Oommool-Khanums to fetch and carry what was required. One most noticeable figure amongst all the others was that of a little, aged, bent woman, brown as a berry, whose piercing, restless, dark eyes were everywhere, and whose odd red turban could not take away from the regular beauty of her small features, handsome at near seventy. This was Ayesha Khanum, the *kiahia*, or stewardess of the hareem, in whose control were all household and money matters. She moved here and there like a tiny bird hopping from bough to bough, making a privileged joke now and then in response to the acknowledged jester of the house (for in all the large Turkish houses, as was the case in our own old Saxon times, a jester is admitted and welcomed, even if not a retainer living in the house). This jester was an extraordinary woman, who in charity might be supposed to be insane, from the wild stories she recounted in a high, shouting voice, as she sat on the floor, her back propped against the wall, her knees cuddled up to her chin by her long brown, bony



arms, and over these her gipsy-like, brazen face, staring eyes, hooked nose, rabbit-like teeth, and lank, thin, coarse black hair. At every lull in our conversation this woman struck in with some anecdote of the Stamboul bazaars, or some witty Turkish proverb, or half-fable of Nasr-ed Din Effendi, the famous Khodja or teacher, who takes with the Turks the place of our *Æsop*. Her sayings had all some point in them, with a view to obtain presents of money, clothing, or some nice dish from the dinner, and in this last she succeeded by quoting the Khodja's Fable No. 17, which relates how the teacher, finding himself one day in a town where everybody seemed making merry, eating and drinking, was invited to partake of the good cheer. Now, as it was a time of famine, the Khodja continued to eat and drink without troubling himself where the good things came from. When he had finished he asked the reason of the abundance. "Are you so ignorant," was the reply, "that to-day is the fête of *Bairam*, and that every one has had cooked at home all that he could lay his hands upon, so that each has contributed to the show of provisions? That is why the cheer appears to be superabundant." "Would to Heaven," replied the Khodja, "that every day was *Bairam*!" The moral that every one should always be ready to give of his plenty to those who want was willingly acknowledged, and a large plate of *tchirkess-yemek* handed to her where she sat. I will particularize this one dish, it being a delicacy. It is composed of pounded walnuts and bread-crumbs in equal quantities, which, mixed together, form the dressing around the dish, which is itself stewed fowl, highly flavored with pepper, spices, and red chillies, served with an abundance of gravy.

The every-day life of the slave mothers is monotonous in the extreme. They have no special duties like the *calphas*; their children are not much with them, because, whilst they are young, even the girls leave the harem, and are given over to the care of men attendants, called *lollahs*, who take them out walking or driving, and are very gentle and kind to them. The mothers are thus left to the dreary loneliness of their own apartments, and pass their time in visit-

ing one another, playing backgammon, or looking listlessly from the windows. They think themselves very fortunate when any Jewish or Armenian pedlar is permitted to bring her wares into their rooms. This is the opportunity they have of spending their monthly allowance, which perhaps amounts to something like 15*l*. It is true the monotony is relieved by the usual promenade on the Friday (their Sunday). It is those of the lower and middle classes who habitually go to mosque, veiled. Ladies of higher rank are supposed to be punctilious in observing the hours of prayer, five times daily, in their own houses. I believe all the Sultanas (the sisters and half-sisters of the present Sultan, Murad V.) are particular in performing these duties.

The life of the wives of Pachas is much less monotonous, as they are constantly receiving and paying visits. They do, indeed, in their hours of ennui, invite the Oommool-Beys and Oommool-Khanums to come and help to amuse them by chatting and playing backgammon. Even at the present day it is not usual to find a Turkish lady of middle age able to read and write her own language, unless she has been trained to become a *kiatib*, or secretary, and one such woman at least is necessary in every household to keep accounts and carry on correspondence with relatives at a distance. The Khanum Effendis I have spoken of learned to read after they were thirty years of age, incited to this mental exertion by knowing that their children were acquiring foreign languages—French and Arabic—whilst the young princess my pupil not only spoke but wrote Turkish, Arabic, and some Persian, English and French fairly well, and understood something of Italian and German.

The *calphas* have, as I said, each her special occupation, which in a great degree prevents ennui. They are but one grade removed, be it remembered, from the Oommool-Beys and Oommool-Khanums, and some of them are even those who have had the misfortune to return to their grade of *calpha* on the early death of a child. Such a position does not usually long continue, as a marriage is arranged to obviate the anomalous status they would otherwise occupy. The

calphas who are the slaves of a Pacha are as much at the mercy of his wives as Hagar was at the mercy of Sarai when Abram acknowledged her absolute right in the words, "Behold, thy maid is in thy hand; do to her as it pleaseth thee." Hagar could at least, when Sarai dealt hardly with her, flee from the face of her mistress; but then Hagar dwelt in a tent, with the wide wilderness around, into which she might escape. With Turkish slaves the conditions are different; they are, in point of fact, prisoners in houses from which voluntary egress is for them a matter of impossibility, for the windows, although open, are secured by a *kaffes*, or trellis-work wooden blind, firmly nailed down, except where the window is at some height above the waters of the Bosphorus, and the curtained doors are closely guarded by eunuchs. They live, too, in a crowded town, with an organized police constantly on the watch; and if a slave endeavored to get free she would be traced immediately, and brought back to undergo severe lashings, disgrace, degradation, and contumely. A slave, indeed, represents so much money's worth, and a runaway slave is virtually stealing *herself* from her master's or mistress's possessions; and therefore *theft* is an inherent part of her offence. There can be no doubt that, where slavery is looked upon as an acknowledged or permitted institution the owner is *not* wrong in looking upon the evasion of the slave as robbery. Slaves form a sort of live stock, liable to stray in an inconvenient way; and, inasmuch as they are more responsible than cattle, they may well be punished more severely for the wrong use they make of their intelligence to the disadvantage of their master. I suppose we English, as a nation, have long recognised the justice of this reasoning. I well remember discussing this subject rather hotly with an ex-member of Parliament in a pleasant walk at the Sweet Waters of Asia, where the bright *feridjees* and smiling faces of the women gave an impression that they could have no causes for fear or sorrow. What right had England to take up the cause of the slaves of Turkey by interfering in the domestic concerns of a friendly Power, it was protested, especially when they all looked so happy? Alas! I might as well have talked to the

softly-blowing winds; and I ended with a despairing sigh, thinking of cases of oppression even then going on under my eyes. As a point of fact a girl's life and that of her child are at the mercy of the wife. But should a calpha become a mother, by that fact she is at once raised to the position of an Oommool-Bey or Oommool-Khanum, as the case may be. She then has her own set of apartments, with one or two slaves to wait on her and her infant. The wife may possibly, from vexation, ignore the mother; but she shows, or at least feigns, an interest in the child, which is daily carried to her divan to be caressed. Babies are much to be pitied, since they are tightly swathed from head to foot, the arms and legs being secured in a perfectly straight position, and I saw one bound on a narrow board covered with flannel, so that the infant resembled a strangled mummy, with a very brown and red face showing from its cere-cloths.

When the child is eight days old both it and its mother have that day to undergo the visits and rejoicings of friends, and to listen to the screeching music without which no *fête* can take place. On this occasion the wives must at least make their appearance; their visit, however short, implying congratulation, is a sign of good-will so far as the child is concerned.

Those slaves who belong to a mistress and not to a master are in a position infinitely superior to that of those of whom I have just spoken, because they are not exposed to the effects of jealousy. They live in a certain retirement even in the house, are mostly young girls, and after their morning's work is over are taught music and singing by some old Armenian, going to class in a room set apart in the hareem for the purpose. They wear an over-gown, or *yeldema*, of white calico, made perfectly plain, reaching to the feet, and not drawn in at the waist; a piece of muslin is thrown over the head and tied under the chin, not arranged with care, as is a *yashmak*. An under-eunuch is on duty as guard during the lesson, and when it is finished carefully conducts the tottering old man off the premises, crying as he goes, "Desstur! desstur!" at which needless ceremony many of the girls laugh, and even the eunuchs themselves cannot al-

ways refrain from smiling, in spite of the great importance they attach to their office. The pupils are expected to show the utmost docility, and to manifest the greatest respect towards their teachers, notwithstanding that they may be Greeks, Syrians, or Armenians. One day some twelve young girls who had been accustomed to a Turkish professor, on learning that they were to have an Armenian teacher in future, determined amongst themselves that they would not be made to kiss his hand on his entering and leaving the room. This became a great offence, and was complained of to the head eunuchs and to the mistress, who ordered them to receive a sound beating with the *knout* on the next day. The castigation never took place, but it would unfailingly have done so but for my intervention and somewhat strong defiance of the chief eunuch. It must not be supposed that the punishment was designed with the intention of bringing the girls to a just estimate of a nationality they are quite ready to under-rate. Far from that. The girls had been insubordinate to authority, and they must be thoroughly reduced to obedience. The moral side of the subject was not neglected by me, and the slaves who had offended were doubly careful to salute their master respectfully, and to show their gratitude for the pardon accorded to them by a most willing alacrity in serving the Khanum Effendi in future. These girls, for the most part, were quick to feel gratitude and remember kindnesses. A calpha who had broken a piece of porcelain came to me one Sunday just as I was starting for church. "Janem!" (my soul), she said coaxingly, "if you could only stay to piece it together now, it might save me a beating when I go to show it to Ayesha Khanum." So I cheerfully stayed and gave up my morning to the good work, for which I was rewarded by succeeding in the object I had in view, and I saw that the slave approved my code of religious duty, and did not think it *bosh lakerde*—a Turkish phrase meaning "empty speech." The slave girls shield one another where they can, and will faithfully stand by a friend in illness, even when it entails much heavy nursing. And so many die of consumption in the course of a year! One sick bed will

bring out many traits of kindly sympathy. Nevertheless, all the attention a slave gets is bestowed by her companions as they chance to have leisure or thought for her. It is nobody's stated business to bring her her *pairis yemek* (strict diet), to wait on her, and observe the doctor's instructions; unless, indeed, in some special case which comes under the supervision of the mistress of the house. One tiny slave, a child of about six or seven, named Rosina, a gentle, quiet little body, fell ill. Her illness was severe, and took the form of typhoid fever. For many days she was carefully and affectionately tended by many of the elder girls in an airy upper room overlooking the garden. Even the young Khanums would go in occasionally, until, from fear of infection, the *hakim* prohibited their visits. But Rosina grew worse and worse, and was given over. At this juncture she was removed to a lower room on the stone basement, for the convenience of removing the body as soon as possible after death. It was very dreadful to me that the poor child should be left to die. A strong impulse to try and save her came over me. "Give her to me, Khanum," I said, "and let me see what I can do."

"But the *hakim* says she must die," was objected again and again, till I gained my point.

I lost no time in making it known that the dying child belonged to me for the time being, and hurried down to the basement room. An old, tender-hearted, helpless, and very ignorant *nina* was alone watching in the room, rocking herself to and fro, telling her beads and muttering prayers. Rosina lay white and stiff, the poor brown parched lips, half-closed eyes, and labored breathing betokening how ill she was. I moistened her lips, and finding she could swallow, gave her a little *vin de quinquina* mixed with water. Then I let her sleep, and allowed no one to talk near her, or disturb her by the practice of any of the various musical instruments—*Ood* or *Kanoon*—that were twanging in various rooms on this story. Only very slowly the child grew gradually stronger, and then came the difficult part of my nursing. She said she did not want to live; she had suffered too much. Allah was not good. She would not take medicine

nor eat to get well. To hear her say that was an immense pain to me, for I had been getting very, very fond of her. Soothing kindness, promises that she would yet run about and enjoy many years of bright, happy life, had no effect for many days, so there was no choice from the first but to conquer her by force and make her take remedies and food. At last Rosina was on her feet again, strangely taller, thinner, and with very wild eyes, and long, uncut hair. The child seemed to have undergone a transformation in the course of a month or so. She was no longer shy and timid, but wild in the extreme; as her strength came back she seemed to delight in spending it heedlessly. Now she would be on the mountain amongst the grapes, taking as many as she would; then in the stables, fondling the horses; anon in the large, fine sea-bathing house, calling to the pet sturgeon to rise for bread-crumbs. We never knew where Rosina was, and many are the moments of anxiety her heedlessness caused me. She knew that she had a hold over me, and was merciless. To others she professed that she owed me a grudge never to be forgiven for having saved her life; but I knew by numberless signs that it was not so. Sometimes, when I least expected her presence, she would pounce out on me from some hiding-place with a present of freshly-gathered flowers or fruits, which she had been to the mountain to fetch; or, in the midst of some scene of ceremony, she would clasp me with uplifted arms and cling to me affectionately. Rosina had become a privileged person, and although she was looked upon as a little mad, she always had her own way. She became, in fact, the tyrant of her small circle. It was Rosina who was consulted first on the Friday whether the drive should be to the Sweet Waters of Asia or to the promenade at Tchamlidja. Fâtema Khanum, a young lady of the family, of about Rosina's age, very quick, boyish, and determined, would always vote against Rosina, so that there were two parties, with two leaders, amongst the children.

"Beys, I am going to Tchamlidja," Fâtema would announce, shaking out her pink silk skirt under its embroidered

muslin tunic, and throwing a sidelong glance of superiority at Rosina.

"And, Beys, I am going to Gueuk Sou" (the Sweet Waters), Rosina would announce, with still greater emphasis, "and if you like you can come in the little carriage with me."

"Yes, Rosina, you shall go where you like," broke in one of the more impetuous and generous-hearted of the Beys, "and I and my lollah will take care of you."

"And we will go with you too," broke in two of the other Beys; whereupon there followed much clamor from Fâtema and her adherents, all in childish, good-humored rivalry. On this occasion the forces divided, but a special carriage was ordered out for Rosina, who went to Gueuk Sou, as she had intended.

In presence of the Khanum Effendi, Rosina was, perhaps, the only slave who was really free and independent. Her figure comes up before me as I write—lithe, meagre, high-shouldered, restless, ever shifting in its movements; her face, long and oval, framed in by quantities of lank, tawny-brown hair; her hazel eyes, half-serious, half-mischievous, glancing merrily from side to side. They tell me she is now still much as I knew her—a little wild in her ways, and undisciplined—but as Rosina joined the French class it is supposed that she is a somewhat learned personage in her little sphere.

I have here described the lives of the women of different grades in the harem of a great Pacha. In the Imperial palaces belonging to the late Sultan Abdul Aziz the seclusion was much more strict, and the monotony of their existence much greater. No chance visit from a European lady could be permitted; no Jewess with her pedlar's wares went beyond the outer court; a promenade to the Sweet Waters was an exceptional liberty granted occasionally to the chief *kadens* and their suites. The most frequent "news" for them would be the advent of a batch of some three or four new slaves as a present to the Sultan's harem, sent as a complimentary gift to his Majesty by his mother or sister, or others, at the recurrence of some religious festival or birthday rejoicing. The Imperial hareems sometimes become



overstocked through these gratuitous offerings, and then those who have already ceased to please yield their handsome apartments and jewels to their successors, and are married off to some *kiatib* or *yuz-bache* (captain of a hundred), whose pay for the future serves to support both himself and the wife whom he cannot refuse without losing his livelihood.

In trying to study the inner lives of the slave girls with whom I came into contact I was struck by the constant repression of all outward feeling in the presence of the mistress. They could assume so guarded an aspect—could exercise such control over the facial muscles, especially over the expression of the pupil of the eye—that it was at times impossible to read what might be passing in their minds—a safeguard against misunderstanding which circumstances seemed to justify in certain cases. Once out of the range of the mistress's eye, surrounded only by those she can trust, the slave casts off the habitually assumed indifference of manner, and gives free play to her natural style, mode of speech, and characteristic gestures. Thus the same individual was continually coming under my observation at different hours of the day in diverse phases of temper and behavior, and sometimes she who had appeared, in the presence of the *Khanum Effendi*, to be most fussy and careful about trifles, would, when off duty, laugh the loudest and give herself up to gossip and merry-making, utterly disregarding the duties she ought to have been attending to when the younger slaves (who were under her orders and really anxious about their especial functions being duly performed) would timidly press her for directions.

As to the tone which prevails in the harem, etiquette seems in a great measure to regulate that; but in point of fact a quiet, sedate demeanor, absence of hurry, *restfulness*, form rather a part of their moral obligations, for the body must be maintained in a state of quietude that the mind may be in perfect equilibrium. A well-instructed, "orthodox" Mussulman woman admits to herself all this and more; she recognises the reason of her seclusion within the sheltering walls of the harem to be due to a tender solicitude that she may be

shielded from the effects of disturbing influences in the world without, and may follow the bent which one masculine mind only imposes on her. There is a Mohammedan home in Turkey in which I have seen this feeling touchingly exemplified. The master of the house, Ahmed Wefik Effendi, is known to all the first classes of European society in Constantinople, not only as a "good old 'Turkish' gentleman" of most urbane manners, hospitable disposition, and thorough uprightness of character, but as a man of learning, of sterling knowledge, and of devotion to books, of which he possesses in his home, on the European bank of the Bosphorus at Roumeli His-sah, a whole libraryful, comprising the choicest volumes in Turkish, Persian, Arabic, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese—all of which languages he understands and can, I believe, converse in. I am not sure if he also understands Hindustani, but I have an idea that he knows something of it. Ahmed Wefik Effendi presents the anomaly of a thorough bookworm who is most genial, courteous, and pleasant to the many European visitors who come to disturb the quiet of his chosen retreat, and who count it a great privilege to obtain an introduction to him. The Effendi is certainly a man of sound judgment, much exact knowledge, and great probity, and yet is, in most things, as I said, a thorough Turk of the old school, with prejudices and likings and dislikings to boot. *A propos* of Turkish abuses, I remember a story which was told me of the Effendi's way of cutting the Gordian knot of oppression and misrule. When he was governor in a vilayet or province (whichever it might be), a poor man had complained to him that he was unable, after many applications, to obtain the liquidation of a debt due to him from a rich Pacha of the neighborhood. The Effendi undertook to settle the matter. He invited the Pacha to breakfast, which was served with much punctilious respect, and the guest was entertained with an unfailling flow of conversation and anecdote. When the time came for the Pacha to take leave, he ordered his slaves to have the carriage brought round. But before the attendants could withdraw the Effendi spoke. "Pacha, I am

afraid you cannot have your carriage on this occasion," he said, as politely as ever; "it is not at your disposal." "How!" exclaimed the astonished Pacha; "have not my dogs of servants awaited my pleasure?" "Pacha Effendi," replied the governor, "it is not that your servants are in fault, but that I ordered your carriage and horses to be sold by public auction, to pay a little bill you have owed for some time; for, as you would not attend to it, the matter came to me for decision. I am sorry you will have to walk home."

Years after this happened, and when the Effendi had long retired into private life, a wholesome remembrance of his courage in the instance I have cited was preserved amongst the Pachas of Stamboul, and was perhaps one reason why so few posts of importance were committed to him. I know he was once in an office connected with the regulation of the Customs department, where the abuses had become so flagrant that even the Turks themselves complained of the deficit in the revenue always observable under the head of "Customs duties." The work of attempting reforms here must have been enough to drive an honest man wild, since bribes are willingly accepted by the lower officials, the worst of whom, I must say, are Greeks and Armenians of the most mercenary and grasping type of those who hold office only to enrich themselves, and in this emulate and surpass the system of speculation which has so subtly interwoven itself into the very nerves and sinews of the Turkish body politic, which has now become a centre of corruption, whose offensiveness has been permitted to steal from the healthful well-being of friendly nations. For there can be no question that speculation maintains its character as such, whether it be practised by a Custom House underling who passes out chargeable goods free of duty for the sake of the small fee he can put into his own pocket, or whether it be practised by a Government on the verge of bankruptcy that renews foreign loans on obligations which it knows it can never take up, or negotiates at prices which are ruinous to its creditors, while fabulous sums are drafted off to the private expenses of the Imperial household or of Pachas in high employ. We are sorry,

of course, for the friends who have lost money and comforts, and a provision for the future of their children, by their Turkish bonds; but I doubt if we shall ever be stirred up to raise our voice to warn them against the risk (I will not say the want of wisdom) of embarking capital in the support of a nation where it is seen to have the faculty of melting out of sight by the very heat of the pursuit after it, however coolly and indifferently that pursuit may appear to be carried on.

The habit of giving and receiving bribes in the Customs department has many evils; not only does it absorb an appreciable item of the revenue, but it *forces* wrong-doing on the Frank tradesmen of Pera, several of whom have complained to me at different times of the impossibility of getting goods ordered for a certain season by the time they were demanded by purchasers without using the unfailing lever of *baksheesh* in order to save their goods and their credit with their customers.

But to return to the Effendi. He was not long maintained in his position as reformer of the Customs administration, but afterwards was made Minister of Public Instruction for a time, but not for many months. Probably he was too advanced for his co-religionists, since he believes in the theory that the earth moves round the sun, whilst the faithful devoutly believe that the sun moves round the earth. I have heard he had some elementary geographical primers printed for use in the Government schools with demonstrations of the disputed theory—a right understanding of which has done so much in other nations of Europe to make men perceive that many an apparent truth is not an actual one.

But I must not further digress to speak of the mixed industrial school and the drawing-classes for women which Ahmed Wefik Effendi sought to encourage. My paper deals rather with the aspects of family life amongst the Turks; and I would now give a sketch of the Turkish household to which I alluded in another page as worthy of the name of home. It is, indeed, one of the comparatively few Turkish houses in which a home can be said to exist. The family consisted of the Effendi, his one wife, his

aged mother, three or four daughters, and as many sons. There is a perfect *entente cordiale* between the members of this household. The father and mother consult each other in all matters concerning their children's welfare, as to whom they may or may not visit, how often they may have a treat away from home, and so on. I find they lean decidedly to uninterrupted home influence as far as may be. The daughters are bright, cheerful, happy girls, and seem to acquiesce most good-humoredly, and without a shade of regret, in the home rules made for them by their parents. They take great pride in helping intelligently in household matters. They spin fine gauze fabrics, choosing their own colors and making their own striped patterns; they embroider open-work flowers in satin-stitch in colored silks on handkerchiefs and waistbands, and make a quantity of the fashionable and pretty Armenian trimming called *oiyah*, which resembles strings of tiny flowers, all made with a single needle; they also ornament with minute discs of gold or plated metal those long dinner-towels (*soffra bés*) which the *soffradjee*, or head-waitress, carries over her left arm when she appears within the apartment thus mutely to announce that it is time to wash hands before partaking of the meal which is waiting. The Effendi's daughters do not disdain to do plain needlework. Besides other occupations, they learn to read and write Turkish and French, and paint flowers and landscapes in water-colors. This last is a great innovation on Turkish habits, as any representation of natural objects is usually held by Mussulmans to be a breach of the Second Commandment, and is the reason why the fine arts are almost wholly neglected amongst them. I cannot speak positively of all the acquirements of these young Turkish ladies, but I believe they have a knowledge of the poetry of their own country, and they have, no doubt, like most ladies of their rank, cultivated their musical taste to some degree, so that they can play the *'Oud*, *Kanoon*, and *Tar* (the lute, dulcimer, and tambourine), the instruments to be found in most houses where there is any pretension to cultivation. I must not forget to say that these young ladies are very clever confectioners, and are never ashamed to

say that they made this or that dish of sweets. *Helwâ*, a dish which resembles, when it is properly made, semi-opaque spun glass in short broken pieces, and is very luscious to the taste, is one of their favorite offerings to strangers; *mahala-bee*, a sort of stiff ground-rice pudding, delicately flavored, and served cold, is another. But, indeed, their ingenuity and willingness it would seem impossible to tire out when employed in the duties of hospitality.

The family I have here described is not unique in its characteristics or mode of life. It may be taken as the true type of what a Turkish family, living in simplicity and according to the rules of their religion, really is. They are certainly more cultivated than others of their class; but I have it on their own authority that there are many families on the banks of the Bosphorus and in Stamboul of their own standing, and reckoned amongst their friends, who follow the same simple pursuits in their everyday life, and are as free from intrigue or moral taint as we could wish them to be.

The two causes which seem to me to destroy all hope of moral improvement for the ordinary and uncultivated Turks are the isolation of the sexes and the utter subjection of the women. Whilst the children, both boys and girls, in their earliest years are allowed to escape from the influence of the women to the care of men only, from whose unrestrained conversation they are sure to pick up ideas which (to deal with the matter only negatively) are not refining; whilst girls from ten to sixteen are forbidden the society of men, to which they have been hitherto almost totally left, and are thrown back on idle hours, given up to dreaming from the *kaffés*-covered windows; whilst young men employ *gueurjees* to go and "look at" a girl for them before engaging her as a wife (as lightly and in the same spirit as a man would say to his friend in England, "Just look at that horse for me"); whilst they have no thought of trying to win a companion and helpmeet by the persuasion of their own moral worth—so long Turkey must suffer from moral degradation, the mass of her men remaining brutes, whilst her women are ignorant, vain, conceited puppets, served by that miserable class

the slaves, who keep alive jealousy and cruelty in the women and sensuality and extravagance in the men.

Turkish women have assured me that the Koran itself never imposed seclusion on women. If Turkey is to be regenerated, boys and girls must receive a mixed education and real moral training *together*; and their influence on each other must be turned to good account, to teach them to estimate the worth of each other's society, so that the evils of Eastern seclusion may be gradually rooted out. These evils are certainly not imposed by the laws of the Koran, and some of the best men amongst the

Turks would gladly see them done away with. Mussulmans will have to throw aside many customs which have arisen from their traditions alone before they can readily understand the value of our Western home life, with its simplicity, its moral restrictions, and yet free choice of action. Whatever gloss they take on of our European civilisation will only increase their moral corruption till they understand that we have for our women, as individuals, principles of action which are safer guards than veils, barred windows, and sentinelled doors.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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#### THE WRECK OF THE STRATHMORE.

I.—LETTER FROM MRS. WORDSWORTH,  
THE LADY WHO SURVIVED THE WRECK.

THE CHILDERS, Feb. 18, 1876.

DEAREST F—, I daresay you never expected to see my handwriting again; but I suppose I must be the veritable bad halfpenny, and of course have turned up once more. We are now on board the ship Childers of Liverpool, on our way to Rangoon.

I will begin my story from the poor ship Strathmore. We had rather a tedious voyage. I was sick the whole way, and if the sickness stopped, I had nausea. I could not eat—I loathed everything; and when we got to the line, "low fever" set in. In short, I thought I should never reach New Zealand, though Captain M'Donald showed great skill in medicine, and was exceedingly kind and attentive. On one occasion, curiously enough, he jokingly threatened that if I did not get better soon he would land me on the "Twelve Apostles,"—little thinking then, poor man, how soon his words were to come true.

Miss Henderson, the lady who occupied the other berth in my cabin, and who, with her brother, was going to New Zealand to join their father, always tended me with the greatest kindness and gentle care during my long illness. On the 30th of June, the very night before we "struck," I felt rather better, and got up to join the other passengers in a game at cards in the saloon. I had gen-

erally slept badly hitherto, the fever always returning in the night; but on this occasion, being more fatigued than usual, I slept soundly, till bump! bump! bump! I was knocked violently backwards and forwards in my berth. I thought, "surely that is a curious motion;" but, determined not to be easily alarmed, I endeavored to compose myself. To my horror there then followed a crunching and grating sound which could not be mistaken. I said to Miss Henderson, "Oh! surely there is something wrong."

We got out of bed, and had just lit our lamps, when Charlie and Mr. Henderson came to our cabin. Mr. Henderson never spoke; but Charlie said in very quiet tones, "Mother, the ship has struck, and is quickly settling down. You have not time to dress—only a moment to put on what you can." They left us; we never spoke. I helped the poor child to dress; she was pale and trembling, but quiet and collected. I did not take time to dress myself fully, merely putting on my dressing-gown and the tweed tunic you bought me. My sealskin jacket was unfortunately locked up, so I huddled on my warm shawl, and tied up my head warmly. This took us about three minutes, at the end of which time Charlie and Mr. Henderson again appeared. I took your brother's arm, and we went into the saloon, Miss Henderson and her brother following. Charlie, bethinking himself of some useful things he had forgotten, left me in the



saloon in order to get them from his own cabin. Thinking he remained too long, I followed him, and begged him to come at once, for I had heard the captain from the poop call aloud in an agonised tone, "Now then, come!" But whilst I had been waiting for him, I had run back to the cabin and got my rosary, which I put round my neck, and seized a pair of blankets. We made our way to the companion-hatch, but it was partly fastened up, so I was forced to drop my load of blankets, and creep through the small aperture which was left. Arm in arm, and followed by Miss Henderson and her brother, we walked to where some sailors were endeavoring to launch a boat. Charlie noticed to me that generally in shipwrecks the first boat launched is lost; and though I heard "Sails's," voice cry out, "I'll shoot any man who gets in before the women," I said to Charlie, "Don't go in that boat; remember wherever we go if there is not room for you there is not for me." He replied, "No, mother, we will live or die together."

We passed the Joselyn boys. Percy, the eldest—a fine fellow—I heard say to his younger brother, "We will stick together, old boy, whatever happens." I saw poor Captain M'Donald at the rigging, and would have spoken to him, but I knew he was a broken-hearted man, and, like myself, preparing for eternity. I had not the least hope of being saved. Just then I heard Mrs. Walker, who unfortunately had got separated from her husband and child, ask Charlie to look for him, but he did not hear her; he was considering how I could be got into the port lifeboat. "Can you get on the bridge, mother?" he asked. I said "Yes"—though it was a place I dared not have attempted in daylight on a calm day. I got into it, I know not how. Charlie, and a sailor named Jack Wilson, pulled me up into the boat by the hands. The moment I was lifted from the quarter-deck a sea swept over it, some of the water splashing on my face. That sea washed Miss Henderson from her brother's arms down to the main deck, and so the poor child was lost. Her brother told me afterwards that all she said to him was, "Oh Tom! we did not think it would end this way."

In the meantime the sailors were doing

everything to have the boat ready, on the very slight hope of her floating clear of the ship, which we thought then was rapidly settling down. We sat awaiting our fate. A few farewells were exchanged. I said good-bye to my dear boy, and a pang of anguish went through me for his young life, so soon to be taken. It passed in a moment, and we were preparing ourselves as well as we could to meet our God when, wonderful to relate, a heavy sea came sweeping along over the poop, carrying everything with it to destruction; but instead of dashing our boat to pieces, or tumbling it from the beams on which it stood down to the deck, it caught it up and miraculously floated us between the main and mizzen rigging into the sea. I thought at the time we were going quietly into eternity. I felt Charlie's grasp tighten, and with a prayer on my lips I think I almost was gone. We had hardly breathed when Charlie suddenly almost threw me from him, and wrenching an oar out, shouted, "Saved! saved! by a miracle. Up, lads, and keep her off the ship!" It was pitch-dark, in the dead of a winter night. We had few clothes, and the boat having been stove in on its passage across the deck, we were sitting almost up to our waists in water. Huge sprays washed over our shoulders; and so, surrounded by breakers and sharp rocks, we did not know which way to turn for safety. By dint of hard labor, and great caution, we managed to keep clear of every obstacle, and the boat was constantly baled to lighten her, but with little success. Indeed, had she not been a splendid lifeboat we should very soon have sunk. I sat silent in my corner, trying to comfort and warm poor Spencer Joselyn, who had hurt himself jumping into the boat. Percy, poor fellow, fell short in his leap, and was drowned. Charlie gave me his coat to hold whilst he pulled an oar, and I think that £155 which was in a pocketbook that he had saved, must then have been lost by dropping out of one of his pockets into the water in the boat, and then being baled overboard.

We beat about all night, not knowing where we went, afraid of being drifted out to sea without food or water. Breakers ahead! and Land, ho! was the cry all night. Once, in the grey of

the morning, we got a glimpse of the ship. She was leaning over a good deal, and looked very helpless and forlorn, and so sad. A little after day broke I was the first to see another boat. I gave a joyful scream, and the second mate, Mr. Peters, with some passengers and sailors, came to us and towed us to land. When we came to the landing-place I gave up in despair, for I saw nothing but a high perpendicular rock before me, impossible almost for a goat to find footing on. You know I am not very clever at climbing at the best of times, but weak and ill, stiff with cold, and dripping wet, I felt I had no life in me, and could not do it. I said, "Charlie, I can't do it; you must leave me." "Nonsense," he said; and one of the seamen, Jack Wilson, added, "If there is anybody to be saved you will be." The sailors who had already mounted the rock soon managed to lower a rope with a loop in it, in which I sat, and was pulled up, assisted by Charlie and young Mr. Keith on either side. I was stunned with cold, and almost fainting, so that it seemed only a few minutes to me till Charlie came with the reeking-hot skins of two albatrosses, and wrapped my feet in them. Oh, how delightful it was! Some one knocked down a white pigeon, which was cooked on some sticks and given to me. I thought I had never tasted anything so good. Mr. Peters, who all along had behaved with great presence of mind and gallantry, had been backwards and forwards to the wreck and brought off several boatfuls of people. He also picked up some wine, spirits, &c.—in fact all that was portable and useful. It soon got dark, and we were obliged to move higher up the rock, where a slight tent was erected and a plank was placed on the rock for me to lie upon. Some of the sailors covered me with their coats, but they were taken from me during the night by some of the passengers, and then, Oh the agony I suffered in my limbs! Mr. Keith and Charlie had to move my feet and hands, and when I could bear it no longer I went outside and sat by a small fire they had lit. Black Jack gave me his own stockings, which were warm, for I had none,—the crew were all so kind to me.

The next day Mr. Peters brought the remainder of the survivors from the rig-

ging of the wreck. The noble captain had been washed overboard shortly after Miss Henderson and the man at the helm, a bright-eyed little fellow called Darkey on account of his gypsy-like complexion, who was washed away from his post with a part of the wheel in his hand. He had refused to leave it till the word to save himself was given; but the captain never lived to give it. There was a very interesting newly-married couple called Mr. and Mrs. Riddle. Mrs. Riddle had waited for him for eight years, and the poor man was frantic at the prospect of losing his young wife. A Mrs. Mobile, another young married woman, behaved with great heroism at the wreck. At all times a merry laughing creature, and kind to every one, she tried hard to save the lives of some of the children, but without success. She was heard to ask, "Is there no hope?" "None." Then throwing her arms round her husband's neck, she said, "I will die with you."

To return to the island. Next day Walter Smith, the sailmaker, and Mike O'Reardan, an A.B., brought me a suit of manly garments—Mike giving me the shirt from his back. Trousers, my flannel petticoat, and a "monkey-jacket" completed my outfit; but either the trousers were curiously made or else I was, for we did not get on well together. I kept them though, and they were most useful to Charlie afterwards.

I will now only give you a few incidents of our island life, as Charlie is writing a full account, which you will receive with this letter. I was very near death several times; had it not been for Charlie's constant care and tenderness I should really have gone—it was such a long time of suffering and endurance. The eggs saved my life twice, and there was a little of the famous "Redheart rum" put away for the use of the sick by Mr. Peters, which did me incalculable good. I felt I could not last long. One morning, the 21st January, I awoke quite cheerful and bright, saying, "Charlie, I've seen the ship" (we never dreamt of any but the one that was to take us off). In the afternoon, as Charlie went out of our own little "shanty," he shouted, "Sail, ho!" and immediately ran towards the flag-staff. I sank on my knees at the entrance, and wept tears of

joy. Soon I saw the ship turn towards our island, and then I began to prepare. Charlie came back to give me one or two articles of his apparel, that I might look somewhat more respectable, for my wardrobe was reduced to a flannel shirt and petticoat much the worse for wear, and (what I considered very grand) the polonaise you bought me—everything as well as myself black, greasy, and smelling horribly fishy, though we did not notice it at that time. What moments of delight were these! We first hurried to one side of the island, then to another, scrambling over rocks, holes, and slime—no easy matter. At last we arrived at our old landing-place. I could get down to a certain part of the rock in safety, but from there I had to be lowered into the boat in a "bowline." To the uninitiated this bowline looks a very carelessly-made knot, but it is strong notwithstanding.

When I was hanging above the sea, I heard "Sails" shout out, "Don't scrape her; rather throw her into the water;" but I meekly expostulated that I rather preferred being scraped. Poor "Sails" was ready to jump in for me, being half stripped; and the last thing I clung to on the island was his smooth fat neck. I hung in mid-air, and when the boat rose on the swell I was lowered into Captain Gifford's arms and placed safely in the boat. The ship was a whaler named *The Young Phoenix*, Captain Gifford. Charlie, Mr. Peters, "Sails," and two invalids came off with us at the same time. Captain Gifford congratulated me on my fortitude. He said some men had to be helped, and would scarcely come at all. Long before we reached the ship I was sick, of course. Captain Gifford insisted on my staying in the boat, and it was hoisted up with me on board. The first moment that Captain Gifford saw distressed people on the island, rightly judging they could not all be got off the rock that night, he had thoughtfully provisioned the boats, even to tobacco. I was taken down-stairs and met by an "angel," as she seemed to me, with such a fair tender face—a tall, slender woman, like a lily, in her fresh cotton gown. She took me dirty, wretched, sick, in her arms, and immediately got a tub of water to wash me, for I could do nothing, I was so ill and weak. She

washed, clothed, and fed me with the tenderest gentleness. The best of everything was given me. A bed was arranged on a sofa, with pillows, sheets, and blankets. For seven months I had thought it a luxury to get a flat stone to sit on, and had hardly ever lain down without my feet in a pool of water; and now, surrounded by every comfort, I did not speak or think, but could only lie and wonder, and thank Almighty God for His mercy. Next day the sickness wore off, and I was able to enjoy the nice little American dainties she brought me. I think she herself scarcely ate anything whilst we were on board, she was so delighted. She had said to her husband when he was going for us, "Bring me a woman," she was so homesick, poor thing!—having been at sea a considerable time already, with no prospect of seeing home for many long months. Five happy days we stayed on board bound for the Mauritius, though the captain, by thus taking us out of his way, was losing a fishing season, a serious matter for a whaler, and he had not been very successful already. Curiously enough, not long before, he had picked up the crew of a deserted vessel numbering about thirty, so far as I can recollect. On the fifth day a ship hove in sight. We "spoke" her, and her captain agreed to take twenty of us. I preferred stopping; but the second mate, Mr. Peters, and most of the passengers, went with her. She was the *Sierra Morena*. I was exceedingly sorry to part with Mr. Peters, who had all along proved so kind to me. In the afternoon of the same day, as Captain Gifford and I were comfortably chatting in our small "sanctum," José, the little steward, came down with the news that there was another sail on the "lee bow." Up went the captain on deck; and I, very sorrowful, was preparing to get ready to be transhipped when I was told not to stir till we learned more particulars. In the meantime I saw the captain's wife busily employed packing up a whole lot of her best things for me to take; but I would only accept from her a change of commoner ones, as she had previously given me a very handsome rep wrapper, and various other articles, including a waterproof, and lovely shoes and stockings. Such shoes! She is a full head

taller than I, yet her feet are smaller, and mine, you know, are not very large. Besides, though she does all work on board of the vessel, her hands are small and beautifully white. We signalled this ship as we had done the other, and it was arranged that the remainder of us, twenty-four in all, should go on board the new vessel. We were without exception exceedingly sorry to part with our American friends. Mrs. Gifford cried when I left her, and would scarcely let me go; and Captain Gifford at the very last said, if I had the least objection to going, that Charlie and I could remain with them, and they would be very glad to have us. However, we went away; and the last I saw of Eleanor Gifford leaning over the side with a kerchief round her head and a tender half-sad look in her eyes, recalled to my mind the sweet face of my vision on the island.\* All honor to the American flag. We should most likely have been on the island now but for their humanity. Captain and Mrs. Gifford are pure Americans; and if I am able in other years when they return to New Bedford, I shall almost dare cross the ocean to see them once more. Captain Gifford is as tall for a man as his wife is for a woman. He has the rather long face of the American, but he is very handsome. They had a very fine harmonium on board, but I was too weak to use my feet to blow, so I sat wrapped in a blanket on her knee, she using her feet, and I playing. The Young Phoenix will go to the Mauritius in about six months, where Mrs. Gifford will stay some time for a rest. She would have made her visit then had we gone on with them.

Had you seen me at first you would not have known me. I was a perfect skeleton; my eyes sunken and hollow, with a wild burning light in them horrible to see; my skin white and like a dead person's, my hands transparent, my hair short, and my figure gaunt, tottering, and with a dreadful stoop. For the first three months on the island I could not walk a yard without assistance, even through the shanty. It was all rock and slippery stones, and the least wind blew me down. When I got a little better, Charlie would take me out

a few yards and I returned myself. If no one was about to give me a help, I generally crawled on my hands and knees. Afterwards, when we got to our own little hole on the other side of the island, I got rather stronger, and was able and proud to go to the spring for water, escaping with only two or three falls. You never saw such an unpromising place. On my way to the well I passed through crowds of penguins without fear. I think they were surprised at my appearance.

But to return to the Childers (the ship we are now in): she belongs to Liverpool, and is commanded by Captain M'Phee, who is very kind to me. The living is good; plenty of nice vegetables, delightful bread, and eatables of all kinds, and lots of preserved fruits and jams. If you have any nice home-made, I can tell you they will suffer in comparison. Since the first day, I have never been sick, and have an enormous appetite. The consequence is, I am getting fast like myself, and my bones are quite getting covered. I had no idea they were so small. Captain M'Phee gave me a curtain (Dolly Varden print) to make a skirt of—a fancy blue shirt for a bodice, and his own white linen coats for jackets. My constitution is entirely changed. Before, I was always sea-sick, which is not the case now; and when I crossed the line before, I never perspired—the result being that I felt the heat exceedingly; but now I am in a constant bath, and so have neither red face nor suffering. Charlie looks and is well and firm now. From the effects of the exposure and bad feeding on the island, his hair had got quite flaxen, which didn't suit him at all; but now it has nearly recovered its original color. One day on the island, when food was scarce and hunting hard, he was quite worn out and burst into tears. Poor fellow! I felt that more than anything that happened to me. He has shown himself a grand fellow, cool and steady in danger, with all his wits about him. Such tender care he took of me too, never making a fuss about what he did! You would have thought he had been the only one shipwrecked before. All the others were extravagant and wasteful with clothes, string, &c. He got many out of a difficulty by supplying a little of the

\* See Mr. Wordsworth's Narrative.



latter commodity, and at the last he was the only one with a lashing for carrying his birds. He won the respect of all, especially the sailors, with whom he was a great favorite. In the evenings, when the day's work was done, I would amuse Charlie by telling him all the little stories I could remember about his own, your, and even my childhood, which took back our minds to home, and never failed to interest, however often repeated.

Some of the men were great favorites of mine. Walter Smith, or "Sails," as we always called him, was a gem in his way. He would knock down his enemy one minute, and the next risk his life for him, and when he had a friendship it was to the death; he was always so generous and kind—so were they all. The three apprentices were very fine lads. Frank Carmichael seemed a little delicate, but Ned Preston and Harold Turner were more robust, and capital hunters. On Christmas-day Harold brought me three eggs out of five that he had buried for himself when the eggs were plentiful. I shall not forget such a generous action. There are many other little anecdotes I might tell, but it would make my letter too long; however, there is one I must not forget. John Evans, A.B., or "Old Jack" as we called him, one day when food was very scarce, brought me a small duck roasted, which he had been lucky enough to kill and get cooked. Though starving himself, he freely gave me this delicacy, and insisted on my taking it. It requires a person to be under similar circumstances in order to appreciate such self-sacrifices as I have mentioned. As for Mr. Peters, I think him the *beau ideal* of an officer. On the island he did not belie the good opinion that the poor captain had of him. He never spared himself in any work. In danger he was cool-headed, and nothing seemed to turn him away from doing what he thought was right. I am afraid you must think me very confused in my head, judging from my letter. First I am on the island; then on board the whaler or Childers, and then back to the island again; but I have written this letter from day to day, and put down just whatever ideas came uppermost. So to go back again to the Childers. The crew here are all blacks, some rather

handsome. They are a very merry lot, and, when work is done, fond of a little music or dancing. We have had very squally weather. The ship has to go where there is wind, which makes my heart beat—in fact I shall be more or less terrified till I get on solid ground again in Old England. We hope we will not be very long before we reach Rangoon. It would be rather awkward landing in a strange place without a *sow* in our pockets, but I suppose somebody will have pity on us till we get money. Oh, I am thoroughly sick of the sea! No more going to the seaside in summer. I am bringing home quite a valuable book of receipts which the steward has very kindly given me—quite Yankee notions, and very good ones too. I mean to be no end of a cook when I get home. I have studied the theory on that desolate island in our grim solitude. At present everything is "I wonder" to us. I wonder what you and Richard are doing where you are, and what everybody is thinking about us. I felt so sorely for you not knowing what had become of us. I am thankful I was not at home, the suspense would have driven me crazy. I hope dear old friends are all well both in England and Scotland. I shall not write more than this one letter, so please send it to my sisters, and all our relations and friends who may be interested.

After such a long ramble, fancy us being landed at Burmah, of all places! With the exception of two rings and the rosary Mrs. Dycer gave me, I have not a relic of my past life. Even when I thought I was going to the bottom, I regretted our lovely picture of your dear father (a life-size painting of my husband when a boy, with his favorite pony—the figure by Sir Henry Raeburn, and the animal by Howe). However, we have ourselves, and it has been Almighty God's will that we should lose the rest. Once I had a delightful dream of your kitchen at Bebbington, full of lovely clean clothes airing before the fire. It was quite a treat to me, squalid, ragged, and cold as I was. I only slept about three nights in the week—my bed was so hard and uncomfortable. It is almost worth being shipwrecked to experience so much kindness. Captain M'Phee is very kind. His family live in Liverpool, and

his wife often goes with him. I would not like to be a sailor's wife. I was always afraid of building castles in the air about seeing you again. I scarcely dared think of you. Frank Carmichael, one of the apprentices, and I were wondering whether any masses were being said for us on All Souls' Day. By the by, you had better write to his mother, and tell her he is safe, and behaved like a man at the wreck. Her address is

\_\_\_\_\_. I shall have so much to hear when I get home—all good news, I trust. I would like to forget all the hardships and disagreeables of the last seven months; but I trust I shall never forget all Almighty God has done for us,—our life and preservation on the island was all a miracle. Fancy living all that time on a barren rock, with a little rank grass on it, not even brushwood! The men knew I had a daughter, but I had never said what like you were. Mike dreamt of you, and to my amazement gave me an exact description of you—hair a shade lighter than mine—even to your rapid walk and short steps. I hope the ship we come home in will go to Liverpool. Love to my sister, brothers, and all kind friends. Oh how I weary to be at home again! We are such queer-looking figures here, with as few clothes as we can possibly do with, lazy and weary—the sea is such a dreary, monotonous life. I can't think how any one can choose it. Charlie is quite satiated with his experiences of it. If it were not for home-sickness, I think I would like to have a peep at Indian life. To-day it is nearly a calm, what little breeze there is being in the wrong direction. We sighted Sumatra two days ago. My life here is this: Get up at seven, bath, &c.; breakfast at eight; and then, after having worked everything there was to work, and read everything there was to read, a little writing is all I can do. I expect this erratic mode of writing will account for some of the rambling. Dinner at twelve; sleep an hour; then after that the heat is simply intolerable. Tea at five; go on deck to see the sun go down. Walk and sit on deck till nine or so. A glass of *eau sucrée*, and go to bed. Ah! it is tiresome. Bed, indeed! Our ideas of bed are usually associated with thoughts of rest; but on the Strathmore we had fleas, on the

whaler cockroaches, in this ship we have a pleasing variety of rats. The fleas and rats I don't mind; so much so, that the rats run all over me at night in a friendly way. I merely give them a slight shake and weak shoo! I will never recover my figure, my back is so bent and weak; the salt bathing is doing it *some* good. How I wish I was steaming away to England! I expect you will all be very much astonished when you get our telegram. Unless anything very exciting happens, I will not write any more till we are sailing up the Irawaddy.

When people are dead, a great many virtues are generally found out about them unknown before. I trust ours will be remembered now, even though we are unromantically in life. Ill though I was, I felt I *couldn't* die on that desolate island. But I must not abuse it. I daresay we were healthier there than we should have been on a more favored island. We are now in the Andaman Sea. It is as calm as a lake—scarcely a breath of wind. How lovely the sunsets are! and the moon and stars, how dazzling and brilliant! Lightning playing about all night. People at home have no idea of lightning or rain; here it comes in sheets, not drops. I am in great pain with rheumatism all down my spine and right side, and such dreadful throbbing at my heart. I can hardly breathe.

24th March.—Arrived at Rangoon; people most kind. Just going to post. With love from both.—Your affectionate mother,

FRANCES WORDSWORTH.

II.—MR. WORDSWORTH'S NARRATIVE.

(6 months, 22 days, on a Barren Rock.)

ON her voyage from London to Otago, N. Z., the Strathmore of Dundee, Captain M'Donald, struck on one of the rocks of the "Twelve Apostles," which are comprised in the Crozet group—a very dangerous set of islands, and not much known about them—July 1st, 1875. There had been no sun taken for several days back, the weather being overcast. The captain expected to see the land, but, I believe, from the southward, instead of which he went to the northward. A little bad steering on the part of the man at the wheel would have

cleared us. The weather was fine, except for the fog, and the ship was "shortened down" to her maintop-gallant sail, in order not to pass out of sight of the land before daylight. The accident happened at 3.45 A.M., being quite dark and thick. The man on the lookout reported breakers ahead, and seeing the rocks looming through the mist on the starboard side, shouted to the man at the wheel to put his helm hard a-starboard; but the mate, seeing land on the port bow, ordered the man to port his helm, but all to no purpose. We were right into a bight of a lot of rocks, with breakers all round us; and the unfortunate Strathmore first grated, and then gave three bumps, staving in her bottom. The water rushing into the lower hold, burst open the 'tween-decks; her bows jammed themselves in between two rocks; whilst the after-end of the ship was lower, and was soon swept by seas, tearing up the poop, and completely gutting that end of the ship. The captain thought at first that she might clear herself, and told the man at the wheel not to leave his post—which he did not, bravely standing there waiting for the word to save himself, though the seas were now washing over the poop; and one taking him, with the wheel broken to pieces in his hand, swept him overboard.

I shall now go back a little, and give an account of our own actions—those of my mother and myself. My mother had been very sea-sick the whole voyage, as well as being ill with a sort of low fever which had hung about her since we had been in the tropics; but the night before the catastrophe, feeling better, we had all of us—*i.e.*, the saloon passengers—been playing cards in the saloon. The captain, either that night or a day or two before, had playfully told my mother that if she did not get better soon, he would land her on the "Twelve Apostles." He little thought how soon his words were to come true. We were in bed, of course, when the ship struck. The first bump awoke me; the second told me something was wrong, and I jumped out of bed, for I had guessed the truth. Telling Mr. Keith to light the lamp, I ran to my mother's cabin, and told her and Miss Henderson to dress quickly. I then returned to my

own cabin and dressed myself, putting on my warmest clothes and a new pair of Wellington boots. I unlocked my box, and took out of it a little safe, in which was £155 in Bank of England notes, enclosed in a sort of leather pocket-book, and which I put in the breast-pocket of my coat; also a revolver and a sheath-knife, which afterwards turned out to be invaluable. The latter I put in my belt. The only thing I forgot was a cap; otherwise I was fully equipped for anything that might turn up.

My mother and I then went up on deck, followed by Miss Henderson and her brother. Some of the men were trying to get the port quarter-boat out, and I went to help; but my mother said she would not get into the first boat, as she thought this boat would have all the women packed into it, and very likely I should be separated from her. These quarter-boats could never have been used before, for they were jammed between the bluff of the lifeboat and the mizzen rigging; and what made matters worse was, that the quarter-boats had to be got out first, for there were only three davits for the two boats (the lifeboat and quarter-boats) on each side; but as neither of these quarter-boats could be swung out, the two lifeboats were rendered useless. Seeing that the quarter-boats could not be launched I walked right aft to secure a life-buoy, but she began to "poop"—that is, take seas over aft—and thinking it even too serious a case for life-buoys, for at that time her stern seemed to be sinking, I thought the only chance of safety lay in getting into the lifeboat, cutting the girdles, and trusting to Providence that when the ship went down, as I then supposed her to be doing, the lifeboat would float off clear of the wreck. The lifeboats were placed upon "skids" or beams from side to side of the ship, and about eight or nine feet above the main deck. My mother managed to get into the port lifeboat from the bridge, and not a moment too soon; for Miss Henderson, I think it was, was washed away from her brother and hurled with a scream down to the main deck from the poop and drowned: she was but a few paces behind us. About twenty more were in the boat we were in, waiting our chance, there being a hope of getting off by the

merest accident, but we thought our last moment had come. A huge sea swept over the ship, taking everything and every one with it that was not in the rigging or well forward; and lifting up our boat—not dashing it down on the main deck, as might have been expected, but lifting us off the skids—it washed us clean over the starboard side, knocking down on its way a strong rail, the “standard compass,” &c., and reached the sea in safety, though a little “stove in.” The wonder was the sea did not take us down into the main deck, for the waves were running almost in a straight line from aft, forward. The boat, when it reached the sea, was still foul of the main brace, and as we thought the ship was going down every moment, we made strenuous efforts to get clear. We spent a miserable time of it till daylight, dodging about in the darkness and fog, trying to keep clear of the rocks, breakers, and large quantities of sea-weed, and yet keep near land. Half of us were engaged in baling, we being up to our middle almost in water; but we might have saved ourselves the trouble, for the water neither decreased nor increased, the air-tight tanks keeping her afloat. The rest that were able pulled at the oars.

It was this night I lost my £155. I had taken my coat off to pull an oar, and it was then I think I lost it; for most likely it dropped out of my pocket and was baled overboard during the night, for I never saw it again, and the list of the numbers of the notes I had left on board. At last morning came, but with it fog, and we were very nearly losing land altogether. We had just made up our minds to run off before the wind and give all our energies to baling out the boat, when the fog lifted, and we saw the big rocks looming out; so we put on a spurt and got close inshore, and looked out for a landing-place, which was not easily found, the rocks rising perpendicularly out of the sea. We had not been long pulling when we sighted the gig, with Mr. Peters, our second mate, in it. We gave him a hearty cheer, and he towed us to the only landing-place on the island, which was a ledge on the face of the perpendicular rock, and to reach which a man had to watch his chance when the swell took

the boat up, catch hold of parts of the rock, and haul himself up a height of about twelve feet from the sea. We all then that were not going back to the wreck got on shore, pulling ourselves up by the “painter” of the boat. My mother was hoisted up in a “bowline,” a knot she now firmly believes in. We sat huddled together on a ledge of rock, wet, cold, hungry, and miserable. Some lit a fire, and others got birds—sea-fowl, young albatross, &c.—which were on the island, and cooked them; and to us starving creatures they tasted well. In the meantime, the gig and dingey which the others had launched from the wreck made trips to and from the ship to take the survivors off, though we did not manage them all that day, but were two days picking the half-frozen wretches from the rigging or yards, they having to drop from the yards into the water, as the boat could not get near on account of the heavy sea. When every one was got from the wreck, the boats made excursions to the site of the wreck—it having gone down in deep water the night after the last of the survivors had been taken off—and picked up what they could. As far as I remember, the following were what we got: some Keiller’s confection-tins, which we afterwards used for cooking in; some cases of spirits and a cask of port; some bottles of pickles, a few blankets, spoons, and forks, two kegs of gunpowder, two paravols, a small cleaver, a bucket or two, one tin of preserved meat, some wood, and a few odds and ends thrown off the fore-castle-head. With the help of these riches, we managed nearly seven months. It came on to blow hard the same night, and we lost our boats, as there was no means of hauling them on shore anywhere; and though some might think the boats could have been saved by people keeping in them, yet how could any of us manage to keep them safe, broken up and leaky as the boats were, even if we had gone to the lee side of the island, and kept pulling in shore against a terrible gale for two or three days, exhausted for want of food, wet, and most likely frozen? It could not have been kept up for two hours. We saw the boats afterwards on the other side of the island still attached to each other by their painters, but smashed and



bottom up, they having been driven by the gale through a tunnel that ran underneath the island, and caught for a time in some sea-weed a mile or so off the land; and we had the mortification to see them drift out to sea without the possibility of saving them.

The first night ashore was dreadful; we lay exposed on the rocks, huddled together for warmth, the rain pouring down and chilling us to the marrow. We got the covers off the gig and dingey, and made a sort of tent, which came down during the night and made matters worse. My mother, in consideration of her sex, had some planks to lie upon, but she was wofully crushed, and her legs nearly broken, by people crowding in under the canvas. Though greatly fatigued, few of us slept, and during the night a man named Mellor died, from fright and exhaustion. For the next night or two my mother and myself, with one or two others, slept in a sort of open cave or rather overhanging ledge of rock, a little higher up than we were before; and though the frost lay on our blankets, and the icicles over our heads, yet it was pleasant to what the other place had been. We stayed there about a couple of nights, until another shanty, by no means water-tight, had been built. About 30 odd of us crammed in here, lying in tiers on and between each other's legs; and it was not for months after that this horrid crowding was remedied by building other shanties.

From the *Strathmore* 40 were drowned and 49 got ashore, my mother being the only woman saved, and Walter Walker, son of one of our cabin passengers, the only child. My mother and Walter got what was supposed to be the best corner of this delightful place. From the damp and frost many of us had sore and frost-bitten feet, and one poor fellow called Stanbury was so bad that lockjaw set in. Before he died his feet were in a horrible state of corruption, and the odor from them and from the other bad feet was most offensive. After death we buried his body as soon as we could, digging the grave with sticks.

When we had explored the island we found it to be about 1½ mile long, and a good part of that was rock and stones, the rest being covered with a long, coarse grass. There was no firewood on the

island, but we had lots of splendid water. At this time the food we lived upon was young and old albatross; the young ones gave more eating than the old, being large, heavy birds, with a beautiful white down upon them about three inches long. They sat in nests built in the grass about a foot from the ground, one young one in each nest. Another bird that we lived upon was what we called "mollyhawk," but which we afterwards found out to be "stink-pots," a carrion bird. They were large, heavily-built birds, with fierce, strong beaks. I remember getting a bite from one that hurt through a pair of Wellington boots, trousers, and drawers. They seemed to stay on the island all night, and we caught them by chasing them into rough ground, or into gullies, where they could not easily get on the wing, and killed them with wooden clubs. They would face you when brought to bay; the albatross seldom did. We used to see these stinkpots feeding on floating substances in the water, very likely the bodies of our unfortunate shipmates, but that did not deter us from eating them, even half cooked as they sometimes were; the very thought of that food now almost sickens me. I am sure that nothing in the shape of herbs that grew on the island was poisonous, but our favorite vegetable was a sort of moss with a long, spreading root. On a cold morning you might have seen us scraping the snow off the ground, and tearing up the root with our benumbed fingers, often too hungry to take the whole of the soil off the root, eating everything ravenously, dirt and all. The birds were boiled in confectionery-tins, after being skinned and cut up, and as long as the pickles lasted they were minced and put into the water the meat had been boiled in, which made a very tolerable soup. Being winter time we had not long days, but about 15 hours' darkness, which we spent lying in our hovel, forgetting our miseries in sleep if possible; for though we had the most vivid dreams of home, &c., and things to eat, yet there was always a feeling in the background which dispelled a good deal the pleasure of the dream—at least that was my case; but still I looked forward to my dreams.

About a dozen of the men built a shanty a little higher up than ours, and

a sailor called "Black Jack" ruled it—and a capital ruler he made, too. When my mother came on shore first, she was wet through, and nearly starved with cold; but she soon got a rig-out of a semi-masculine description. One of the sailors took the shirt off his back and gave her it: she put on also a pair of trousers and drawers, a pair of stockings and an overcoat, and various odds and ends, all the contributions of the sailors; a handkerchief, an old straw mattress, and a coverlet completed her appointments, together with a flannel petticoat picked up, which afterwards did good service as a door in our little shanty that we afterwards lived in for some months. The coarse, rank flesh which was our continual food soon disagreed with her, and she got very ill with a sort of low fever, and a dreadful bowel complaint, which reduced her to a perfect skeleton, and made her so weak that I had to turn her in the night when a change of position was needed. Although my mother was very subject to rheumatism, yet while on the island, exposed to wet and cold, she never was troubled with it. Our clothes, such as they were, were seldom quite dry; and to say that our sleeping-places were damp, would be a mild expression; we often lay in downright slush, composed of wet grass and dirt, with the rain coming down on our faces. My mother, it is true, had a mattress, but that was sodden and rotten with the moisture, and, from its clammy and wet feeling, was most disagreeable to touch. That we were impervious to cold, was due to the ammonia in the guano. Most of us suffered a good deal from diarrhoea and dysentery, and the wine and spirits we saved were invaluable. We had used them very economically, a small salt-cellar full of wine or spirits-and-water being served out every night till finished, except a bottle of rum and one of wine, which were buried for the use of the sick. Mr. Walker's child, Watty, suffered dreadfully: he was a lively little child, and talked on board the ship, but nothing but moans and whimpering could now be got out of him, and his little body was covered a good deal with sores; he seemed to have shrivelled up—his knees drawn up to his chin, his bony shoulders up to his ears, and about the size and weight of a

lean turkey. Besides the dread of being compelled to stop long on the island, our fuel was nearly finished, and we were contemplating the prospect of eating the meat raw. I ate two small birds raw, and a piece of another, by way of accustoming myself to it; but ugh! it was bad. If it had come to our being obliged to eat the meat raw, I had arranged a dish for my mother of minced liver, heart, and "greens" (the moss that I have mentioned), seasoned with gunpowder as a substitute for salt; of that article we had none, and were obliged to put salt water in our soup to give it a taste. Afterwards when we cooked in stones, and had lots of burning material, some of us used to make salt; but it took such a time for the salt water to evaporate, and so small were the results that ensued, that none of us kept this up regularly. I think I was the first to make salt on the island. Another dish I often got ready for my mother, when she could not eat the flesh, was the brains taken out of the birds' heads and fried. That was considered one of our delicacies; and was also one of the inventions of my culinary genius.

At last the firewood was finished, except a few sticks, which were used for killing our birds. Efforts had been made to keep up a fire with a kind of turf found on the island, but it would merely smoulder slowly, and that only when there was a strong draught; when luckily somebody threw a skin on this kind of fire, and to the delight of everybody it burnt pretty well. So here was this difficulty bridged over, and we should not want fire as long as we could get birds; then to save matches, of which we had only half a boxful of Bryant and May's safeties, we scraped the fat off the skins, melted it down into oil, made a sort of lamp out of a piece of tin, and a wick out of the cotton padding in coats, &c., and burnt it whenever the fire was put out. Though the lamp sometimes went out, the upper shanty would most likely have a light, so we got it rekindled without reducing the stock of our precious matches. An ordinary housewife would be rather puzzled to keep up a fire with bird-skins—it requires experience.

We had been about a month on the island when the mollyhawks commenced

to lay, and there was great rivalry between the two shanties to get the eggs, one striving to steal a march on the other by getting up before daylight, which was very cold work, having to grope our way in the dim light of the moon or breaking daylight over the frozen ground, with mere apologies for shoes, generally struggling against a high wind, for it was nearly always blowing a gale in that bleak quarter of the world, with snow, hail, and rain to make it worse, and our inner man very indifferently replenished; but the eggs were good—and saved my mother's life, for at that time a few mouthfuls of the soup we made was all that she could take of the former food. There was never a time when she was at her worst, but that something turned up just in time to save her.

Aug. 31st, every one was startled by the cry of *Sail ho!* and immediately we were in the highest state of excitement and hope; but it was a great deal too far off for them to see us, or we to signal them. Poor Mr. Henderson, who had been ill and low-spirited since we landed, got worse. I daresay the raised hopes that had so suddenly come and gone with the ship, were too much for him in his enfeebled state, and he died Sept. 2d. His body was mere skin and bone. He had been ill with a never-ceasing diarrhoea which nothing could stop. On account of the severe frost and bad weather we could not bury him for two or three days. His limbs up to the last were quite supple, and that was the case with all those who died after having been any time on the island. We seldom could clean ourselves; the dirt was too fast on us to allow of water alone taking it off, and the weather was so bitterly cold that we could only dabble a very little in it. But we had a mode of cleaning our faces a little by means of bird's skin, rubbing ourselves with the greasy side first, thereby softening the dirt, and afterwards rubbing that off with the feathery side. Our clothes were black with smoke and very filthy, and we were crawling with vermin, which we could not get rid of. There was little of the birds that we did not find a use for; even the entrails were roasted and eaten, and the large guts were stuffed with chopped-up meat, and tried to imagine them sausages; but there was no such thing

as anything with a taste on the island, except the soup when plenty of salt water was put in it.

We got very hard up for anything to eat at one time; one day there were only one or two mollyhawks for our last meal, and Black Jack's tent had had nothing to eat all day. We were very weak and low-spirited. I felt as if all the moisture in my joints was dried up, and I fancied I could almost hear them creak as I dragged myself along. It was with a heavy heart I went out to hunt, and instead of climbing up the hills, I went down by the side of the island, where I remembered to have seen a large quantity of nests, built of mud, smooth and round, about a foot from the ground, looking at a distance like the turrets of a small castle. Down the rocks I went, and saw, to my great delight, a quantity of beautiful white birds. We named them the "Freemasons," but we afterwards discovered their real name was mollyhawk. I killed about fourteen of these, as they let me come quite close to them, when I knocked them down with a club. They even flopped down among my feet. I carried about half of my prize down to the tent, and great was every one's delight and astonishment at the increase of our larder. Many of the others went out, and killed about a hundred in all. Such a feast of tails we had then! That appendage was cut off close to the back, the long feathers pulled out, and being burnt for a time in the fire, was considered a great delicacy, and one of the perquisites of the hunter. About this time, seven or eight who had been engaged building a shanty for themselves removed to it, thereby leaving us a little more room. Our larder being always supplied with the new birds, we began to look about us more, and shanty No. 4 was started; also another great and *real* delicacy came in about this time—viz., the "mutton-birds." We found the young, but never, I think, the old ones, who seemed most mysterious birds. Their nests were under the ground, and to find them we had to stamp about till we discovered a hollow place, our feet very often going right through the surface into their nests, when we had only to put in our hand and pull out our treasure. They had a delightful flavor, and were covered with beautiful fat.

We also had whale-birds, divers,\* and what we called "the whistlers," from the noise they made. All these smaller birds lived in burrows underground, something after the manner of the mutton-bird. The whale-bird laid, I think, two eggs of a delicate pale color: the little diver's egg was noted for its size compared to its own bulk. We were visited also in great numbers by a ferocious brown hawk; they were most audacious birds, and if their nests were interfered with, they attacked with vehemence the trespassers. The underground residents, whale-birds and divers especially, were wofully preyed upon by these hawks; the latter would stand patiently for hours near their burrows, like keen terrier dogs watching a rat-hole, ready to pounce upon the unwary who ventured from their fortresses.

The weather was now getting rather less severe, but we could only recollect three fine days all the time we were there, and we always had to pay dearly for them. Another shanty was being built, and I was promised a very small old one for my mother and myself, which a third-class passenger had previously built, and had kindly offered us. On a cold, stormy day, September 13, a vessel, a full-rigged ship, under reefed topsails, as far as we could make out, came between Hoggs Island and ours, then, running close along our island, kept away to the east. I was in what was called the Skinning Cave, and saw the ship and gave the alarm first. Away went some of us, as hard as we could run, with blankets and counterpanes to the flagstaff, our black figures showing well against the snow-covered hill, so that I believe they could not have helped seeing us. The blanket-flag was up in a very short time, and the ship, when she had got past the end of the island, came into the wind, I believe, for previously she had been running with the wind aft, and we all thought that she had seen us, and was going to stay for us till finer weather came to take us off, when a squall of snow came on and hid her from view. She had gone off a little in the

squall, but some of the men said she was still "hove to." She had not increased her distance much, but eventually she took to her heels. Of course it was a great disappointment, but we expected when in port she would report us, and hope kept us up for about a couple of months. But no; we never heard anything more of her. Now I am sure she saw us, and to desert us thus was abominable. She was near enough to let us see her topmast and top-gallant and rigging; and when we could see all that, how could she not see our black figures and a large blanket and counterpane flying against a clear sky? Except during the squall the air was beautifully clear, and they must have had glasses, which we had not. Mr. Peters has the date of this ship's appearance and I should like to find out her name.

About the end of September the penguins first made their appearance. They are a most remarkable set of birds, if we may call them so; for they have no wings, but just flippers, and their coats look more like fur than feathers; in fact I think them not unlike seals. It was very amusing to watch them making their nests: one would go to a little distance and pick up in its bill, with great ado, a small stone, and carry it with immense dignity to its mate, when they carefully arranged it in some mysterious way, shaking their heads and gobbling over it; then turned up their faces towards the sky and waved their flippers, as if asking a blessing on their labor or making incantations. A few stones thus got together constituted their nests: a single blade of grass or two I have seen treated in the same manner; but I never heard of them or saw them build in the grass, but always on stony places, often great heights above the sea.

The tracks that the penguins made through the grass wound up round the edges of cliffs; they were narrow and stony, and had the appearance of having been worn down to their present condition, through the soil and grass, by the tread of countless penguins seeking every year their favorite resorts, which must have been their choice for ages. Some of these paths in places were very steep; and really, to look at the rocks they managed to climb up, you would think they would require a ladder.

\* Some of these names may have been applied to wrong birds, but they were what we believed them to be; if we knew nothing at all of a bird, we invented a name.



They made great fuss over their courting, and woe betide any unfortunate hen who dared to be frivolous, leaving its own nest to go a short walk; for no sooner was it noticed, than all the neighbors raised a cry of anger and horror, and prepared to give the delinquent an unmerciful pecking as it wended its way through the thick ranks of its comrades. If it returned to its lord and master, the tune was immediately changed from discordant howls and croaks to a more musical tone of thanksgiving and rejoicing. I have seen in books of natural history that penguins lay only one egg; now our penguins laid three. The first was the smallest, and of a light-green color; the others whiter and larger, especially the last one. They all had strong rough shells, which, when the eggs were nearly hatched, had been worn by constant friction on the stones smooth and thin, easy for the young ones to break through. The position of the bird when "sitting" is upright, or very nearly so. The yolk of these eggs boiled hard before the white, the latter looking like arrowroot when quite boiled, and also tasting not unlike it; but our palates were perhaps not to be depended upon after living so long on coarse fishy food. I noticed that the penguins always turned their backs to a squall, whilst the other birds—albatross, &c.—always faced it. Being always amongst the penguins, their habits were of great interest to us, and their noises my mother used to fancy resembled nearly all the sounds of the farmyard. A lot of them cawing at a distance seemed like the lowing of a cow; there was the cackling of ducks, the hissing of geese, the gobbling of turkeys, and even the noise of a donkey braying, to be distinguished amongst the babel of tongues.

When the penguins had been sitting some weeks on their eggs, a visible decrease in their numbers was noticed, and we thought at first that they were leaving us entirely; but the hens were left on the island, looking very lean and careworn, whilst the cocks went to sea. This was the first time we had seen any of the regular householders leave their homes, even for food, since their arrival on the island; and whilst on shore they were never seen to eat anything. However, I think in a week or so the cocks

came back, and very fat, there being about an inch thick of fat on their skins, which was very precious to us. Most of them, too, had their paunches full of a sort of food which did not look unlike a linseed-meal poultice; this was for their young, which were either hatched, or very nearly so. The hens, when relieved by the cocks, then left for their holiday; but I do not think that they stayed so long away nor came back fat like their mates. After that, there was a constant traffic of penguins going down and returning from the sea.

The long lines of travelling penguins, meeting each other on their narrow tracks to the sea, seemed to be very particular about keeping their own side of the street. The homeward-bound ones, with their full paunches, laboriously climbing up the steep paths, and their funny little short legs, white bosoms, and black, extended flippers, looked like fat old gentlemen in white waistcoats; and one could almost fancy that you could hear them puffing and blowing with their hard work.

Whether the penguins who had been out at sea always came back to their old mates, who had been left behind or not, I would be afraid to say. Yet I think sometimes they did; but their numbers were so great, and they were so much alike, it would be impossible to decide.

We used to see great flocks of young penguins congregated together under the care apparently only of one couple. These young ones were very tender eating, but, except when very young, of rather a rank flavor.

The penguins are plucky creatures; and I have even seen a weak, soft-looking youngster stand up manfully for itself against a fierce hawk.

The albatross were very majestic and graceful in their movements. We used to see them, when pairing, bending and bowing to each other like courtiers in the olden time dancing a minuet; but their voices were not quite equal to their appearance, sounding like a bad imitation of a donkey braying. At one time, when they were sitting on their eggs, we had, I daresay, about a couple of hundreds or more of the beautiful creatures scattered over the grassy parts of our island. They lay but one egg, and it is scarcely so large as you might expect

from the size of the bird : it is white, with pinkish spots on the broad end.

I had almost forgotten to mention the real owners of the soil : the only unweb-footed birds on the island, and constant residents, were what we called "little white thieves," "white pigeons," or "white crows." They possessed many of the qualities of our jackdaw, being very inquisitive and mischievous, hardy, and not to be daunted by trifles. Their build was stronger and more compact than that of a pigeon, but they were about the same size. I do not think they were powerful flyers. Their feet and beak were black, the latter having a sort of wart on it about the nostril, larger in the male than in the female ; whilst their plumage was pure white. Their eggs were dark and speckled. These little "thieves," when the penguins were on the island, never ceased watching them and their eggs. They would sit on a stone which gave them a commanding position over the multitude beneath, and wait for a chance of stealing an egg, and they had a very knowing way of bending down and putting their head on one side to see under the penguin's tail. When a chance of robbing presented itself, they descended from their elevated position, fearlessly hopping amongst the crowded penguins, evading adroitly the pecks aimed at them, stuck their beak into the egg, and, if they had not time to enjoy it there, would open their beak whilst inserted therein, and lifting it in this way, would fly to their holes in the banks or rocks and demolish their cleverly-earned meal at their leisure. One of our men tells a story of one of these "white thieves," who, tired of an unprofitable vigil, had the audacity to come quietly up behind a penguin sitting on its egg and impertinently peck its tail (a great insult) ; and when the penguin got up to resent the injury, the little rascal dabbed its beak into the egg and carried it off. *Apropos* of their hardihood, an American sailor relates the following anecdote ; but I daresay it requires to be swallowed *cum grano salis*. He had killed one of the birds, as he thought, and had sat down to pluck it warm ; he had done so all but the wings, and had taken out his knife to cut the latter off, when away the bird fluttered minus the body-feathers. Their chirrup sounded

like "Quick, quick !" which seemed to be their motto.

Some more of the men left the lower shanty, and my mother and I got installed in our new abode. It was high up on the hill at the other side, on one of these stony places frequented by the penguins. We had to force our way through a dense cloud of these to reach our hole, which we called Penguin Cottage. The height inside was about four feet in the highest place, length rather less than four feet, and a sort of shelf on the rock which we used as a bed-place about three feet wide and five in length. The bottom of this bed we called the "well," for the damp was so great that our coverlet would get as wet as if dipped in muddy water ; consequently we kept our legs curled up, which took away from the width. When both were in the shanty, one often retired to bed to make more room, we were so crushed ; besides, one side not being water-tight was too wet to sit down near, and we had to crouch under the rock to keep out of the rain. The wall was about four feet wide, built of sods ; but not having a spade, tearing up these sods with our hands made them very uneven, and gave lots of channels for rain to find its way through. In the wall of our little shanty there was a whale-bird's nest. They were very quiet ; but before rain they cooed and moaned in the most plaintive and musical tones, and after that you never had to wait long for wet weather. Of course I plastered up these places with mud as well as I could, but to little purpose. Our cave was made by building a turf wall against a slanting piece of rough rock. We managed to have a fire as there were lots of penguins, though we were not very good at keeping it alight till we got accustomed to it. The way we managed was this : At night before the fire was quite out, I put in a piece of dry turf, which kept a spark in, or got red-hot through, and lasted, if a good piece, till morning. I then put dry grass or shavings from the mattress and blew it till it caught, or helped it with gunpowder, then hung strips of fat skin over the flame, thereby making a good fire. The fire once lit I put on the stone pot and prepared breakfast. A list of our furniture and effects might be interesting : a very small mat-

tress of dirty shavings, a counterpane, a tablespoon (plated), a teaspoon (real), a fork, two bottles (great treasures), a small piece of tin made into a frying-pan, about six inches long and one in depth; a stone lamp, two stone frying-pans, in which we cooked all our meat; a fireplace, two or three umbrella-wires, which were used for pokers, or bars to rest the tin pan on. The most valuable articles in the cabin were my club and knife: the latter was simply invaluable—no money would have bought it; without it I could not have kept up an independent shanty, and upon it and my club depended every necessary of life. Another useful article was a needle made from the wire of an umbrella. The thread we used was unravelled worsted. I also had my revolver, and some precious rags I could make "touch" of, with the help of gunpowder. I had quantities of oil got from the fat of the penguins put in the large gut of the other sea-birds, also in what we called "pigs"—that is, the skin of a penguin without a cut in it, dried and made a bag of. They were also used for carrying water.

When we first went to our own shanty I generally went down to one of the other shanties for boiled meat and soup; but I afterwards gave this up, and depended entirely upon myself. This was the usual daily routine, from which the reader will be able to form some idea of the life we led: I got up about seven o'clock and took the ashes out of the fireplace, lit the fire, and swept out the house with a bird's wing. When the stone pot got heated, I put in the grease, and if we had eggs, we fried them in it, or cooked the meat in it. It generally took about a couple of hours to cook the breakfast, as we could do so little at a time: my mother looked after it sometimes. After breakfast I often went down to the gully and had a wash—with eggs when plentiful, often using a dozen of them; and when they could not be spared, I cut a penguin's throat over a piece of rag, scrubbing myself with the blood, and then washing it off with water: it was not such a good plan as the eggs, but was better than nothing. My wash over, I would get birds for our evening meal, either young penguins or mollyhawks, and then set to work skinning and cutting them up. After

that I generally killed and skinned about fifty old penguins, and stored up the skins for winter fuel. Thirty fat skins were about as much as a man in our reduced state could carry easily. I packed them in stacks about four feet high. The old-kept skins burnt well, though they smelt strongly, and were full of maggots; but we were very glad to have them. I had stored about 700 or 800, which would have lasted us some time, as we only burnt about five or six in our small fire during the day. I was always glad to get my skinning over, as I had got so sick of it; and dreadful-looking figures we must sometimes have been—our hands and clothes covered with blood, and our faces often spotted with it. The evening meal was generally cooked by my mother, of which I ate some, leaving a little for the morning, then got in water for the night, put the turf on the fire, and retired to bed, or rock rather. I generally slept well, except when I dreamt of skinning penguins. My mother also slept pretty well, considering the discomfort, &c. On Sunday I never did any skinning, but washed myself in the gully in the morning. We always had a supply of food ready for the Sunday. I then paid visits to some of the other shanties, and got all the news, such as a new yarn; and dreams were a great source of amusement—we dreamt in such a realistic manner. Having dreams was quite like a letter by post, for they took our minds off the island, and enabled us to forget for a time our miserable circumstances, and any interesting ones I retailed to my mother. In the night when we woke we invariably asked each other's dreams, which were often about something to eat, often about being at home and the ship that was to take us off the island—always pleasant. Dreaming, in fact, was by far the pleasantest part of our existence on that miserable island. Many were the prophecies that were made about when we should get off. At first we anxiously paid attention to them; but when one or two turned out wrong, no one took much account of them.

A curious thing happened to my mother on the 1st of November. She was sitting by the fire when she said she saw a woman's face and head appear. It was a beautiful face—pale complexion

and dark eyes, with a kerchief tied over the head under the chin. It smiled kindly to her and slowly faded away. I told some of them about it, and it was soon all over the island; but the curious thing is that Captain Gifford's young wife, a most gentle, kind lady, when she leaned over the ship's side, saying "good-bye" to my mother as she was leaving the whaler, had the face of the vision on the island, even to the kerchief tied under the chin.

Other two ships passed us, but they either did not see us, or took no notice. One of them nearly ran ashore herself, as the weather was thick; but it cleared in time for them to see the land, though it was a narrow escape. Whilst the penguins were laying we had plenty of eggs, not only for the time, but for long afterwards, as I "pitted" about a thousand of them for future use. Even my mother has eaten seven at a meal, fried, roasted, or raw, beaten up with a little fresh water, which made a most refreshing drink. The eggs did every one a great deal of good, and we all felt satisfied and had not the longing desire for other food. Those who had been haggard and miserable got quite plump and fresh—some of them ate about thirty at a meal; and we saw each other with clean faces, for we used the eggs as soap; whilst a most remarkable thing was, that every one had fair skins and light hair, dark faces and hair being quite changed—black hair turning brown or red, and fairer people quite flaxen. As for myself, my complexion was pink and white like a girl's, with white eyebrows, yellow hair and moustache. My mother did not change much, but she was a mere skeleton and very feeble. The old quartermaster, "Daddy" or "Nimrod" as he was called, died October 20th. The eggs came too late for him, poor old fellow! but he gave himself up from the first. He always said most of us would get off, but not himself, and that our greatest chance of getting off was after Christmas, which also came true. Of course, people would only come near these dreadful rocks of their own accord in fine weather, which we expected about Christmas time.

Christmas-day was very cold, though midsummer, with snow-squalls—in fact, at home you would have called it sea-

sonable weather. Poor little Watty died on Christmas-day at twelve o'clock noon, and was buried next morning. You could almost have blown him away, he was so thin and wasted. He was between three and four years old, I think, and looked like an old man of seventy. He would only take a drop of soup, and that from one of the quartermasters called Bill Vynning, an American. His shoulders were up to his ears, and his knees up to his chin, being drawn up that shape by the cold. He was buried near Henderson, and was happily the last of the unfortunate few whom it was our sad task to bury on that bleak, lonely island. Poor fellows! Though their graves lie far from all sounds of human toil, and only the dash of the waves or the sea-bird's cry is heard above their last resting-place; though no stone stands to bear the record of their virtues, and no affectionate hand marks the spot with the humble tribute of flowers—still they will not be forgotten. In some quiet hour their comrades' thoughts will turn to those lonely graves, far in the midst of the restless ocean, and surely their hearts will soften with some thought of pity or regret when they recall the existence there so miserably closed.

We were very much afraid of our engine-driver, John Nicoll, or "Steam," a nice cheery fellow, who was very delicate, and spitting blood in quantities. He was to have got the bottle of wine that was buried, but it was stolen—a great sin, for they knew it was for the sick. There was still a little rum left which did him good. (*N.B.* Get Henry White of London's "Redheart rum" if you want anything good in that line; it is medicinally better than brandy.) We were all getting very anxious to be off; another winter on the island would, I fear, have left very few to tell the tale, though we were storing skins to burn, and oil also, in case of such a dire necessity. There would have been little to eat. The young albatross were on the island when we landed in July; and just before we left, the old birds returned and built their nests and laid their eggs, so we presumed we had seen the round of the sea-birds. We never took any albatross-eggs, as we looked forward to depending on the young for food later on.



The seals we used to hear barking like dogs at a distant hamlet; it sounded so pleasant, for we could imagine ourselves near some village; indeed, our imaginations and dreams formed almost our only pleasures. We never could get near these seals, as they frequented places unapproachable to us. One day a huge beast, described as having a head like a bear and the body about ten feet long, was seen to attempt a landing, but, on second thoughts, it dived into the depths again. I suppose it was a sea-lion. I have seen several of what appeared to me large seals swimming about, but perhaps they were all sea-lions. We never knew what fish inhabited these waters, for it was impossible, on account of the quantities of seaweed and the constant swell of the sea dashing against the rocks, to keep anything that we could make for a line clear enough for fishing; and what made it worse was the height any likely place was from the water.

We used to see parts of fish in the big gut of the albatross when they had their young to feed. I remember once killing an albatross and, as was often the case just before dying, it vomited up the contents of its bag, and amongst the mess was an eel quite perfect, and having the appearance of being cooked. I took it up and ate it, and it tasted quite like stewed eel. I daresay that was the only fish eaten on the island.

A good look-out was kept, and all who could were engaged building a turf tower upon which we were to plant a small staff, but we were rescued before it was completed. All the eggs were done, and my mother was getting exceedingly weak, for she could not eat the bird-flesh without it making her very sick, and it was only now and then she could manage to take a little; she said herself she could not last another fortnight; but relief was close at hand. On the 21st January 1876, the happiest day we shall ever know on earth, the gallant little bark *Young Phoenix*, American whaler, Captain Gifford, took my mother and myself and several others off that night, and the rest the next day. There was not much wind, and the day was fine. I thought I would give myself a holiday from skinning, so I had just got a "pig" full of young penguin's legs, and had hung them on a string on the roof to dry

and smoke a little, and was backing out of the shanty, when, just visible, I saw a ship. I yelled out, *Sail ho!* and ran to see if the look-out had seen it from the flag-staff. They had seen her a short time before, and the flags and everything were up; fires were lit also on different parts of the hill so that they might see the smoke, and blankets were about in every position that looked eligible. Of course we were all very much excited, hope and fear alternately predominating. I had gone to the flag-staff, and was running back to tell my mother not to be too sanguine, as the ship had not as yet altered her course, when a cheer made me look out to sea. There—delightful sight!—she had seen us, and was steering close in to the island. Some of us cried with joy. I packed up all our valuables—my club, revolver, knife, fork, and two spoons—and prepared everything for embarking. When the ship came closer, she ran up the American ensign, and lowered two boats. They came to the wrong side of the island for embarking; so Walter Smith, the sail-maker, swam out to them, though with considerable risk, for there was a heavy surf, and directed them to the other side, where our old landing-place was. It was now getting late, and Captain Gifford only took my mother, Mr. Peters, "Sails," two invalids, and myself, off in the boat that night. When we got on board we got a warm bath, clean clothes, and tea; and every one was exceedingly kind to us. I don't know how my mother could have managed without Mrs. Gifford's kind assistance. She was comfortably cushioned up on a large sofa in the stern cabin; a nicely done up little place, with pictures, books, and harmonium. She was but a small vessel, and had a crew of 30 hands, so that there was little room to spare, and Mr. Peters and I slept on the floor. Captain Gifford was undecided whether he could take us all or not; however, he made up his mind to manage as well as he could, leave his fishing-grounds—which would be a great loss to him—and take us to the Mauritius or the Cape, unless he could tranship us to English ships. That night we stood off the land till morning. The day was lovely, and we steered for the island again, and took off the rest, Mr. Peters

writing a short account of the wreck, and the names of the drowned, on paper, which was enclosed in a bottle, sealed up, and buried at the top of one of the graves. Each grave, as well, had a wooden cross placed at the head of it.

Everybody, as they came on board, had a good wash in hot water, and clean clothes, boots, &c., all good new suits: we had every kindness shown us. We steered for the north; and on the 26th January a Liverpool ship, the *Sierra Morena*, hove in sight, which the captain signalled, and 24 of us, including Mr. Peters, went in her. She was bound for

Khrachee; and the same afternoon another Liverpool ship, *The Childers*, Captain M'Phee, took the remaining 20, including my mother and myself. She was bound to Rangoon, in Burmah. We were all very sorry to leave the whaler; and Mrs. Gifford was quite distressed at parting from my mother. Captain Gifford offered to keep my mother on board if she had the least objections to going to Rangoon. We were most kindly and courteously received by Captain M'Phee of *The Childers*, and my mother is now getting quite fat and strong.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

—♦♦♦—  
A JAPANESE FAN.

BY MARGARET VELEY.

How time flies! Have we been talking  
For an hour?  
Have we been so long imprisoned  
By the shower  
In this old oak-panelled parlor?  
Is it noon?  
Don't you think the rain is over  
Rather soon?

Since the heavy drops surprised us,  
And we fled  
Here for shelter, while it darkened  
Overhead;  
Since we leaned against the window,  
Saw the flash  
Of the lightning, heard the rolling  
Thunder crash;  
You have looked at all the treasures  
Gathered here,  
Out of other days, and countries  
Far and near;  
At those glasses, thin as bubbles,  
Opal bright—  
At the carved and slender chessmen,  
Red and white—  
At the long array of china  
Cups and plates—  
(Do you really understand them?  
Names and dates?)  
At the tapestry, where dingy  
Shepherds stand,  
Holding grim and faded damsels  
By the hand—  
All the while my thoughts were busy  
With the fan  
Lying here—bamboo and paper,  
From Japan.

It is nothing—very common—  
Be it so;  
Do you wonder why I prize it—  
Care to know?  
Shall I teach you all the meaning,  
The romance  
Of the picture you are scorning  
With a glance?

From Japan! I let my fancy  
Swiftly fly;  
Now if we set sail to-morrow,  
You and I,  
If the waves were liquid silver,  
Fair the breeze,  
If we reached that wondrous island  
O'er the seas,  
Should we find that every woman  
Was so white,  
And had slender upward eyebrows  
Black as night?  
Should we then perhaps discover  
Why, out there,  
People spread a mat to rest on  
In mid-air?

Here's a lady, small of feature,  
Narrow-eyed,  
With her hair of ebon straightness  
Queerly tied.  
In her hand are trailing flowers  
Rosy sweet,  
And her silken robe is muffled  
Round her feet.  
She looks backward with a conscious  
Kind of grace,

As she steps from off the carpet  
 Into space;  
 Though she plants her foot on nothing  
 Does not fall,  
 And in fact appears to heed it  
 Not at all.  
 See how calmly she confronts us  
 Standing there—  
 Will you say she is not lovely?  
 Do you dare?  
 I will not! I honor beauty  
 Where I can,  
 Here's a woman one might die for!  
 ————In Japan.

Read the passion of her lover—  
 All his soul  
 Hotly poured in this fantastic  
 Little scroll.  
 See him swear his love, and vengeance,  
 Read his fate—  
 You don't understand the language?  
 I'll translate.

"Long ago," he says, "when summer  
 Filled the earth  
 With its beauty, with the brightness  
 Of its mirth;  
 When the leafy boughs were woven  
 Far above;  
 In the noonday I beheld her—  
 Her—my love!  
 Oftentimes I met her, often  
 Saw her pass,  
 With her dusky raiment trailing  
 On the grass.  
 I would follow, would approach her,  
 Dare to speak,  
 Till at last the sudden color  
 Flushed her cheek.

"Through the sultry heat we lingered  
 In the shade;  
 And the fan of pictured paper  
 That she swayed,  
 Seemed to mark the summer's pulses,  
 Soft and slow,  
 And to thrill me as it wavered  
 To and fro.  
 For I loved her, loved her, loved her,  
 And its beat  
 Set my passion to a music  
 Strangely sweet.

"Sunset came, and after sunset,  
 When the dusk  
 Filled the quiet house with shadows;  
 And the musk,

From the dim and dewy garden  
 Where it grows,  
 Mixed its perfume with the jasmine  
 And the rose;  
 When the western splendor faded,  
 And the breeze  
 Went its way, with good-night whispers  
 Through the trees,  
 Leaning out, we watched the dying  
 Of the light,  
 Till the bats came forth with sudden  
 Ghostly flight.  
 They were shadows, wheeling, flitting  
 Round my joy,  
 While she spoke, and while her slender  
 Hands would toy  
 With her fan, which, as she swayed it,  
 Might have been  
 Fairy wand, or fitting sceptre  
 For a queen.  
 When she smiled at me, half pausing  
 In her play,  
 All the dusk of gathering twilight  
 Turned to day!

"Though to talk too much of heaven  
 Is not well—  
 Though agreeable people never  
 Mention hell—  
 Yet the woman who betrayed me  
 —Whom I kissed—  
 In that bygone summer taught me  
 Both exist.  
 I was ardent, she was always  
 Wisely cool,  
 So my lady played the traitor,  
 I—the fool"—  
 Oh, your pardon! But remember  
 If you please,  
 I'm translating—this is only  
 Japanese.

"Japanese?" you say, and eye me  
 Half in doubt;  
 Let us have the lurking question  
 Spoken out.  
 Is all this about the lady  
 Really said  
 In that little square of writing  
 Near her head?—  
 I will answer, on my honor,  
 As I can,  
 Every syllable is written  
 On the fan.  
 Yes—and you could learn the language  
 Very soon—  
 Shall I teach you on some August  
 Afternoon?

You are wearied. There is little  
 Left to say;  
 For the disappointed hero  
 Goes his way,  
 And such pain and rapture never  
 More will know—  
 But he smiles—all this was over  
 Long ago.  
 I am not a blighted being—  
 Scarcely grieve—  
 I can laugh, make love, do most things  
 But believe!

Yet the old days come back strangely  
 As I stand,  
 With the fan she swayed so softly  
 In my hand.  
 I can almost see her, touch her,  
 Hear her voice,

Till, afraid of my own madness,  
 I rejoice  
 That beyond my help or harming  
 Is her fate—  
 Past the reach of passion—is it  
 Love—or hate?

This is tragic! Are you laughing?  
 So am I!  
 Let us go—the clouds have vanished  
 From the sky.  
 You'll forget this cursed folly?  
 Time it ceased,  
 For you do not understand me  
 In the least.  
 You have smiled and sighed politely,  
 Quite at ease,  
 —And my story might as well be  
 Japanese!

*Cornhill Magazine.*

#### SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

BY VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, LIEUTENANT ROYAL NAVY.

##### PART IV.

WE got under way the day after Coimbra's arrival, and crossing the Lovoi on a fishing-weir bridge, we entered the country of Ussambi.

Ussambi is a sort of debatable ground (like the Scottish marshes of old) between Urua and Uûlnda. The people say that they are properly under the rule of Kasongo, but that they are forced to pay tribute to Mata Yafa also, as his territory is so close, especially on the north-west, that he can easily harry them in case of their opposing his claims. Besides the extortions they are subjected to by these two chiefs, they also suffer from the raids of Msiri (a Mnyamwesi), who has established himself at Katanga by force of arms, and now sends armed parties in all directions in search of slaves and other plunder. The slaves thus obtained, he sends to Unyanyembe and the West Coast, receiving in exchange cloth, guns, and powder. The guns and powder enable him to retain his position, and he is also greatly assisted by large armed caravans from Bihé, commanded by confidential slaves of Portuguese who use his territory as a safe basis from whence to start their numerous slaving expeditions.

These Portuguese are generally accompanied by a few of Msiri's own people, in order that these blackguards may be considered as acting under his orders, and thereby spreading the terror of his name far and wide; besides this advantage, he receives a large proportion of the slaves captured in these raids.

The people of Ussambi, growing wise by experience, are now congregating in large villages, well protected by wide and deep ditches and embankments, and are rapidly sub-dividing into a number of small and independent tribes only bound together by the necessity of defence against the common enemy "the slave trader." The country of Ussambi is one pleasant to the eye and well watered; woods, meadows, streams, and cultivated grounds succeeding each other in agreeable diversity.

Whilst passing through Ussambi I heard that Mata Yafa was only a few miles distant from my camp, being then on his way to Kasongo in order to seek his protection and assistance. In consequence of some unheard-of cruelties he had committed on women, an elder sister, whose rank was nearly equal to his own, had formed a conspiracy, saying, "I also am a woman," and driven



him out of the country. He only just managed to escape with his life, accompanied by a few followers who still remained faithful to him, and when I heard of him he was skulking along through the jungle, afraid to enter any village. What his reception by Kasongo may have been is a momentous question for the peace of Central Africa.

After Ussambi we came into Ulûnda, part of the dominions proper of Mata Yafa, whose own immediate relations and their followers are Warua. Mr. Cooley, in his learned works on Africa, says that Alunda, from Mulûnda, means "wilds," but seems to think that the Pombeiros who crossed from Cassanci to Tété in the early part of the century were mistaken in talking of Arundas (Walûnda, according to correct etymology) as a separate race. I believe that Ulûnda being, in fact, almost entirely covered with forests, and the people being very wild and savage, the country is called Ulûnda or "the wild country," and the people Walunda, or "the wild people."

The chiefs of all the important districts belong to the dominant race of the Warua.

The huts of the Walûnda are smaller than any other permanent habitations I have seen in Africa, and are as a rule scattered about the country in clusters of three or four, situated in the middle of small clearings, each of which just suffices to support the one family who inhabits it.

Whilst passing through Ulûnda we crossed many important affluents of the Lualaba or Congo, and in its western one of our camps was close to Lulua (well known to geographers), whilst the source of the Liambaiyé, or Zambézi, was only ten or twelve miles to the south of us. I was fortunately able to fix the exact position of this camp by a very extensive set of lunars, and it may in future be considered as a crucial position for other travellers to take their departure from.

After Ulûnda we first passed through a country at present considered as neutral ground, but which is rapidly being colonised by the people of Lovale. Lovale is a country of considerable extent; the eastern portions are very similar to Ulûnda, but as we proceeded westward

we came upon large plains, which, in the rainy season, are nearly covered with water, and are then well-nigh impassable.

It is from these inundations that the inhabitants derive the greater portion of their wealth. When the waters are out, innumerable fishes, principally siluri (or mud-fish), swarm forth from the rivers and spread themselves all over the country. The inhabitants take advantage of the slight inequalities of level to form small dams by which, when the floods subside, the fishes are confined, and are then easily captured by the natives, who dry them, and barter them with passing caravans and with their neighbors. So eager are the tribes on either side for these fish, that they refuse all other articles of barter from caravans who have passed through these piscatorial districts. I cannot admire their taste, and I fancy that if a Fishmongers' Company existed in Africa, not only a portion, but the whole amount brought for sale would be condemned. In order to gratify this peculiar taste of the people we were to meet on our road, we were obliged to lay in a large stock of this half-rotten fish, and the effluvia arising from it made our camp nearly pestilential.

The place where we halted to buy in our cargo was very near the point at which Dr. Livingstone's original route from Sekeletu's to Loanda crossed mine. The chief we met there was the same I saw, and he remembered Livingstone well, owing to the fact of his riding an ox, but I was unable to fix the exact position of the meeting, as since then the chief has shifted the location of his village four or five times.

In Lovale we had a good many very annoying, though not serious, troubles with the natives. They had innumerable fetishes, and every time any fetish was offended a fine was levied, and as a stranger had no means of finding out what was "fetish" and what was not, these fines were very numerous and vexatious. Certain trees might not be cut down to build a camp, against others no gun might be leant, some paths might not be traversed by a stranger, and so on *ad infinitum*. As nearly every man in Lovale was armed with a gun, they considered themselves powerful enough to insist on all these bothering regula-

tions. The cowardly bullies from Bihé now showed themselves in their true light, very different from what they appeared to be in Urua. There, strong in the possession of firearms (of which the natives knew nothing), they robbed and maltreated every one; here they cringed and sneaked, and were often robbed in their turn.

After Lovale we came to Kibokwé, where the country began to get more broken and hilly than any we had seen for a long time. We now began to ascend towards the western edge of the Basins of the Congo and the Zambézi. Here the fish which we had bought in Lovale were in demand, but I soon exhausted all my stock, and if I had not been able to purchase a little cloth at a most exorbitant price from some people of Bihé, who were out collecting beeswax, we should have starved. The only product of Kibokwé which is exported is beeswax. From the honey the natives make a sort of mead, which was in taste very like the strong Scotch ales. At one village at which we halted the chief offered me some in a china pint mug, which, as I was very thirsty, I emptied at a pull. He held me in great admiration as this potent draught took no effect on my head, and followed me to our two next camps to give me drink before starting in the mornings. He brought a little pot with him, in which he warmed the mead, and as the mornings were then raw and cold this "Doch an dorroch" did not prove at all unacceptable. After Kibokwé we passed out of the basins of the Congo and the Zambézi (the affluents of which are so interlaced with each other that it was almost impossible to determine the actual watershed), and came into that of the Kwanza. After crossing the Kwanza (which here some distance above the falls was a fine navigable stream) we arrived at Komananté, in Bihé, where Kendélé (or Alviz) had his settlement. Although he said he was a civilised man, his establishment was little better than that of the natives, and the pigs shared the houses with him and his friends as freely as if they paid the "rint."

At Komananté I was delayed a week before I could procure a guide from Kendélé, to show me the road to the coast. Kendélé himself remained up in

Bihé, in order to dispose of some of his slaves for beeswax and ivory; the others he retained to sell at the coast.

When I left Komananté, I had first to go to the town of Kagnombé, the chief of Bihé, as my guide would have been afraid to return if it had been known he had guided a white man through Bihé without taking him to see Kagnombé. Kagnombé's town proved to be the largest I had ever seen in Africa, but Kagnombé (or, as he called himself, King Antonio Kagnombé) was a most despicable specimen of a negro. He said he had been to Loanda, but the only result of his travels seemed to be a grafting of the worst European vices on those already engrained in his nature.

The day I left Kagnombé's I arrived at the settlement of Senhor Guilhermé Gonçalves, where I was most kindly and hospitably received, and felt as if I were once more getting into civilisation. Senhor Gonçalves has been settled at Bihé for about thirty-three years, and all his establishment (for a place in the wild) was wonderfully well *monté*. He has planted orange trees, vines, roses, &c., which all grow to perfection. Great hedges of roses, thirty feet high, covered with blossom! Senhor Gonçalves was an old officer of the Portuguese navy, and a very gentlemanlike man, but had become so completely habituated to African life, that, after a short stay in Lisbon, he had felt obliged to return to Bihé, where he had arrived only a few days before I did. The day after, I came to Senhor João Baptista Ferreira's settlement, where I was also most kindly received; but I am sorry to say that he is a man calculated to do an immense deal of harm in Africa. He has travelled far (nearly up to Kasongo's country on one occasion), but being utterly uneducated, and almost solely dependent on the slave-trade for his profits, cannot fail to lower the prestige of the "white man" amongst the natives.

Close to the village of João Baptista is that of Silva Porto, famous for his journey with Syde ibn Habib half across Africa. His place is now in the charge of slaves, who make frequent trips to Katanga for copper, slaves, and ivory, whilst he himself lives in comfort at Benguella.

After one day's halt at João Baptista's, we started for Benguella, but after only

four days' marching, we were delayed by the illness of the wife of our chief native guide, and, after all, had to leave him with her, and to go on with one of his brothers. Besides the natives, I had also a black Portuguese called Manoel, from Dondo, supplied to me by Alviz, who formed a very favorable contrast to that individual, as he endeavored to assist me in every way in his power.

When we were on our road again, we came into the lovely and fertile country of Bailunda, the chief of which I visited in his village, situated on a rocky hill, standing by itself in the middle of a plain. To reach his hut, which was perched on the very summit, I had to pass through no fewer than seven stockades; besides this, the path was so steep in places, that we had a regular scramble to get up.

Two or three days after leaving him we got into a very mountainous country, and the rainy season being in full swing, the men began to break down: four or five of them had to be carried, and one poor fellow died. The day after his death, I found that, in bringing up the rear of the caravan, I was about nine hours doing what might easily be done in three under ordinary circumstances, owing to the number of men who were unable to march, and who kept on halting. On my arrival in camp, I therefore made up my mind to throw away everything I could possibly spare, and pressing on to the coast, now one hundred and twenty-six miles distant, with a few of the best men to send back assistance to the others. I accordingly threw away boat, remains of tent bed, everything but a blanket and a shift of clothes.

The next morning I went on with Manoel and six other men, and after five days' stiff marching across a very rough and mountainous country, arrived at Katombéla, a suburb of Benguélla.

Here I was most warmly welcomed by Monsieur Charles Cauchoux, an ex-lieutenant of the French navy, who rendered me every assistance in his power. The day I got in, scurvy broke out with great violence on me, and by the evening I found I could neither speak nor swal-

low. Cauchoux started off with me in a hammock for Benguélla at two A.M., to place me at once under the care of Dr. Cavacho, in charge of the military hospital there, to whose kind and scientific treatment I in a great measure owe my life. The Portuguese Governor, Major Brito, was most kind, giving lodging and rations to my men, and from him and all the inhabitants of Benguélla I received every sort of hospitality.

After about a fortnight at Benguélla, I was given a passage for myself and followers to Loanda on board the Portuguese mail steamer *Bengo*. When we arrived at Loanda, I landed as quickly as possible, and got up to the consul's before he knew of my arrival. I was not a very prepossessing-looking individual at the time, but when, on his coming out, I said, "Come to report myself from Zanzibar—overland," he caught hold of me by both shoulders, and said, "Cameron, by God!"

Captain Hopkins (the consul) did everything he possibly could for me, and I shall never be able to repay all his kindness to me. The other English at Loanda, Messrs. Newton, Carnegie, and others, received and welcomed me most warmly, and the time I was obliged to stay there till I could get my men started for Zanzibar, passed away far more pleasantly than sojourns on the West Coast usually do.

My most cordial thanks are also due to the Governor-General, Admiral Andradé, and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Mello, of the Portuguese navy. The latter, having served in our own navy for some years, was quite an Englishman in his ideas, and always was considered as one of the English society at Loanda. As soon as my men were despatched, I started for England by the next homeward-bound English steamer, and, after a tedious and uneventful voyage of fifty-four days, arrived at Liverpool on the 2nd of April. I think I may now say good-bye to my readers, and hope that they will get through their "Journey across Africa" with less difficulty than I did.—*Good Words*.

## AQUARIA: THEIR PRESENT, PAST, AND FUTURE.

BY WILLIAM ALFORD LLOYD,

MANAGER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE AQUARIUM.

EIGHTY-SIX years ago—in the year 1790—there might have been seen trudging along the streets of Edinburgh an “old blue-coated serving-man,” carrying an earthenware pitcher or jar, of three or four gallons capacity. That pitcher contained sea-water for the marine aquarium of Sir John Graham Dalyell, Bart., who thus employed a man, or probably a succession of men, from the time he began aquarium-keeping till he finished at his death in 1851—a period of sixty-one years. The jar was sent to the sea to be filled twice or thrice weekly; but averaging it at five times a fortnight, and allowing four miles for each double journey from Great King Street to the sea and back, that amounted to 39,650 miles from the year 1790 to the year 1850, which was an enormous and perfectly needless expenditure of force, expressed in time and money, even although the results of Sir John's investigations were given to the world in five such important quarto volumes as his “Rare and Remarkable Animals of Scotland,” 1847–8; and his “Powers of the Creator displayed in the Creation,” 1851–8.

Dalyell's mode of operation, as told to me by his sister Elizabeth, in two letters dated 1860, and printed in the “Zooologist” of Nov. 1873, vol. viii. Second Series, pp. 3757–8, was as follows:—He kept his living marine animals, consisting of the lower kinds below fishes, in a number of glass cylindrical jars, of various sizes and proportions, and with usually one animal in each. The water in these jars he changed every morning, “often twice a day, if he perceived the smallest fragment amongst it, wiping and washing the glasses very clean.” He then threw away the water so used, and replenished it from the earthenware jar with the water got from the sea. At one time I should not have termed this aquarium-keeping at all, because of the change of water. (See “Crystal Palace Aquarium Handbook,” 1875, p. 7.) But now, having got to think more broadly,

I recognise this, not as a change of water in the sense of its being lost, but merely as a change of position from a house in Edinburgh to the sea, and back again. That is to say, the water he dismissed from his jars went into a gutter in a street, or into a sewer below it, and found its way by gravitation into the ocean again. Or, if it were poured on the ground into which it soaked, it found its way back to the sea by an infinitely more circuitous route. But, had Dalyell been more of a general philosophical thinker as well as a naturalist, he would have saved himself this very great amount of cost and trouble. Had he but reflected on that which was then known, namely, that water—both sea-water and fresh water—is practically indestructible, and that any decaying organic matter, animal or vegetable, or both mixed, can be got rid of, and the water be left pure, then he would have saved his servants their weary walks of more than as far, in their aggregation, as twice round the world, nearly.

In the ocean of course various animals and plants are incessantly dying in large numbers, and their decomposing remains are prevented from permanently poisoning the water in which other animals live and breathe, by the incessant motion to which the sea is subjected, and this motion brings the water into purifying contact with the atmospheric air which everywhere exists. It is this air, or rather the oxygen in it, which the water takes up in greater quantity than the nitrogen, which is another and larger component of the atmosphere, which is the source of purification alluded to, the water being merely a medium or a vehicle for the exhibition of the oxygen. In addition to this, vegetation grows by the action of light, and decomposes the poisonous carbonic acid gas evolved by the breathing of animals, the carbon being used to form the woody substance of the plants, and the residual oxygen being liberated for the use and benefit of the animals.



Thus the ocean, and rivers, and lakes, and all other waters in nature, of varying degrees of freshness and saltness, by motion and vegetation, both originating from the sun, are maintained sufficiently pure and respirable.

These operations were going on almost at Dalyell's door, yet he did not learn to apply them to practice, as he might have done. What he did was this: He fed the animals in his jars on mussel flesh, which is easily diffusible in water, and which quickly makes it milky; and this, with the absence of growing vegetation, and the breathing and other emanations of the animals, soon caused the water to become offensive in appearance and in smell. So he threw it away. But the very act of pouring it, and the motion of it as it trickled onwards to the sea, purified it, because such an act was an unconscious imitation of what nature does. Had Sir John but thought of the merely vehicular character of water, and of its incapability of being decomposed save by a very slow and expensive process, he would at once have seen that the minutely disseminated mussel flesh and its juices in the water made that water unfit to support life, only temporarily. It was not the water itself that was not fit; it was only something in the water that was wrong, and if that something were removed the water would be left as good as ever. If, therefore, instead of sending it back into the sea by a long road, and then going to the immense pains to dip it back again, he had poured it into a large receptacle in his own house, such receptacle or reservoir being many times larger than the aggregate contents of all his glass jars, he would have found that in a short time he would have possessed a source of supply for the jars quite as good as the ocean provided. Had he, in addition, placed his reservoir in a cool cellar, and had a pipe connecting it with the study to which Miss Dalyell has incidentally alluded, with a funnel at the upper end of the pipe, in which was placed a piece of straining-cloth or a small hair-sieve, to arrest the coarser pieces of decaying organisms, and if he had poured the water he had used into this funnel, the arrangement would have been still better. Yet better would it have been had he possessed another pipe

leading upwards from the reservoir, through which he could pump up the sea-water as he wanted it. Best of all would have been some form of incessantly working machinery, by means of which the water would be always coming up day and night from this large and cool reservoir into the experimental glasses, for then they would have been constantly kept at an even temperature and in a state of constant aeration. This would have done away with the necessity of the everlasting wiping and washing of the glasses; and, they being thus left alone, and in a certain amount of daylight, vegetation would soon have appeared in them, stimulated by the action of that light, without having been visibly introduced, but present everywhere in the seeds or spores of plants, merely waiting to be developed. Such an arrangement, indeed, would have been precisely that of the best modern aquaria as now made, in which the water is so continually and abundantly aerated by ceaselessly moving machinery, that impurities have no time to accumulate, but are oxygenated and dissipated as quickly as they form. In the Brighton and Havre public aquaria, the old and intermittent system used by Dalyell has been reverted to, and of course with ill results, as the water freshly obtained from the sea is turbid when seen in large masses, and is unhealthy for the animals, only a small number of which therefore can be kept in great bulks of fluid, because it is insufficiently aerated. This will be the case also at the Scarborough aquarium, now being built on the same erroneous principle.

Dalyell, however, was no mechanician or physicist, and he knew nothing of marine botany; so he just did as his neighbors did with their fresh-water gold-fish globes—he changed the sea-water and threw it away as quickly as it became sullied, and this water he obtained at no great cost, he living close to the sea. Or if the cost of time in getting it was considerable in proportion to the work done, *i.e.* the quantity obtained, it mattered not much to him, as he was a rich man. Yet, had he but known it, the sea-water he thus obtained was less good for the animals he kept than it should have been, inasmuch that it was from the adjoining Firth of Forth, and

of the density of but 1.024, at a temperature of 60° F.; whereas had he kept it for some months, it would have evaporated to the more proper density of 1.027 at 60° F., taking distilled water as being 1.000 at 60° F.

I have given this narration as showing the state of things aquaria at the end of the last century, and during the first half of the present one, and also as being the mode of operation which the general public, and even the great mass of the higher and better educated classes of society, still believe to be the system necessary to be followed in the maintenance of aquaria.

In the year 1842 the late Dr. N. B. Ward published the first edition of his book, in 8vo, on the growth of plants in closely glazed cases, and this in 1854 was followed by the second edition, in 12mo. In 1853 Dr. N. B. Ward's son, the present Dr. Stephen H. Ward, gave a lecture on this subject at the Royal Institution, which was published as a 12mo. pamphlet in the same year. All three of these are now and have been long out of print, and they bear testimony, indubitably, that N. B. Ward experimented with aquaria about the year 1840, though he did not use the word "Aquaria," which was employed for the first time in print, as far as I know, twice by Mr. P. H. Gosse, in his "Devonshire Coast," post 8vo, 1853, at pages 234 and 441. That is to say, N. B. Ward is the earliest recorded person who *intentionally* arranged together certain animals and plants in water, so that these two sets of organisms should mutually and partly support each other, the plants giving off oxygen and taking up carbon, and the animals taking up oxygen and giving off carbon, thus decomposing and rendering harmless the carbonic acid gas as continually as it was evolved by the animals, and maintaining the water pure. In Dr. S. H. Ward's pamphlet, just named, is a long, circumstantial, and most interesting narrative of how Mrs. Anne Thynne did the same thing precisely with seawater and marine animals and plants. This lady being in London in the year 1846, and having some living corals and sponges, used to send occasionally to the coast for supplies of water for her creatures. But finding that if a quantity of this water were taken up in a jug and let

fall again from its spout in a slender stream, it lost whatever impurity it contained from contact with air in this much comminuted state, she ceased to get more from the sea, and instead got from thence some living seaweed and placed it in the water, which derived additional benefit from this vegetation, just as Dr. N. B. Ward found his fresh water had benefited by the plants he introduced. It is more than probable, however, that in both these instances the really beneficial vegetation was not that which was thus visibly introduced, but was the minute kind which grew parasitically on the plants and upon the inside of the vessels. Yet it must be admitted that this gentleman and this lady are the two first known persons who, keeping a chemical law in view, deliberately and purposely set about attaining means for its fulfilment in an aquarium.

In 1849 the late Mr. Robert Warrington, chemist to the Company of Apothecaries, set up in his rooms, in the Hall of that Company, in London, his first aquarium, a fresh-water one, followed, in 1851-2, by his first marine aquarium. These he described in the periodicals of the day, and in a lecture which he also gave at the Royal Institution in an interesting manner, and naturally from a chemist's point of view. At about the same period Mr. P. H. Gosse commenced his earliest marine aquarium, as did Dr. J. S. Bowerbank, Dr. Cotton, and the late Dr. E. Lankester, and the successes attained by these experimenters induced the Zoological Society of London to determine to have a public aquarium in its gardens in Regent's Park. The building for this purpose was erected in the spring and summer of the year 1852. The marine and fresh-water animals were begun to be introduced in the late autumn; the following winter and spring were wisely spent in experimenting on the best modes of operating, and the exhibition was opened on May 21, 1853. After having been noticed in print by the "Athenæum" of some months earlier, it was again commented upon by that journal of May 28, and by the "Illustrated London News," of the same day and year, the latter publication giving views of two tanks. One of the earliest services which this institution conferred on biological literature may be seen in portions of the Nat-

ural History division of the "English Cyclopædia" (an adaptation of the earlier "Penny Cyclopædia"), as the former publication appeared fortnightly, commencing in the spring of 1853; and as it was edited by Dr. E. Lankester, who always took much interest in aquaria, he mentions in the book from time to time that such and such animals named had been kept in this Regent's Park aquarium, to which he gave the needlessly long name of "Aquavivarium." This place was my own much loved and earliest place of Natural History studies, and in August 1853, I, too, arranged a little domestic aquarium of my own—a fresh-water one. Later, in the same year, I set up a small marine one, or rather a series of little aquaria in glass jars, holding from half-a-pint to a pint each. Seldom has a student begun with such very small means as I then possessed, for my sea-water was compounded of salts purchased at a London chemist's shop, and my animals were such little sea-anemones as I could find uninjured on oyster shells thrown into London streets. I was in earnest, however, and the difficulties I was so closely beset with, and they alone, enabled me to gain subsequent success. In the earlier books on aquaria—notably in Mr. Gosse's two volumes, his "Devonshire Coast," and his "Aquarium" (the latter having gone through two editions, 1853 and 1856, besides a recent reprint without the plates, which have been accidentally destroyed)—aquaria are associated in idea with conservatories, especially as to the growth of plants in each. This notion was very natural. Accordingly the Regent's Park aquarium was made virtually as a conservatory. But it was a diametrically wrong notion, as the first summer proved; and the second summer (1854) showed this still more conclusively; and the third (1855) yet more so, the evil being an accumulating one. It was then remembered, when too late, that marine and fresh-water plants and animals live in seas and rivers, where the temperature is much more restricted in range than that which obtains in the atmosphere.

It was seen that success was to be attained by representing these conditions of nature just named, and that to place such organisms in a glass house, where the rays of a summer's sun heated a

mass of imprisoned air, was to kill the animals and to stimulate the plants to unnatural growth, or rather to cause them and some of the animals to be covered with a parasitic growth of the lower green algæ which obscured them. The errors of this earliest aquarium were strikingly shown by its solitary merit, the latter being its fresh-water division, occupying one side of the building, where the water coursed through the tanks in a constant stream, it being clear and cool, and peopled with an adequate number of healthy animals; while on the other side of the building, and in its centre, were the marine tanks, in which the water was, and still is, turbid and warm, and sparsely inhabited by not healthy creatures.

These good results were, however, obtained by accident and not design. The society possessed already a steam-engine, which pumped up water for the general use of its gardens, and it was a mere matter of course to connect the aquarium with this engine, and allow the water (which *chanced* to be drawn from a pure source) to run through the fish tanks, and then be applied to ordinary purposes, drinking or other, for which its passage through the tanks in no way unfitted it. I reasoned with the society that if the sea-water tanks were similarly treated on some such system as the fresh-water series, a correspondingly good result would be attained; and I pointed out that the same law governed both, because in the centre of the building were some isolated fresh-water tanks having no stream in them, and these were in a similarly ill condition as the marine tanks by their side. In reply, the society answered that a circulatory system did exist in a part of the sea-water series, but that it was almost useless; and I then pointed out that that was because the reservoir into which the sea-water entered after it had run through the show-tanks was too small in relation to the dimensions of the latter, and that the reservoir should be several times greater than the show-tanks. My reasoning was all in vain, however, for the society went on throwing away the sea-water when it was only *temporarily* unfitted for use, and getting at a cost of several hundreds of pounds yearly a weekly supply from the sea, especially when soon afterwards another evil made

its appearance, consisting of a greenish-brown dense opacity permeating the water, and quite hiding from view all it contained. This was caused by excess of light, for I found that darkness removed it and made the water clear again; and this led to Mr. E. Edwards's invention of the dark-chambered tank, a modification of which is now, or should be, employed in all public aquaria where adequate results are aimed at and attained. So, at this early period, 1853-62, though in theory the Zoological Society of London, and everyone else who maintained aquaria, used the same unchanged water especially sea-water, yet most persons sent to the sea, or to dealers, of which I was then one, for occasional new supplies. However, from 1853 to 1855, when I could not possibly get new sea-water for my little jars, I merely increased the quantity of water to about eight or ten times as much as those jars collectively held. Thus the aggregate contents of my jars were about six or eight pints; and in a now historical earthenware foot-pan, kept dark in a cool corner at hand, I had five or six gallons more water, containing neither animals nor plants, and when aught occurred to disturb the equilibrium of life in these jars, either from excess of light or heat by standing on a light window-sill, or from excess of food, or from there being too many animals in a small space, instead of throwing away the water thus *temporarily* rendered unfit to sustain life, I merely restored it to a right condition by pouring the contents of these jars into the foot-pan, which was so large in relation to the dimensions of the jars, that I could immediately dip them up full from it (the foot-pan) without the water being perceptibly the worse for it, especially when I so contrived matters that these transfers were made, not in one day, but on successive days. Thus, in London, far from the sea, which I had never seen, I was, so far, aquarially speaking, as well off as the wealthy Sir John Graham Dalryell, with the ocean almost at his door. Later on, in 1857-8, I set up another marine aquarium, in which the show-tank held 20 gallons, and the reservoir 500 gallons, of water, in which that water, instead of being intermittently circulating, as in my jar and foot-pan ar-

range, circulated constantly, day and night, by means of a pump and pipes, in a cool underground London cellar or kitchen, with a uniform temperature of about 60° F. This answered excellently, especially when I increased the water in the reservoir to 1,000 gallons.

In 1860 I arranged in the Paris Acclimation Gardens an aquarium which had been incipiently planned, or rather contemplated, by Mr. D. W. Mitchell, who had died some months before then, and I made the circulation a constant one, and gave as large an underground reservoir as funds would allow, but which was insufficient. In 1862 I went to Hamburg, where, with the aid of the late Mr. A. Lienau, an engineer of great knowledge, who saw the advantage of a large reservoir, I made the aquarium in the Zoological Gardens there, which was opened in 1864; and it was under my management so successful that it called other continental aquaria into existence, but not with so great a success, because of neglect in having the machinery so good, and the reservoirs so large, as they should be. But commercial companies, anxious for money success, and for that only, frequently fail from inattention to proper construction, and especially to hidden constructions which the public never see. In 1870 I returned to England, and, with Mr. C. H. Driver, arranged the Crystal Palace aquarium, with further improvements in machinery, and a still relatively greater reservoir. This, too, has been and is so very successful that I have been called upon to supervise the construction of several other public aquaria in Britain and abroad; and to perpetuate my modes of operation, both in construction and management, I now take pupils, who, when called upon, are ready to undertake the curatorship of aquaria in a scientific manner.

On March 1 last, Mr. W. S. Kent delivered a lecture in the rooms of the Society of Arts, the chief aim of which was to show that not large but (relatively to show-tanks) small reservoirs are necessary, or even no reservoirs at all. This is printed in the "Journal of the Society of Arts" of March 3 last, and my unanswerable reply to it may be seen in the same journal of March 24 last. If it be



urged that small reservoirs may be made to do as makeshifts, because money and space for them cannot be afforded, there is some kind of reason in *that*. But if it be averred to the contrary *as a principle*, then that indicates a singular amount of no knowledge which, if possible, is something more than wonderful. My arguments are founded on the clear and simple obviousness of the fact that a given quantity of dead organic matter diffused through a large quantity of water sullies it less than if it were small, and on the necessity of maintaining an evenly moderate temperature for the reasons already given, avoiding the high and low ranges of the atmosphere; and I show that the easiest manner of attaining this is by having a large reservoir sunk in the earth at a distance giving a known temperature. Thus, referring to the sunk thermometers at the Greenwich Observatory, with a thermometer having its bulb on a level with the scales of the sunk instruments, the lowest (January) mean monthly reading in a named year was  $36.4^{\circ}$  F., with a mean daily range of  $6.9^{\circ}$  F.; and under the same circumstances the highest (July) mean monthly

reading was  $66.9^{\circ}$  F., with a mean daily range of  $19.9^{\circ}$  F. But from the showing of other thermometers whose bulbs are sunk in the ground to the respective depths of one inch, three feet, twelve feet, and twenty-five feet, the temperatures become strikingly even for the whole year through—so much so, that at twenty-five feet deep the mean monthly reading of January was  $52^{\circ}$  F., with a mean daily range of only  $0.025^{\circ}$  F.; and the mean monthly reading of July was  $49.0^{\circ}$  F., with a mean daily range of but  $0.06^{\circ}$  F., the highest mean daily range at that depth in any month of the year being  $0.07^{\circ}$  F. in August.

Supposing that in any part of an English year the temperature of B would be  $60^{\circ}$  F., and that in summer A would rise to  $75^{\circ}$  F., that would be much too warm for an aquarium containing British animals. Or it might in winter sink to  $30^{\circ}$  F. or less, that would be much too cold. But on a sufficient circulation being established between A and B, then their mean temperatures would be expressed by the seven following formulas, varying according to the size of B:—

|                |             |        |             |                    |
|----------------|-------------|--------|-------------|--------------------|
| Formula No. 1. | A 2....B    | 1 ...  | Mean result | $70^{\circ}$ F.    |
| " "            | 2. A 1....B | 1 .... | " "         | $67.5^{\circ}$ F.  |
| " "            | 3. A 1....B | 2 .... | " "         | $65^{\circ}$ F.    |
| " "            | 4. A 1....B | 3 .... | " "         | $63.7^{\circ}$ F.  |
| " "            | 5. A 1....B | 4 .... | " "         | $63^{\circ}$ F.    |
| " "            | 6. A 1....B | 5 .... | " "         | $62.5^{\circ}$ F.  |
| " "            | 7. A 1....B | 20.... | " "         | $60.7^{\circ}$ F.* |

Indeed if B were one hundred times as large as A, and were kept at  $50^{\circ}$  F., then A might be in an atmosphere at  $212^{\circ}$  F. (the heat of boiling water), and yet its water would be only  $52.12^{\circ}$  F., and the most delicate English animals would live in it. At Nottingham is an aquarium where the show-tank and reservoir spaces have had to be made as 13 is to 1. From Bünsen's tables in his

"Gasometry," page 288, may be ascertained the amount of atmospheric air which water in open vessels will absorb at given temperatures, the barometer being at  $39^{\circ}$ ; and I here reproduce his figures, having converted his Centigrade scale into Fahrenheit and Réaumur scale for the benefit of English, German, and Spanish readers.

Bulk of water = 1.

| Temperature. |      | Air absorbed.     |
|--------------|------|-------------------|
| C.           | F.   |                   |
| 10           | 8    | 50 ..... 0.0195   |
| 11           | 8.8  | 51.8 ..... 0.0192 |
| 12           | 9.6  | 53.6 ..... 0.0188 |
| 13           | 10.4 | 55.4 ..... 0.0185 |
| 14           | 11.2 | 57.2 ..... 0.0182 |
| 15           | 12   | 59 ..... 0.0180   |
| 16           | 12.8 | 60.8 ..... 0.0177 |
| 17           | 13.6 | 62.6 ..... 0.0175 |
| 18           | 14.4 | 64.4 ..... 0.0173 |
| 19           | 15.2 | 66.8 ..... 0.0172 |
| 20           | 16   | 68 ..... 0.0170   |

\* The water in the Crystal Palace aquarium has a very small range of from  $52^{\circ}$  F. in very cold, to  $61^{\circ}$  F. in very hot, weather. In April last (1876) we had, at Sydenham, blue skies, a bright sun, and an oppressive warmth, with  $74^{\circ}$  F. in the shade, on the 8th of the month. On the 12th, four days after, we had a leaden firmament, and clouds of blinding snow and sleet driven by a bitter north-east wind, with the thermometer at  $29^{\circ}$  F., giving so great a range as  $45^{\circ}$  F. within a week. Yet the water in the aquarium had a range of only  $1^{\circ}$  F. —  $54^{\circ}$  F. to  $53^{\circ}$  F.

And therefore as the more air there is in the water the better it is, hence the value of large and therefore cool reservoirs. Independently of all this, however, the larger the bulk of water, and the more constant and vigorous the circulation and aeration, the less it will be sullied by the animals which live in it. In the Crystal Palace Aquarium we have in the show-tanks 20,000 gallons of sea-wa-

ter, and in the reservoir 100,000 gallons, total 120,000 gallons, supplied by Mr. W. Hudson in 1870. Yet in this comparatively small quantity of unchanged fluid we have, from Sept. 1871 to March 31, 1876 (four and a half years), given to the animals in it the following enormous quantity of food without the water being otherwise than always sparklingly clear:—

|  |      |
|--|------|
| 1. Sandhoppers ( <i>Talitrus</i> ), in pounds weight.....        | 12   |
| 2. Shrimps ( <i>Crangon</i> ), in quarts.....                    | 4735 |
| 3. Crabs ( <i>Carcinus</i> ) } in gallons.....                   | 137  |
| " ( <i>Cancer</i> ), large } " numbers.....                      | 1450 |
| 4. Scallops ( <i>Pecten</i> ) large, in numbers.....             | 32   |
| 5. Oysters ( <i>Ostrea</i> ) " ".....                            | 2195 |
| 6. Cockles ( <i>Cardium</i> ), in gallons.....                   | 18   |
| 7. Mussels ( <i>Mytilus</i> ) " ".....                           | 3544 |
| 8. Whelks ( <i>Buccinum</i> ) } in gallons.....                  | 7    |
| " " " " } " numbers.....   | 100  |
| 9. Fish, chiefly Whiting ( <i>Gadus</i> ), in pounds weight..... | 3159 |
| 10. Smelts' roe ( <i>Osmerus</i> ) " ".....                      | 14   |
| 11. Green seaweed ( <i>Ulva</i> ), purchased ".....              | 400  |
| 12. " " ( <i>Conserva</i> ), grown in tanks, quantity unknown.   |      |

And, in addition, we obtain occasional and unrecorded supplies from neighboring fishmongers when the regular supply runs short. Of this animal food, all but the denominations 9 and 10 are kept alive in a series of reserve tanks till the moment of being eaten. Scarcely any uneaten food, and never any excrement, is manually removed; but all which is not consumed by the animals is chemically dissipated, without filtering, by the enormous volumes of air constantly being injected into every tank by Leete Edwards and Norman's machinery, the speed of which is accelerated (*i.e.* the oxygenation is quickened) when the water is slightly turbid from an excess of organic matter. All this I have explained more at length in the "Official Handbook to the Crystal Palace Aquarium," and in "Observations on Public Aquaria," both published at the Crystal Palace. It is this power of oxygenating, or consuming, or burning, at a low temperature, termed by Baron Liebig "eremacausis,"\* which expresses the real work done in an aquarium, and the force necessary to do that work. Even our thick beds of sand and shingle at the bottoms of each tank are so fully charged with air, that one thrust of a stick will release

a pint of it in bubbles. This is a source of purification and health quite unknown till recently. Consequently the floors of our tanks (excepting the sea anemone tanks) are as speckless and as free from the blackness caused by sulphuretted and carburetted hydrogen gas, as on the day they were laid down in 1870. If we have an excessive growth of sea-weeds anywhere, we turn in a shoal of grey mullet (*Mugil capito*), who nibble it down close, like sheep in a field of grass. This leads me to say that at present we do not know how to grow the higher marine algae, the red, the brown, or even the green kinds, at will. Sometimes I succeed, but always by chance, not knowing why.

Of the general influence of aquaria on Zoology we have curious evidence in Mr. Gosse's most excellent "Manual of Marine Zoology for the British Isles," published in two volumes, in 1855-1856, in which the author enumerates 1,785 species, from sponges to fishes, and of which he figures 779 genera, always preferring to draw from living animals whenever possible. Now, as at that period a larger number of aquarium animals had passed through his hands than through those of any other person, he may be presumed to have, up to then, seen more of them alive than anyone else. Yet he enumerates only 201 as having been drawn from life, as he avowedly prefer-

\* From the Greek "to remove by burning, or by fire." The words "caustic" and "cautery" have the same derivation.

red doing, and of these but a dozen were fishes, others being, for the most part, small creatures, or those which are easily maintained, and do not need large tanks and elaborate machinery. But, during the twenty years which have elapsed since 1856, I have seen and handled, and had under my care, in England, France, and Germany, about 433 species of British marine animals, of which 112 were fishes. There is for aquaria a

great and important future, both as regards their influence on science, and as pecuniary speculations, if indeed, as I much doubt, there can be any real severing of these two interests. Success, however, must always be the result of a careful study and representation of what nature does, and of a strict avoidance of the recent heresies to which I have in this communication adverted.—*Popular Science Review*.

#### MORALITY ON A SPANISH WHARF.

AMONG the happiest and most interesting hours I have spent in Spain have been those spent with the Spanish boatmen of Cadiz harbor.

These men form a class of their own; their families intermarry chiefly among themselves; they talk a *patois*, or *dialecto*, of their own; they are bound together by strict rules of honor; they are, for the most part, simple fatalists; they are exceedingly brave; they are full of wit, and their every word abounds with dry humor; and, like most seafaring men, they are very tender-hearted; as a rule, too, their lives, although uninfluenced by the religion of their country, are simple and moral.

What makes one's intercourse with these men so interesting and even instructive is, that most of them have travelled greatly and seen other lands, through shipping as ordinary or A.B. seamen on foreign vessels that leave the harbor short of hands. They have all formed their opinions on the character and customs of the peoples they have visited, these opinions being, in many cases, most original.

Let me first of all attempt to give some idea of the appearance of Cadiz harbor, and the life and employments of those who live by ploughing its waters, for those of my readers who know nothing of—

“Fair Cadiz, rising o’er the dark blue sea,”

as *Childe Harold* has it.

There is no place in the world more cheerful than Cadiz, from the brightness of its blue sea, its sky never flecked by a cloudlet passing, the snowy whiteness of

its houses, the beauty of its squares with all their wealth of tropical trees and flowers. True, Madrid or Sevilla has more *divertissements* of theatre and the like, but the climate of the first is simply abominable, and the heat of the second in summer and its cold in winter simply unbearable. Neither Madrid nor Sevilla can be called truly healthy. But at Cadiz one breathes health at every step; even to an invalid, spirits and appetite never flag at Cadiz; colds and coughs are unheard of; one lives in a perpetual *primavera*, or spring. When the stranger in Cadiz tires of its tropical squares, of its beautiful *paseos*, or sea-walks, of which *Las Delicias* bears off the palm, commanding as it does a wide view of the blue ocean, he need only saunter down the Calle San Francisco, pass through the *Puerta del Mar*, or Sea-gate, on to the wharves, and fish and fruit markets, and he will find himself in a new world.

It is midday, we will say, and a slight *levante*, or east wind, blowing; the sea is bluer than the sky; in front of him, stretching from the edge of the wharf to about half a mile out into the harbor, lie at anchor about four hundred boats, all heaving up and down in the bright sunlight, and all painted of the gayest colors, red, white, yellow, blue, striped; these are the passenger or smallest boats, each of which carries two men as crew, and has a small lateen sail; they are used to take passengers off to the larger vessels lying farther out to sea. When a stiff *levante* is blowing, the noise and motion of this little painted flotilla form a most varied and pleasing spectacle. These little craft are called “*botes*,” and

it is marvellous what an amount of sea they will stand.

The other classes of boats and ships are mostly for trading purposes. The trade of Cadiz is of three kinds.

First, the large French, English, and Portuguese packets which bring passengers and cargo, and depart with full cargoes of lead from the Surra, oranges from the Campo, and wine from the vineyards of Jerez and Port St. Mary.

Then there are the sailing vessels from America and Russia, which come in ballast to load with salt from the salt-fields of San Fernando; this salt is the finest in the known world for salting fish in Norway, Russia, Newfoundland; the salt is nearly always stowed in bulk, and forms a heavy and very dangerous shifting load.

Then, as regards larger vessels of the steamer class, there are ever coming and going the Havana packets, carrying mails, passengers, and cargo to the Havana. It is a picturesque sight sometimes, in crossing the harbor in the grey of early dawn, to see two or three *falucas*, crowded with Cuban volunteers, in their light-blue checked shirts, shouting and hurrahing most vociferously, standing out in harbor for the Havana packet. These volunteers are great rascals; they receive as bounty fifty dollars; spend it in debauchery in Cadiz; get invalidated or desert, and come back; and in a few months change their name, get another bounty, and go off to the Havana again!

Next in order to these larger vessels come the *Laoul*, the *Místico*, and *Místico de Galleta*. These are large, heavy craft, built to stand any amount of sea, and two-masted; they are employed in the coasting trade, bringing potatoes from Valencia, wine from Malaga, oranges from Seville, timber from the north of Spain. They vary in tonnage from forty to eighty tons. The *Laoul* has one mast amidships and one in the stern, and carries enormous lateen sails. The *Místico* has two masts amidships, carrying two lateen sails, and a jib.

These boats carry as crew from five to nine men and the *patron*, or captain; the owner has always one-half of the profits of the voyage; and, of the other half, the *patron* has two-thirds, the rest being divided among the sailors.

The trade of Cadiz is fast going down;

the poor boatmen can scarcely pick up a livelihood; nearly all the large trading craft now go up the river to Sevilla.

But still, there they are, these bronzed, clever, reckless sons of the harbor, always suffering from hunger and want of clothing, yet ever contented and warm-hearted.

There is plenty of wit on a Cadiz wharf, plenty of deep pathos, plenty of fatalism, plenty of a strange kind of semi-Christian morality exemplified in the sayings and doings of these men.

Here is the boatman's favorite proverb, one for ever on his lips:

"Well, but do you not consider me your friend?"

"*Carajo*" (i.e. d—n it), "*no: no hay mas amigo que Dios, y un duro en la bolsilla.*" (There is no friend but God, and a dollar in pocket!)

He has a supreme, nay, the supremest contempt for the rich and the outwardly religious. For himself he wears a charm, blessed by some priest, round his neck; but there all outward religion ends for him.

"Talk about rich men; *caramba*, man; why, they go to church, yes, to please their wives when they are young; but one half of them have very poor relations wanting for a little help, and they won't give it them, and then dare to say their prayers! *Carajo, los ricos, Jesu, que son animales!*" (Curse the rich, what brutes they are!)

These two last sayings are, surely, replete with truth; indeed, is not the last the very echo of the Scriptural definition of "pure religion and undefiled"?

No one must blame the boatman for his constantly having on his lips the word "*Jesu*" (Jesus); it is no more than for an Englishman to say "Good Lord," or "Lord bless me." Strangely enough, no Andalusian man or woman of the lower class will sneeze or hear another sneeze without saying "*Jesu*," and why, they know not; but to omit it, they say, is unlucky. I have fairly laughed outright, having sneezed in company with eight or nine peasants, to hear as many "*Jesus*" uttered, in a tone of absolute alarm.

If you are out in a rough sea with the Cadiz boatman, he has only two phrases to reassure you: *No hace daño* and *No tenga usted cuidado*—that is, There is no



danger, and Do not trouble yourself. If he says this, you may feel safe; but if he says "*Una cosa muy fea*" (an ugly look), then be sure there is mischief brewing; when the *Poniente*, or west wind, suddenly rises, it tumbles a fearful sea into the bay; while the east wind, meeting the tide, also raises a nasty, though less dangerous, sea.

The boatman's greeting to a stranger, or on entering a shop or stall to buy or sell, is always "*Alavado se Dios*" (Praised be God!), to which the correct answer is, "*Por siempre*" (For ever!) A more formal answer is, "*Por siempre alavado y bendito*."

His speech is interlarded, as is that of every Andalusian, with oaths (which, however, have long since lost all significance and potency) and religious phrases.

He says, *Caramba*, *Carajo*, *Maldito* *ser*, as oaths; and with them intermingles the words *Bendito Dios* (Blessed be God); *Dios mio*, *mi alma* (My God, my soul); *Santa Bárbara* (a great patroness among the seamen); *Jesu*, *Jesu*; and *Santo Cristo*.

The boatman's fare is very simple: at four of morning light he takes his cup of coffee, and *aguardiente*, or, as that spirit is called on Cadiz wharf, *caramanchel*, with a biscuit; at eleven he breakfasts on bread and fruit; at six he sits down in his little painted house outside the Land-gate, with his wife and family, to his savory stew and the little ration of bacon, washed down with red wine, either Catalan or Val de Pefias.

I constantly take my meals with one of the Cadiz boatmen and his sweet wife. This was how my habit began. I said to him once, "My house is always at your disposition," this being the proper form of invitation to a friend, and his naïve, touching answer was, "And my poverty at yours." I need hardly say that after that I have felt happily and easily at home with this simple fellow and his lady, and have been proud to give and receive hospitality.

One of my friends had, I gathered from his conversation, had his wings a little singed, if not absolutely burnt, in the flame of some captivating English beauty—doubtless some buxom taverness in one of the seaports where his vessel touched. This was the conclusion

to which the affair had brought him: "After all, commend me to the Spanish girl. Anyhow, she may not have so much education as an English girl, but she is a more thorough woman; she won't do, as your cold-blooded, calculating Englishwoman will, first win your heart, then weigh your pocket, find it not quite heavy enough, and then alter her mind, or say she has altered it."

"And," added he, "one doesn't want education, but affection and passion, in one's partner. Now, my wife has no education at all but what Nature gave her; the women are naturally sharper, and have more perception than we men. I lend a man a dollar, because he says he will repay it in a week; my wife looks into his face, and says to me, 'You fool, you'll never get it at all.'"

This good man's wife made him take his two boats in her own name; so, when once his boat was seized for having contraband tobacco on board, she went to the Customs, and said, "You cannot seize it, it is *my* boat; I never gave it for smuggling purposes;" and she recovered her boat!

Wonderfully original and smart is the morality of some of these men, if somewhat mistaken.

I have heard one of them say of the battles with the knife, as compared with an English fight with fists, that the former is more fair, as it equalizes the chances of success; for a small, weak man, with the knife, has the same chance of success with a huge bully.

Also, as regards the unhappy calling of prostitutes, they will say—and I have heard the same sentiment among the English poor—"Well, they do their own good in society. Were it not for them, no honest woman could walk the streets." Without being blind to the faithless character of this last statement, I give it as an instance of original thought and speculation on current affairs.

Once, when in company with my favorite boatman, a well-known woman of bad character passed us in her carriage; he remarked, "Well, she'll tire of lace and jewels at last, and sicken of it all, and then the last thing will be, she'll want to see her poor old mother, who is but a peasant." This was like the famous story of the great Parisian courtesan,

Marie du Plessis, who, dying of vile luxury and *ennui*, when asked what she would like, said only, "To see my mother," a plain, homely Breton peasant.

Yet so, in this world, it usually is; when the riches unjustly acquired, or the position long-coveted and gained at last, are a man's own, Providence denies him the power to enjoy them, and the rich man, from his table of luxury, looks out and truly begrudges the poor man's appetite and enjoyment of his crust of bread and cheese.

But these boatmen, these rude sons of the sea, have very fine feelings. I said once to my favorite, "I wanted to repay a gentleman I had borrowed money of to-day, and my cheque has not come; I fear he will be disappointed."

"Not a bit—pooh!" was the answer. "He knows you, and he can afford to wait. I don't feel for him a bit, but I am sorry for you."

Could any high feeling or perception give utterance to a sentiment more delicate or exceptional?

Here is another saying, illustrative of depth of feeling. We were talking of a poor girl who had been seduced. Said my friend, "I can forgive anything for love, and so, I suppose, can the Almighty."

Here is another instance. "The good fare worse than the bad in Spain; but it's best to be good: you are happier."

Here is yet another. I gave one of these men, who had managed our boat capably in a rough bit of a sea, some silver, saying, "I wish it were gold." "No matter; I receive it as such," was the noble answer.

Some fine acrimony of feeling is manifested in the following, a sentiment often to be heard in the mouths of these men, "*Dios dice que todos son hermanos; el mundo dice, al contrario, que todos que tienen dinero son hermanos.*" (God says, all men are brothers; the world says, all rich men are brothers.)

On the punishment of death and the tardy administration of Spanish justice, here is a boatman's sentiment: "Let God kill a man; I don't want to kill him. But if I do, let me do it at once. If you lead a man out to execution a year after the commission of his crime, all my sympathy goes with him; I have

forgotten the murdered man, and the prisoner stands in his place now."

Many of their phrases relating to sickness are touching enough. Thus, they will say of a sick and aged member of a family who keeps lingering on, that he is "*Tirando, tirando, tirando,*" or dragging on, an expression denoting extreme weariness alike to the sufferer and his friends; and should one, who can never hope to be strong again, so far recover as to be called better (*mejor*), they will say, "*Mejor, sí; pero una mejoría muy triste:*" i.e., "Better, yes; but a betterness very sad." "All men are sons of God, and we ought to help one another; but the world does not think so."

No duke and duchess in Spain or England could give so royal or refined a welcome as my favorite boatman and his wife used to give to me.

Their little four-roomed ground-floor house lay about a mile and a half from the wealth and glitter of Cadiz; it was outside the Land-gate, in the Quarter of Poor; and a real pleasure it was to leave the hurry-scurry of business and the mock compliments of wealth and fashion, and saunter down, amid the beautiful market gardens that lie outside the Land-gate, with the blue sea shining and shimmering on either side, to join this good, contented, warm-hearted Christian trio (for they had one son living with them) at their simple seven o'clock dinner. The little brown earthenware stewpan, full of garbanzos, ham-fat, French beans, potatoes, all mixed up with red pimento powder and some saffron, and of a rich red color, was always simmering on the little ornelias; the smaller jar, containing little square lumps of fat bacon (the tit-bits of the repast), stood at its side; on the tiny deal table was a cloth, white as snow, if somewhat coarse, and a bottle of red wine.

First of all, the good, kind mistress would fill our soup-plates and her own with the savory stew, with no niggard hand; then, those finished, the husband would administer the little squares of bacon to each, always, however, reserving much the least for his own well-polished plate. The tiny garden, into which our room opened, was full of aromatic herbs, *alvaza*, *sabia*, and the like; and the sweet fresh sea air, as the evening

grew cool, came in laden with their fragrance mixed with its own.

Dinner once over, the mistress—she had been a *cigarrera*, or maker of cigars, at some factory—would twist deftly for our delectation a bundle of paper cigarettes, and enjoy a whiff or two herself, yet no lady at her rich board ever looked so graceful as that simple, homely Spanish woman, with her cigarette between her lips, and her arms upon the snowy cloth.

And as to her husband and son, they were quite perfect—perfect in manners, and in heart and mind; two dearer or better friends it has never been my lot to meet. Now and then, as the shades of evening fell, we used to vary the cigarette with a look at some cheap paper, for my friend could read and write well, for a wonder; and one evening, one simple ditty, of the authorship of which I know nothing, gave great pleasure to all, as the good master read it aloud in his sonorous Spanish utterance.

It is called 'My Lot: the Beggarman,' and the following is an exact translation. One can easily imagine its commending itself to the taste of those who had themselves known the exceeding bitterness and smart of poverty:

## I.

"Alas, on the beggar this kind world looks coldly,  
Mocking him with good wishes, while  
begging his bread;  
False piety's pity, fierce frowns shot down boldly,  
Are the blessings that fall on the beggarman's head.

## II.

"His name in the records of glory ne'er liveth;  
Against his wan hand wealth and power  
shut their door;  
His fellows no love; his long night no rest giveth,  
For e'en woman's embrace is denied to the poor!

## III.

"To beach or to bower see Dives is flying,  
When the sun of the summer first scorches the plain;  
For drink and for victuals is Lazarus dying,  
His heart for them yearning—and yearning in vain!

## IV.

"So squalid, so hopeless, so houseless, so lonely,  
'Tis meet from his eyes that the tears be down-rolled;  
But what avail tears? They compassion win only  
When gracefully dropped in a goblet of gold.

## V.

"To tramp the dry streets every morning he starteth,  
The tale that they tell him a tale is of woe;  
His eye never beameth, his lips no smile parteth;  
Were smiles meant for beggars' lips? Lazarus, No!

## VI.

"And yet, there's a hope which the beggar's lot blesseth;  
A hope which than one, aye, than two worlds boots more;  
A hope which rich man ne'er possessed, or possesseth,  
That God will one day be the God of the poor!"

If there was one spot that this good couple loved, it was a little empty bed in one of their tiny rooms. Over that bed hung two oil paintings, both giving marks of a certain amount of real talent. These two were the last works (one was unfinished) of their eldest son, who had been a painter, and died of decline just as he had completed his course.

Marvellous is the strength of affection among members of the same family with the Spanish poor; they will give their all for one another. But a few nights ago I was travelling past a station on the Madrid and Cordova line, when a Spanish father, of the middle class, with his little son, said, "Now we are coming to the town where my eldest son lies."

When we arrived, and stopped a moment at the station, the tears burst from his eyes. He was a hale, strong man of forty, and his whole frame shook with emotion; yet it was, he told me, five years since he had lost his firstborn!

And, in the present case, I never saw that good couple go near their well-beloved son's little empty couch without looking up at his unfinished work with a tear or a sigh.—*Temple Bar*.

## ADAM SMITH AS A PERSON.

BY WALTER BAGEHOT.

OF Adam Smith's *Political Economy* almost an infinite quantity has been said; but very little has been said as to Adam Smith himself. And yet not only was he one of the most curious of human beings, but his books can hardly be understood without having some notion what manner of man he was. There certainly are economical treatises that go straight on, and that might have been written by a calculating machine. But the *Wealth of Nations* is not one of these. Any one who would explain what is in it, and what is not in it, must apply the "historical method," and state what was the experience of its author and how he worked up that experience. Perhaps, therefore, now that there is a sort of centenary of Adam Smith, it may not be quite amiss to give a slight sketch of him and of his life, and especially of the peculiar points in them that led him to write the book which still in its effects, even more than in its theory, occupies mankind.

The Founder of the science of business was one of the most unbusinesslike of mankind. He was an awkward Scotch professor, apparently choked with books and absorbed in abstractions. He was never engaged in any sort of trade, and would probably never have made sixpence by any if he had been. His absence of mind was amazing. On one occasion, having to sign his name to an official document, he produced not his own signature, but an elaborate imitation of the signature of the person who signed before him; on another, a sentinel on duty having saluted him in military fashion, he astounded and offended the man by acknowledging it with a copy—a very clumsy copy no doubt—of the same gestures. And Lord Brougham preserves other similar traditions. "It is related," he says, "by old people in Edinburgh that while he moved through the Fishmarket in his accustomed attitude—that is with his hands behind his back, and his head in the air—a female of the trade exclaimed, taking him for an idiot broken loose, 'Hech sirs, to see

the like o' him to be about. And yet he is weel enough put on' (dressed). It was often so too in society. Once, during a dinner at Dalkeith, he broke out in a long lecture on some political matters of the day, and was bestowing a variety of severe epithets on a statesman, when he suddenly perceived his nearest relative sitting opposite and stopt; but he was heard to go on muttering 'Deil care, Deil care, it's all true.'" And these are only specimens of a crowd of anecdotes.

The wonder that such a man should have composed the *Wealth of Nations*, which shows so profound a knowledge of the real occupations of mankind, is enhanced by the mode in which it was written. It was not the exclusive product of a lifelong study, such as an absent man might, while in seeming abstraction, be really making of the affairs of the world. On the contrary, it was in the mind of its author only one of many books, or rather a single part of a great book, which he intended to write. A vast scheme floated before him much like the dream of the late Mr. Buckle as to a *History of Civilisation*, and he spent his life accordingly, in studying the origin and progress of the sciences, the laws, the politics, and all the other aids and forces which have raised man from the savage to the civilised state. The plan of Adam Smith was indeed more comprehensive even than this. He wanted to trace not only the progress of the race, but also of the individual; he wanted to show how each man being born (as he thought) with few faculties, came to attain to many and great faculties. He wanted to answer the question, how did man—race or individual—come to be what he is? These immense dreams are among the commonest phenomena of literary history; and as a rule, the vaster the intention the less the result. The musings of the author are too miscellaneous, his studies too scattered, his attempts too incoherent, for him to think out anything valuable, or to produce anything connected. But in



Adam Smith's case the very contrary is true; he produced an enduring particular result in consequence of a comprehensive and diffused ambition. He discovered the laws of wealth in looking for "the natural progress of opulence" and he investigated the progress of opulence as part of the growth and progress of all things.

The best way to get a distinct notion of Adam Smith's scheme is to look at the other works which he published besides the *Wealth of Nations*. The greatest, and the one which made his original reputation, was the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, in which he builds up the whole moral nature of man out of a single primitive emotion-sympathy, and in which he gives a history of ethical philosophy besides. With this are commonly bound up some *Considerations concerning the first Formation of Languages*, which discuss how "two savages who had never been taught to speak, but had been bred up remote from the society of man, would naturally begin their converse." Then there is a very curious *History of Astronomy*, left imperfect; and another fragment on the *History of Ancient Physics*, which is a kind of sequel to that part of the *History of Astronomy* which relates to the ancient astronomy; then a similar essay on *Ancient Logic and Metaphysics*; then another on the nature and development of the fine, or, as he calls them, *The Imitative Arts, Painting, Poetry, and Music*, in which was meant to have been included a history of the theatre—all forming part, his executors tell us, "of a plan he had once formed for giving a connected history of the liberal and elegant arts." And he destroyed before his death the remains of the book, *Lectures on Justice*, "in which," we are told by a student who heard them, "he followed Montesquieu in endeavoring to trace the gradual progress of jurisprudence, both public and private, from the rudest to the most refined ages, and to point out the effects of those arts which contribute to subsistence and to the accumulation of property in producing correspondent alterations in law and government;" or, as he himself announces it at the conclusion of the *Moral Sentiments*, "another discourse" in which he designs "to endeavor to give an account

of the general principles of law and government, and of the different revolutions they have undergone in the different ages and periods of society, not only in what concerns justice, but in what concerns police, revenue, and arms, and whatever else is the subject of law." Scarcely any philosopher has imagined a vaster dream.

Undoubtedly it is a great literary marvel that so huge a scheme, on so many abstract subjects, should have produced anything valuable, still more that it should have produced what has been for a whole century a fundamental book on trade and money—at first sight, the least fit for a secluded man to treat at all, and which, if he did treat of them, would seem more than any other to require from him an absorbed and exclusive attention. A little study of the life of Adam Smith, however, in some degree lessens the wonder; because it shows how in the course of his universal studies he came to meet with this particular train of thought, and how he came to be able to pursue it effectually.

Adam Smith was born early in the first half of the eighteenth century, at Kirkcaldy in Scotland, on the 5th June, 1713. His father died before he was born; but his mother, who is said to have been a woman of unusual energy and ability, lived to be very old, and to see her son at the height of his reputation as a philosopher. He was educated at school in the usual Scotch way, and at the University of Glasgow; and at both he is said, doubtless truly, to have shown an unusual facility of acquisition, and an unusual interest in books and study. As we should also expect, a very strong memory, which he retained till the last, showed itself very early. Nothing, however, is known with precision as to the amount of knowledge he acquired in Scotland, or as to his place among his contemporaries. The examination system, which nowadays in England discriminates both so accurately, has in Scotland never been equally developed, and in Adam Smith's time had never been heard of there at all.

His exceptional training begins at the next stage. There is at the University of Glasgow a certain endowment called the Snell exhibition, after the name of its founder, which enables the students

selected for it to study for some years at the University of Oxford. Of these exhibitors Adam Smith became one, and as such studied at Oxford for as many as seven years. As might be expected, he gives the worst account of the state of the university at that time. In the sketch of the history of education which forms so odd an episode in the *Wealth of Nations*, he shows perpetually that he thought the system which he had seen at Oxford exceedingly bad, and its government excessively corrupt. "If," he says, "the authority to which a teacher is subject resides in the body corporate of the college or university of which he is himself a member, and in which the greater part of the other members are, like himself, persons who either are or ought to be teachers, they are likely to make a common cause, to be all very indulgent to one another, and every man to consent that his neighbor may neglect his duty, provided he is himself allowed to neglect his own." "In the University of Oxford the greater part of the public professors have for these many years given up altogether even the pretence of teaching." And he adds, "In England, the public schools are much less corrupted than the universities. In the schools, the youth are taught, or at least may be taught, Greek and Latin. That is everything which the masters pretend to teach, or which it is expected they should teach. In the universities, the youth neither are taught, nor can always find the means of being taught, the sciences which it is the business of these incorporated bodies to teach." And he retained through life a fixed belief that endowments for education tended only to the "ease" of the teacher, and not to the advantage of the learner. But though he says he had the means of learning little at Oxford, he certainly, in fact, learnt much. "Greek," as Sydney Smith says, "never crossed the Tweed in any force;" but Adam Smith incessantly shows a real familiarity with Greek books and a sound accumulation of Greek learning. Very likely his erudition would not bear much comparison with what is now carried away from Balliol. If we compare him with a more recent Snell exhibitor, Sir William Hamilton, we shall see that Greek teaching has enormously advanced in the time

between them; but, on the other hand, if we compare Adam Smith with Scotch philosophers, or purely Scotch education, say with Reid or Hume, we cannot help seeing that his acquaintance with Greek things belongs, both in quantity and in quality, to an order altogether superior to theirs.

For the vast works which Adam Smith contemplated, a sound knowledge of Greek was, as he must have felt, far more necessary than any other kind of knowledge. The beginnings of nine-tenths of all philosophy are to be found there, and the rudiments of many other things. But for the purpose of the great task which he actually performed, Adam Smith learned at Oxford something much more valuable than Greek. He acquired there a kind of knowledge and sympathy with England, in which the other eminent Scotchmen—especially literary Scotchmen—of his time were often very deficient. At that time the recollection of the old rivalry between the two countries had by no means died away; there was still a separate Scotch philosophy and a separate literature; and when it happened, as it perpetually did, that Scotch writers were not thought so much of in England as they thought they ought to be, they were apt to impute their discredit to English prejudice, and to appeal to France and Paris to correct the error. Half Hume's mind, or more than half, was distorted by his hatred of England, and his love of France. He often could not speak of English things with tolerable temper, and he always viewed French ones with extravagant admiration. Whether Adam Smith altogether liked this country may perhaps be doubted—Englishmen then hated Scotchmen so much—but he had no kind of antagonism to her, and quite understood that in most economical respects she was then exceedingly superior to France. And this exceptional sympathy and knowledge we may fairly ascribe to a long and pleasant residence in England. For his great work no qualification was more necessary; the *Wealth of Nations* would have been utterly spoiled if he had tried (as Hume incessantly would have tried) to show that, in industrial respects, England might not be better than France, or at any rate was not so very much better.

The Snel foundation at Oxford has often been an avenue to the English Church, and it seems to have been intended that Adam Smith should use it as such. The only anecdote which remains of his college life may be a clue to his reasons for not doing so. He is said to have been found by his tutor in the act of reading Hume's Philosophical Essays, then lately published, and to have been reproved for it. And it is certain that any one who at all sympathised with Hume's teaching in that book would have felt exceedingly little sympathy with the formularies of the Church of England, even as they were understood in the very Broad Church of that age. At any rate, for some reason or other, Adam Smith disappointed the wishes of his friends, gave up all idea of entering the Church of England, and returned to Scotland without fixed outlook or employment. He resided, we are told, two years with his mother, studying no doubt, but earning nothing, and visibly employed in nothing. In England such a career would probably have ended in his "writing for the booksellers," a fate of which he speaks in the *Wealth of Nations* with contempt. But in Scotland there was a much better opening for philosophers. The Scotch universities had then, as now, several professorships very fairly paid, and very fairly distributed. The educated world in Scotland was probably stronger a century ago than it ever was before or since. The Union with England had removed the aristocracy of birth which overshadowed it before, and commerce had not yet created the aristocracy of wealth which overshadows it now. Philosophical merit had therefore then in Scotland an excellent chance of being far better rewarded than it usually is in the world. There were educated people who cared for philosophy, and these people had prizes to give away. One of those prizes Adam Smith soon obtained. He read lectures, we are told, under the patronage of Lord Kames, an eminent lawyer who wrote books on philosophy, that are still quoted, and who was no doubt deeply interested in Adam Smith's plans of books on the origin and growth of all arts and sciences, as these were the topics which he himself studied and handled. Contrary to what might have been ex-

pected, these lectures were very successful. Though silent and awkward in social life, Adam Smith possessed in considerable perfection the peculiarly Scotch gift of abstract oratory. Even in common conversation, when once moved, he expounded his favorite ideas very admirably. As a teacher in public he did even better; he wrote almost nothing, and though at the beginning of a lecture he often hesitated, we are told, and seemed "not to be sufficiently possessed of the subject," yet in a minute or two he became fluent, and poured out an interesting series of animated arguments. Commonly, indeed, the silent man, whose brain is loaded with unexpressed ideas, is more likely to be a successful public speaker than the brilliant talker who daily exhausts himself in sharp sayings. Adam Smith acquired great reputation as a lecturer, and in consequence obtained two of the best prizes then given to philosophers in Scotland—first the professorship of logic, and then that of moral philosophy, in the University of Glasgow.

The rules, or at any rate the practice, of the Scotch universities, seem at that time to have allowed a professor in either of these chairs, great latitude in the choice of his subject. Adam Smith during his first year lectured on rhetoric and *belles lettres* "instead of on logic," and in the chair of moral philosophy he expounded, besides the theory of duty, a great scheme of social evolution. The beginnings of the *Wealth of Nations* made part of the course, but only as a fragment of the immense design of showing the origin and development of cultivation and law; or, as we may perhaps put it, not inappropriately, of saying how, from being a savage, man rose to be a Scotchman. This course of lectures seems to have been especially successful. So high, we are told, was his reputation as a professor, "that a multitude of students from a great distance resorted to the university merely upon his account. Those branches of science which he taught became fashionable" in the city, "and his opinions were the chief topics of discussion in clubs and literary societies. Even the small peculiarities of his pronunciation and manner of speaking became frequently the objects of imitation." This is the partial

recollection of an attached pupil in distant years;—it may be over-colored a little—but even after a fair abatement it is certainly the record of a great temporary triumph and local success.

That the greater part of the lectures can have been of much intrinsic merit it is not easy now to believe. An historical account "of the general principles of law and government, and of the different revolutions which they have undergone in the different ages and periods of society," would be too great a task for a great scholar of the ripest years and with all the accumulated materials of the present time, and it was altogether beyond the strength of a young man a century ago;—not to say that he combined it with an account of the origin of the moral faculties, a theory of *belles lettres*, and other matters. The delivery of that part of the course which was concerned with wealth and revenue may have been useful to him, because it compelled him to bring his ideas on those subjects into a distinct form. Otherwise, being a bookish man, he might have been too absorbed in bookish matters, and neglected what can only be taught by life for that which is already to be learned from literature. But at the time this was only a minor merit;—the main design of the lectures was only an impossible aim at an unbounded task.

So complex, however, is life, that this Scotch professorship, though in a superficial view wasteful, and likely to exhaust and hurt his mind by the constant efflux of inferior matter, was, nevertheless, on the whole exceedingly useful. It not only induced him to study as a part of his vast scheme the particular phenomena of wealth, but it gave him an excellent opportunity of seeing those phenomena and of learning how to explain them. It was situated at Glasgow, and Glasgow, though a petty place in comparison with its present magnitude, was nevertheless a considerable mercantile place according to the notions of those times. The Union with England had opened to it the trade with our West Indian colonies, as well as with the rest of the English empire, and it had in consequence grown rapidly and made large profits. That its size was small, as we should think now, was to a learner rather an aid than a disadvan-

tage. A small commerce is more easily seen than an immense one; that of Liverpool or London now is so vast that it terrifies more than excites the imagination. And a small commerce, if varied, has almost as much to teach as a large one; the elements are the same though the figures are smaller, and the less the figures the easier are they to combine. An inspection of Liverpool now would not teach much more than an inspection of Glasgow a hundred years ago, and the lessons of modern Liverpool would be much more difficult to learn. But the mere sight of the phenomena of the commerce was but a small part of the advantage to Adam Smith of a residence at Glasgow. The most characteristic and most valuable tenets of Adam Smith are, when examined, by no means of a very abstract and recondite sort. We are, indeed, in this generation not fully able to appreciate the difficulty of arriving at them. We have been bred up upon them; our disposition is more to wonder how any one could help seeing them, than to appreciate the effort of discovering them. Experience shows that many of them—the doctrine of free trade for example—are very uncongenial to the untaught human mind. On political economy the English-speaking race is undoubtedly the best instructed part of mankind; and, nevertheless, in the United States and in every English-speaking colony, protection is the firm creed of the ruling classes, and free trade is but a heresy. We must not fancy that any of the main doctrines of Adam Smith were very easily arrived at by him because they seem very obvious to us. But, on the other hand, although such doctrines as his are too opposed to many interests and to many first impressions to establish themselves easily as a dominant creed, they are quite within the reach and quite congenial to the taste of an intelligent dissenting minority. There was a whole race of mercantile freetraders long before Adam Smith was born; in his time the doctrine was in the air; it was not accepted or established;—on the contrary, it was a tenet against which a respectable parent would probably caution his son;—still it was known as a tempting heresy, and one against which a warning was needed. In Glasgow there were doubtless many



heretics. Probably in consequence of the firm belief in a rigid theology, and of the incessant discussion of its technical tenets, there has long been, and there is still, in the south of Scotland, a strong tendency to abstraction and argument quite unknown in England. Englishmen have been sometimes laughing at it, and sometimes gravely criticising it for several generations: Mr. Buckle wrote half a volume on it: Sydney Smith alleged that he heard a Scotch girl answer in a quadrille, "But, my lord, as to what ye were saying as to love in the *aibs-tract*," and so on. Yet, in spite both of ridicule and argument, the passion for doctrine is still strong in southern Scotland, and it will take many years more to root it out. At Glasgow in Adam Smith's time it had no doubt very great influence; a certain number of hard-headed merchants were believers in free trade and kindred tenets. One of these is still by chance known to us. Dr. Carlyle, whom Mr. Gladstone not unhappily described as a "gentleman clergyman" of the Church of Scotland, tells us of a certain Provost Cochrane, to whom Adam Smith always acknowledged his obligations, and who was the founder and leading member of a club "in which the express design was to inquire into the nature and principles of trade in all its branches, and to communicate their knowledge on that subject to each other." From this club Adam Smith not only learned much which he would never have found in any book, and also in part perhaps acquired the influential and so to say practical way of explaining things which so much distinguishes the *Wealth of Nations*. Mr. Mill says he learned from his intercourse with East India directors the habit of looking for, and the art of discovering, "the mode of putting a thought which gives it easiest admittance into minds not prepared for it by habit;" and Adam Smith probably gained something of this sort by living with the Glasgow merchants, for no other book written by a learned professor shows anything like the same power of expressing and illustrating arguments in a way likely to influence minds like theirs. And it is mainly by his systematic cultivation of this borderland between theory and practice that Adam

Smith attained his pre-eminent place and influence.

But this usefulness of his Scotch professorship was only in the distant future. It was something for posterity to detect, but it could not have been known at the time. The only pages of his professional work which Adam Smith then gave to the public were his lectures on Moral Philosophy, in what an Englishman would consider its more legitimate sense. These formed the once celebrated *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, which, though we should now think them rather pompous, were then much praised and much read. For a great part, indeed, of Adam Smith's life they constituted his main title to reputation. The *Wealth of Nations* was not published till seventeen years later; he wrote nothing else of any importance in the interval; and it is now curious to find that when the *Wealth of Nations* was published, many good judges thought it not so good as the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and that the author himself was by no means certain that they were not right.

The *Theory of Moral Sentiments* was, indeed, for many years, exceedingly praised. One sect of philosophers praised it, as it seems to me, because they were glad of a celebrated ally, and another because they were glad of a celebrated opponent: the first said, see that "so great an authority as Adam Smith concurs with us;" and the second replied, "but see how very weak his arguments are; if so able an arguer as Adam Smith can say so little for your doctrines, how destitute of argumentative grounds those doctrines must be." Several works in the history of philosophy have had a similar fate. But a mere student of philosophy who cares for no sect, and wants only to know the truth, will nowadays, I think, find little to interest him in this celebrated book. In Adam Smith's mind, as I have said before, it was part of a whole; he wanted to begin with the origin of the faculties of each man, and then build up that man—just as he wished to arrive at the origin of human society, and then build up society. His *Theory of Moral Sentiments* builds them all out of one source, sympathy, and in this way he has obtained praise from friends and enemies. His

friends are the school of "moral sense" thinkers, because he is on their side, and believes in a special moral faculty, which he laboriously constructs from sympathy; his enemies are the Utilitarian school, who believe in no such special faculty, and who set themselves to show that his labor has been in vain, and that no such faculty has been so built up. One party says the book is good to gain authority for the conclusion, and the other to gain credit by refuting its arguments. For unquestionably its arguments *are* very weak, and attractive to refutation. If the intuitive school had had no better grounds than these, the Utilitarians would have vanquished them ages since. There is a fundamental difficulty in founding morals on sympathy; an obvious confusion of two familiar sentiments. We often sympathize where we cannot approve, and approve where we cannot sympathize. The special vice of party spirit is that it effaces the distinction between the two; we sympathize with our party, till we approve its actions. There is a story of a Radical wit in the last century who was standing for Parliament, and his opponent, of course a Tory, objected that he was always *against* the king whether right or wrong, upon which the wit retorted that on his own showing the Tory was exposed to equal objection since he was always *for* the king whether right or wrong. And so it will always be. Even the wisest party men more or less sympathise with the errors of their own side; they would be powerless if they did not so; they would gain no influence if they were not of like passions with those near them. Adam Smith could not help being aware of this obvious objection; he was far too able a reasoner to elaborate a theory without foreseeing what would be said against it. But the way in which he tries to meet the objection only shows that the objection is invincible. He sets up a supplementary theory—a little epicycle—that the sympathy which is to test good morals must be the sympathy of an "impartial spectator." But, then, who is to watch the watchman? Who is to say when the spectator is impartial, and when he is not? If he sympathizes with one side, the other will always say that he is partial. As a moralist, the sup-

posed spectator must warmly approve good actions, and warmly disapprove bad actions; as an impartial person he must never do either the one or the other. He is a fiction of inconsistent halves; if he sympathizes he is not impartial, and if he is impartial he does not sympathize. The radical vice of the theory is shown by its requiring this accessory invention of a being both hot and cold, because the essence of the theory is to identify the passion which loves with the sentiment which approves.

But although we may now believe the Theory of Moral Sentiments to be of inconsiderable philosophical value, and though it would at first sight seem very little likely to contribute to the production of the Wealth of Nations, yet it was, in fact, in a curious way most useful to it. The education of young noblemen has always been a difficulty in the world, and many schemes have been invented to meet it. In Scotland, a hundred years ago, the most fashionable way was to send them to travel in Europe, and to send with them some scholar of repute to look after their morals and to superintend their general education. The guardians of the great border nobleman, the Duke of Buccleugh, were in want of such a tutor to take him such a tour, and it seems to have struck them that Adam Smith was the very person adapted for the purpose. To all appearance an odder selection could hardly have been made. Adam Smith was, as we have seen, the most absent of men, and an awkward Scotch professor, and he was utterly unacquainted with the continent. He had never crossed the English Channel in his life, and if he had been left to himself would probably never have done so. But one of the guardians was Charles Townshend, who had married the young duke's mother. He was not much unlike Mr. Disraeli in character, and had great influence at that time. He read the Theory of Moral Sentiments, and Hume writes to Adam Smith: "Charles Townshend, who passes for the cleverest fellow in England, is so taken with the performance that he said to Oswald he would put the Duke under the author's care, and would make it worth his while to accept of that charge. As soon as I heard this I called on him twice with a view of talking with

him about the matter, and of convincing him of the propriety of sending that young nobleman to Glasgow; for I could not hope that he could offer you any terms which would tempt you to renounce your professorship. But I missed him. Mr. Townshend passes for being a little uncertain in his resolutions, so perhaps you need not build much on this sally." Mr. Townshend was, however, this time in earnest, and the offer was made to Adam Smith. In our time there would have been an insuperable difficulty. He was a professor of great repute, they were asking him to give up a life-professorship that yielded a considerable income, and they would have hardly been able to offer him anything equally permanent. But in the eighteenth century there was a way of facilitating such arrangements that we do not now possess. The family of Buccleugh had great political influence, and Charles Townshend, the duke's father-in-law, at times possessed more; and accordingly the guardians of the young duke therefore agreed that they should pay Adam Smith £200 a year till they should get him an equal office of profit under the Crown;—a person apparently more unfit for the public service could not easily have been found; but in that age of sinecures and pensions it was probably never expected that he should perform any service;—an arrangement more characteristic of the old world, and more unlike our present world, could hardly have been made. The friends of the young duke might, not unnaturally, have had some fears about it; but, in fact, for his interests it turned out very well. Long afterwards, when Adam Smith was dead, he wrote:—"In October, 1766, we returned to London, after having spent near three years together without the slightest disagreement or coolness; on my part with every advantage that could be expected from the society of such a man. We continued to live in friendship till the hour of his death; and I shall always remain with the impression of having lost a friend whom I loved and respected, not only for his great talents, but for every private virtue." Very few of Charles Townshend's caprices were as successful. Through life there was about Adam Smith a sort of lumbering

bonhomme which amused and endeared him to those around him.

To Adam Smith the result was even better. If it had not been for this odd consequence of the Theory of Moral Sentiments, he might have passed all his life in Scotland, delivering similar lectures and clothing very questionable theories in rather pompous words. He said in after life that there was no better way of compelling a man to master a science than by setting him to teach it. And this may be true of the definite sciences. But nothing can be conceived worse for a man of inventive originality than to set him to roam over huge subjects like law, morals, politics, and civilisation, particularly at a time when few good data for sound theories on such subjects are at hand for him to use. In such a position the cleverer the man, the worse are likely to be the consequences: the wider his curiosity and the more fertile his mind, the surer he is to pour out a series of gigantic conjectures of little use to himself or to any one. A one-eyed man with a taste for one subject, even at this disadvantage, may produce something good. The limitation of his mind may save him from being destroyed by his position; but a man of large interests will fail utterly. As Adam Smith had peculiarly wide interests, and as he was the very reverse of a one-eyed man, he was in special danger; and the mere removal from his professorship was to him a gain of the first magnitude. It was of cardinal importance to him to be delivered from the production of incessant words and to be brought into contact with facts and the world. And as it turned out, the caprice of Charles Townshend had a singular further felicity. It not only brought him into contact with facts and the world; but with the most suitable sort of facts, and for his purpose the best part of the world.

The greater part of his three years abroad was naturally spent in France. France was then by far the greatest country on the continent. Germany was divided and had not yet risen; Spain had fallen; Italy was of little account. In one respect, indeed, France was relatively greater than even at the time of her greatest elevation, the time of the first Napoleon. The political

power of the first empire was almost unbounded, but it had no intellectual power; under it Paris had ceased to be an important focus of thought and literature. The vehement rule which created the soldiers also stamped out the ideas. But under the mild government of the old régime, Paris was the principal centre of European authorship. The deficiency of the old régime in eminent soldiers and statesmen only added to the eminence of its literary men. Paris was then queen of two worlds, in that of politics by a tradition from the past, and in literature by a force and life vigorously evidenced in the present. France therefore thus attracted the main attention of all travellers who cared for the existing life of the time; Adam Smith and his pupil spent the greater part of their stay abroad there. And as a preparation for writing the *Wealth of Nations* he could nowhere else have been placed so well. Macaulay says that "ancient abuses and new theories" flourished together in France just before the meeting of the States-General in greater vigor than they had been seen combined before or since. And the description is quite as true economically as politically; on all economical matters the France of that time was a sort of museum stocked with the most important errors.

By nature then, as now, France was fitted to be a great agricultural country, a great producer and exporter of corn and wine; but her legislators for several generations had endeavored to counteract the aim of nature, and had tried to make her a manufacturing and an exporting country. Like most persons in those times, they had been prodigiously impressed by the high position which the maritime powers, as they were then called (the comparatively little powers of England and Holland), were able to take in the politics of Europe. They saw that this influence came from wealth, that this wealth was made in trade and manufacture, and therefore they determined that France should not be behind-hand, but should have as much trade and manufacture as possible. Accordingly they imposed prohibitive or deterring duties on the importation of foreign manufactures; they gave bounties to the corresponding home manufactures.

They tried, in opposition to the home-keeping bent of the French character, to found colonies abroad. These colonies were, according to the maxim then everywhere received, to be markets for the trade and nurseries for the commerce of the mother country;—they were mostly forbidden to manufacture for themselves, and were compelled to import all the manufactures and luxuries they required from Europe exclusively in French ships. Meanwhile, at home, agriculture was neglected. There was not even a free passage for goods from one part of the country to another. As Adam Smith himself describes it—

"In France, the different revenue laws which take place in the different provinces require a multitude of revenue-officers to surround, not only the frontiers of the kingdom, but those of almost each particular province, in order either to prevent the importation of certain goods, or to subject it to the payment of certain duties, to the no small interruption of the interior commerce of the country. Some provinces are allowed to compound for the gabelle or salt-tax. Others are exempted from it altogether. Some provinces are exempted from the exclusive sale of tobacco, which the farmers-general enjoy through the greater part of the kingdom. The aids, which correspond to the excise in England, are very different in different provinces. Some provinces are exempted from them, and pay a composition or equivalent. In those in which they take place and are in farm, there are many local duties which do not extend beyond a particular town or district. The *Traites*, which correspond to our customs, divide the kingdom into three great parts: first, the provinces subject to the tariff of 1664, which are called the provinces of the five great farms, and under which are comprehended Picardy, Normandy, and the greater part of the interior provinces of the kingdom; secondly, the provinces subject to the tariff of 1667, which are called the provinces reckoned foreign, and under which are comprehended the greater part of the frontier provinces; and, thirdly, those provinces which are said to be treated as foreign, or which, because they are allowed a free commerce with foreign coun-



tries, are in their commerce with the other provinces of France subjected to the same duties as other foreign countries. These are Alsace, the three bishopricks of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and the three cities of Dunkirk, Bayonne, and Marseilles. Both in the provinces of the five great farms (called so on account of an ancient division of the duties of customs into five great branches, each of which was originally the subject of a particular farm, though they are now all united into one), and in those which are said to be reckoned foreign, there are many local duties which do not extend beyond a particular town or district. There are some such even in the provinces which are said to be treated as foreign, particularly in the city of Marseilles. It is unnecessary to observe how much, both the restraints upon the interior commerce of the country, and the number of the revenue officers must be multiplied, in order to guard the frontiers of those different provinces and districts, which are subject to such different systems of taxation."

And there were numerous attendant errors, such as generally accompany a great protective legislation, but which need not be specified in detail.

In consequence, the people were exceedingly miserable. The system of taxation was often enough by itself to cause great misery. "In the provinces," says Adam Smith, "where the personal *taille* on the farmer is imposed, the farmer is afraid to have a good team of horses or oxen, but endeavors to cultivate with the meanest and most wretched instruments of husbandry that he can." The numerous imposts on the land due from the peasantry to the nobles had the same effect even then—most of the country was practically held in a kind of double ownership; the peasant cultivator had usually, by habit if not by law, a fixed hold upon the soil, but he was subject in the cultivation of it to innumerable exactions of varying kinds, which the lord could change pretty much as he chose. "In France," continues Adam Smith, so oddly contrary to everything which we should say now, "the inferior ranks of the people must suffer patiently the usage which their superiors choose to inflict on them." The country in Europe

where there is now, perhaps, the most of social equality was then the one in which there was, perhaps, the least.

And side by side with this museum of economical errors there was a most vigorous political economy which exposed them. The doctrines of Free Trade had been before several times suggested by isolated thinkers, but by far the most powerful combined school of philosophers who incessantly inculcated them were the French *Economistes*. They delighted in proving that the whole structure of the French laws upon industry was utterly wrong; that prohibitions ought not to be imposed on the import of foreign manufactures; that bounties ought not to be given to native ones; that the exportation of corn ought to be free; that the whole country ought to be a fiscal unit; that there should be no duty between any province; and so on in other cases. No one could state the abstract doctrines on which they rested everything more clearly. "Acheter, c'est vendre," said Quesnay, the founder of the school, "vendre, c'est acheter." You cannot better express the doctrine of modern political economy than "trade is barter." "Do not attempt," Quesnay continues, "to fix the price of your products, goods, or services; they will escape your rules. Competition alone can regulate prices with equity; it alone restricts them to a moderation which varies little; it alone attracts with certainty provisions where they are wanted or labors where it is required." "That which we call dearness is the only remedy of dearness: dearness causes plenty." Any quantity of sensible remarks to this effect might be disinterred from these writers. They were not always equally wise.

As the prime maxim of the ruling policy was to encourage commerce and neglect agriculture, this sect set up a doctrine that agriculture was the only source of wealth, and that trade and commerce contributed nothing to it. The labor of artificers and merchants was sterile; that of agriculturists was alone truly productive. The way in which they arrived at this strange idea was, if I understand it, something like this: they took the whole agricultural produce of a country, worth say £5,000,-

ooo as it stood in the hands of the farmer, and applied it thus :—

|  |                   |
|--|-------------------|
| First, as we should say, in repayment of capital spent in wages, &c.                             | £3,000,000        |
| Secondly, in payment of profit by way of hire of capital say, or as subsistence to himself . . . | 500,000           |
| Total outlay . . .   | <u>£3,500,000</u> |

But that outlay of £3,500,000 has produced a value of £5,000,000; there is therefore an overplus over and above the outlay of £1,500,000; and this overplus, or *produit net* as the *Economistes* call it, goes to the landlord for rent, as we should call it. But no other employment yields any similar *produit net*. A cotton spinner only replaces his own capital, and obtains his profit on it; like the farmer (as they said), he pays the outlay, and he gains a profit or subsistence for himself. But he does no more. There is no extra overplus in farming; no balance, after paying wages and hiring capital; nothing to go to any landlord. In the same way commerce is, according to this system, transfer only—the expense of distribution is paid; the necessary number of capitalists and of laborers are maintained, but that is all; there is nothing beyond the wages, and beyond the profit. In agriculture only is there a third element—a *produit net*.

From this doctrine the *Economistes* drew two inferences, one very agreeable to agriculturists, the other very disagreeable; but both exactly opposite to the practice of their government. *First*, they said, as agriculture was the exclusive source of all wealth, it was absurd to depress it or neglect it, or to encourage commerce and manufacture in place of it. They had no toleration for the system of finance and commercial legislation which they saw around them, of which the one object was to make France a trading and manufacturing country, when nature meant it to be an agricultural one. *Secondly*, they inferred that most, if not all, the existing taxes in France were wrong in principle. "If," they argued, "agriculture is the only source of wealth, and if, as we know, wealth only can pay taxes, then all taxes should be imposed on agriculture." They reasoned: "In manufactures there

is only a necessary hire of labor, and a similar hire of capital, at a cost which cannot be diminished; there is in them no available surplus for taxation. If you attempt to impose taxes on them, and if in name you make them pay such taxes, they will charge higher for their necessary work. They will in a roundabout way throw the burden of those taxes on agriculture. The *produit net* of the latter is the one real purse of the state; no other pursuit can truly pay anything, for it has no purse. And therefore," they summed up, "all taxes, save a single one on the *produit net*, were absurd. They only attempted to make those pay who could not pay; to extract money from fancied funds, in which there was no money." All the then existing taxes in France, therefore, they proposed to abolish, and to replace them by a single tax on agriculture only.

As this system was so opposed to the practice of the government, one would have expected that it should have been discountenanced, if not persecuted, by the government. But, in fact, it was rather favored by it. Quesnay, the founder of the system, had a place at Court, and was under the special protection of the king's mistress, who was then the king's government. M. de Lavergne has quoted a graphic description of him. "Quesnay," writes Marmontel, "well lodged in a small *appartement* in the *entresol* of Madame de Pompadour, only occupied himself from morning till night with political and agricultural economy. He believed that he had reduced the system to calculation, and to axioms of irresistible evidence; and as he was collecting a school, he gave himself the trouble to explain to me his new doctrine, in order to make me one of his proselytes. I applied all my force of comprehension to understand those truths which he told me were self-evident; but I found in them only vagueness and obscurity. To make him believe that I understood that which I really did not understand, was beyond my power; but I listened with patient docility, and left him the hope that in the end he would enlighten me, and make me believe his doctrine. I did more; I applauded his work, which I really thought very useful, for he tried to recommend agriculture in a country

where it was too much disdained, and to turn many excellent understandings towards the study of it. While political storms were forming and dissolving above the *entresol* of Quesnay, he perfected his calculations and his axioms of rural economy, as tranquil and as indifferent to the movements of the Court, as if he had been a hundred leagues off. Below, in the salon of Madame de Pompadour, they deliberated on peace or war—on the choice of generals—on the recall of ministers; while we in the *entresol* were reasoning on agriculture, calculating the *produit net*, or sometimes were dining gaily with Diderot, D'Alembert, Duclos, Helvetius, Turgot, Buffon; and Madame de Pompadour, not being able to induce this troop of philosophers to come down to her *salon*, came herself to see them at table, and to chat with them." An opposition philosophy has rarely been so petted and well treated. Much as the reign of Louis XVI. differed in most respects from that of Louis XV., it was like it in this patronage of the *Economistes*. Turgot was made Minister of Finance, to reform France by applying their doctrines.

The reason of this favor to the *Economistes* from the government was, that on the question in which the government took far the most interest the *Economistes* were on its side. The daily want of the French government was more power; though nominally a despotism, it was feeble in reality. But the *Economistes* were above all things anxious for a very strong government; they held to the maxim, everything for the people—nothing by them; they had a horror of checks and counterpoises and resistances; they wished to do everything by the *fiat* of the sovereign. They had, in fact, the natural wish of eager speculators, to have an irresistible despotism behind them, and supporting them; and with the simplicity which marks so much of the political speculations of the eighteenth century, but which now seems so childlike, they never seemed to think how they were to get their despot, or how they were to ensure that he should be on their side. The painful experience of a hundred years has taught us that influential despotisms are not easy to make, and that good ones are still less so. But in their own time

nothing could be more advantageous to the *Economistes* than to have an eager zeal for a perfect despotism; in consequence they were patronized by the greatest existing authority, instead of being discountenanced by it.

This account of the *Economistes* may seem to a reader who looks at Adam Smith exclusively by the light of modern political economy to be too long for their relation to him. But he would not have thought so himself. He so well knew how much his mind had been affected by them and by their teaching, that he at one time thought of dedicating the *Wealth of Nations* to Quesnay, their founder; and though he relinquished that intention, he always speaks of him with the gravest respect. If, indeed, we consider what Glasgow is now, still more what it must have been a hundred years ago, we shall comprehend the degree to which this French experience—this sight of a country so managed, and with such a political economy—must have excited the mind of Adam Smith. It was the passage from a world where there was no *spectacle* to one in which there was the best which the world has ever seen, and simultaneously the passage from the most Scotch of ideas to others the most un-Scotch. A feeble head would have been upset in the transit, but Adam Smith kept his.

From France he went home to Scotland, and stayed quietly with his mother at his native town of Kirkcaldy, for a whole ten years. He lived on the annuity from the Duke of Buccleugh, and occupied himself in study only. What he was studying, if we considered the *Wealth of Nations* as a book of political economy only, we might be somewhat puzzled to say. But the contents of that book are, as has been said, most miscellaneous, and in its author's mind it was but a fragment of an immensely larger whole. Much more than ten years' study would have been necessary for the entire book which he contemplated.

At last, in 1776, the *Wealth of Nations* was published, and was, on the whole, well received. Dr. Carlyle, indeed, preserves an impression that, in point of style, it was inferior to the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. But all competent readers were agreed as to the great value of the substance. And al-

most everybody will probably now think, in spite of Dr. Carlyle, that the style is very much better than that of the *Moral Sentiments*. There is about the latter a certain showiness and an "air of the professor trying to be fascinating," which are not very agreeable; and, after all, there is a ponderous weight in the words which seems to bear down the rather flimsy matter. But the style of the *Wealth of Nations* is entirely plain and manly. The author had, in the interval, seen at least a little of the living world and of society, and had learnt that the greatest mistake is the trying to be more agreeable than you can be, and that the surest way to spoil an important book is to try to attract the attention of, to "write down" to, a class of readers too low to take a serious interest in the subject. A really great style, indeed, Adam Smith's certainly is not. Lord Mansfield is said to have told Boswell that he did not feel, in reading either Hume or Adam Smith, that he was reading English at all; and it was very natural that it should be so. English was not the mother tongue of either. Adam Smith had, no doubt, spoken somewhat broad Scotch for the first fourteen or fifteen years of his life; probably he never spoke anything that could quite be called English till he went to Oxford. And nothing so much hampers the free use of the pen in any language as the incessant remembrance of a kindred but different one; you are never sure the idioms nature prompts are those of the tongue you would speak, or of the tongue you would reject. Hume and Adam Smith exemplify the difficulty in opposite ways. Hume is always idiomatic, but his idioms are constantly wrong; many of his best passages are, on that account, curiously grating and puzzling; you feel that they are very like what an Englishman would say, but yet that, after all, somehow or other, they are what he never would say;—there is a minute seasoning of imperceptible difference which distracts your attention, and which you are for ever stopping to analyse. Adam Smith's habit was very different. His style is not colloquial in the least. He adheres to the heavy "book" English which he had found in the works of others, and was sure that he could repeat in his own. And in that sort of style he

has eminent merit. No one ever has to read twice in him to gather meaning; no one can bring much valid objection to his way of expressing that meaning; there is even a sort of appropriateness, though often a clumsy sort, in his way of saying it. But the style has no intrinsic happiness; no one would read it for its own sake; the words do not cleave to the meaning, so that you cannot think of them without it, or it without them. This is only given to those who write in the speech of their childhood, and only to the very few of those—the five or six in every generation who have from nature the best grace, who think by inborn feeling in words at once charming and accurate.

Of the *Wealth of Nations* as an economical treatise, I have nothing to say now; but it is not useless to say that it is a very amusing book about old times. As it is dropping out of immediate use from change of times, it is well to observe that this very change brings it a new sort of interest of its own. There are few books in which there may be gathered more curious particulars of the old world. I cull at random almost that "a broad wheel waggon, attended by two men, and drawn by eight horses," then "in about six weeks' time carried and brought trade between London and Edinburgh;"—that in Adam Smith's opinion, if there were such an effectual demand for grain as would require a million tons of shipping to import it, the "navy of England," the mercantile navy of course, would not be sufficient for it;—that "Holland was the great emporium of European goods;" that she was, in proportion to the land and the number of inhabitants, by far the richest country in Europe; that she had the greatest share of the ocean-carrying trade; that her citizens possessed £40,000,000 in the French and English funds;—that in Sheffield no master cutler can have more than one apprentice, by a bye-law of the corporation, and in Norfolk and Norwich no weaver more than two;—that if Adam Smith's eyes served him right, "the common people in Scotland, who are fed with oatmeal, are in general neither so strong nor so handsome as the same class of people in England, who are fed with wheaten bread, and that they do not look or work as well;"



that, which is odder still, the porters and coalheavers in London, and those unfortunate women who live by prostitution—the strongest men and the most beautiful women, perhaps, in the British dominions—are from the lowest rank of people in Ireland, and fed with the potato; and that £1,000 share in India stock “gave a share not in the plunder, but in the appointment of the plunderers of India;”—that “the expense of the establishment of Massachusetts Bay, before the commencement of the late disturbances,” that is, the American war, “used to be about £18,000 a year, and that of New York, £4,500;” that all the civil establishments in America did not at the same date cost £67,000 a year;—that “in consequence of the monopoly of the American colonial market,” the commerce of England, “instead of running in a great number of small channels, has been taught to run principally in one great channel;”—that “the territorial acquisitions of the East India Company, the undoubted right of the crown,” “might be rendered another source of revenue more abundant, perhaps, than all” others from which much addition could be expected;—that Great Britain is, perhaps, since “the world began, the only state which has extended its empire” “without augmenting the area of its resources;”—that, and this is the final sentence of the book, “If any of the provinces of the British empire cannot be made to contribute towards the support of the whole empire, it is surely time that Great Britain should free herself from the expense of defending those provinces in time of war, and of supporting any part of their civil or military establishments in time of peace, and endeavor to accommodate her future views and designs to the real mediocrity of her circumstances.” A strange passage, considering all that has happened since, and all the provinces which we have since taken. No one can justly estimate the *Wealth of Nations* who thinks of it as a book of mere political economy, such as Quesnay had then written, or as Ricardo afterwards wrote; it is really both full of the most various kinds of facts and of thoughts often as curious on the most various kinds of subjects.

The effect of the publication of the *Wealth of Nations* on the fortunes of its

author was very remarkable. It gave the Duke of Buccleugh the power of relieving himself of his annuity, by performing the equivalent clause in the bargain; he obtained for Adam Smith a commissionership of customs for Scotland—an appointment of which we do not know the precise income, but which was clearly, according to the notions of those times, a very good one indeed. A person less fitted to fill it could not indeed easily have been found. Adam Smith had, as we have seen, never been used to pecuniary business of any kind; he had never even taken part in any sort of action out of such business; he was an absent and meditative student. It was indeed during his tenure of this office that, as I have said, he startled a subordinate who asked for his signature, by imitating the signature of the last commissioner, instead of giving his own—of course in pure absence of mind. He was no doubt better acquainted with the theory of taxation than any other man of his time; he could have given a minister in the capital better advice than any one else as to what taxes he should or should not impose. But a commissioner of customs, in a provincial city, has nothing to do with the imposition of taxes, or with giving advice about them. His business simply is to see that those which already exist are regularly collected and methodically transmitted, which involves an infinity of transactions requiring a trained man of detail. But a man of detail Adam Smith certainly was not—at least of detail in business. Nature had probably not well fitted him for it, and his mode of life had completed the result, and utterly unfitted him. The appointment that was given him was one in which the great abilities which he possessed were useless, and in which much smaller ones, which he had not, would have been of extreme value.

But in another respect this appointment has been more blamed than I think is just. However small may be the value of Adam Smith's work at the Custom House, the effect of performing it and the time which it occupied prevented him from writing anything more. And it has been thought that posterity has in consequence suffered much. But I own that I doubt this exceedingly. Adam Smith had no doubt made a vast accu-

mulation of miscellaneous materials for his great design. But these materials were probably of very second-rate value. Neither for the history of law, nor of science, nor art, had the preliminary work been finished, which is necessary before such a mind as Adam Smith's can usefully be applied to them. Before the theorising philosopher must come the accurate historian. To write the history either of law or science or art is enough for the life of any single man: neither have as yet been written with the least approach to completeness. The best of the fragments on these subjects, which we now have, did not exist in Adam Smith's time. There was, therefore, but little use in his thinking or writing at large about them. If he had set down for us some account of his residence in France, and the society which he saw there, posterity would have been most grateful to him. But this he had no idea of doing; and nobody would now much care for a series of elaborate theories, founded upon facts insufficiently collected.

Adam Smith lived for fourteen years after the publication of the *Wealth of Nations*, but he wrote nothing, and scarcely studied anything. The duties of his office, though of an easy and routine character, which would probably have enabled a man bred to business to spend much of his time and almost all his mind on other things, were, we are told, enough "to waste his spirits and dissipate his attention." And not unnaturally, for those who have ever been used to give all their days to literary work rarely seem able to do that work when they are even in a slight degree struck and knocked against the world; only those who have scarcely ever known what it is to have unbroken calm are able to accomplish much without that calm. During these years Adam Smith's life passed easily and pleasantly in the Edinburgh society of that time—a very suitable one, for it was one to which professors and lawyers gave the tone, and of which intellectual exertion was the life and being. Adam Smith was it is true no easy talker—was full neither of ready replies nor of prepared replies. He rather liked to listen, but if he talked—and traps it is said were laid to make him do so—he could expound admirably

on the subjects which he knew, and also (which is quite as characteristic of the man as we see him in his works) could run up rapid theories on such data as occurred to him, when, as Dugald Stewart tells us in his dignified dialect, "he gave a loose to his genius upon the very few branches of knowledge of which he only possessed the outlines."

He died calmly and quietly, leaving directions about his manuscripts and such other literary things, and saying, in a melancholy way, "I meant to have done more." The sort of fame which the *Wealth of Nations* has obtained, and its special influence, did not begin in his lifetime, and he had no notion of it. Nor would he perhaps have quite appreciated it if he had. His mind was full of his great scheme of the origin and history of all cultivation; as happens to so many men, though scarcely ever on so great a scale, aiming at one sort of reputation, he attained another. To use Lord Bacon's perpetual illustration, like Saul, he "went in search of his father's asses, and he found a kingdom."

Adam Smith has been said to belong to the Macaulay type of Scotchmen, and the saying has been thought a paradox, particularly by those who, having misread Macaulay, think him a showy rhetorician, and not having at all read Adam Smith, think of him as a dry and dull political economist. But the saying is true, nevertheless. Macaulay is anything but a mere rhetorical writer—there is a very hard kernel of business in him; and Adam Smith is not dry at all—the objection to him is that he is not enough so, and that the real truth in several parts of his subject cannot be made so interesting as his mode of treatment implies. And there is this fundamental likeness between Macaulay and Adam Smith, that they can both describe practical matters in such a way as to fasten them on the imagination, and not only get what they say read, but get it remembered and make it part of the substance of the reader's mind ever afterwards. Abstract theorists may say that such a style as that of Adam Smith is not suitable to an abstract science; but then Adam Smith has carried political economy far beyond the bounds of those who care for abstract science or who understand exactly what it means. He has popular-

ised it in the only sense in which it can be popularised without being spoiled; that is, he has put certain broad conclusions into the minds of hard-headed men, which are all which they need know, and all which they for the most part will ever care for, and he has put those conclusions there ineradicably. This, too, is what Macaulay does for us in history, at least what he does best; he engraves indelibly the main outlines and the rough common sense of the matter. Other more refining and perhaps in some respects more delicate minds, may add the nicer details and explain those wavering, flickering, inconstant facts of human nature which are either above common sense or below it. Both these great Scotchmen excelled in the "osteology of their subject," a term invented by Dr. Chalmers, a third great Scotchman who excelled in it himself; perhaps, indeed, it is an idiosyncrasy of their race.

Like many other great Scotchmen—Macaulay is one of them—Adam Smith was so much repelled by the dominant Calvinism in which he was born that he never voluntarily wrote of religious subjects, or, as far as we know, spoke of them. Nothing, indeed, can repel a man more from such things than what Macaulay called the "bray of Exeter Hall." What can be worse for people than to hear in their youth arguments, alike clamorous and endless, founded on ignorant interpretations of inconclusive words? As soon as they come to years of discretion all instructed persons cease to take part in such discussions, and often say nothing at all on the great problems of human life and destiny. Sometimes the effect goes farther; those subjected to this training become not only silent but careless. There is nothing like Calvinism for generating indifference. The saying goes that Scotchmen are those who believe most or least; and it is most natural that it should be so, for they have been so hurt and pestered with religious stimulants, that it is natural they should find total abstinence from them both pleasant and healthy. How far this indifference went in Adam Smith's case we do not exactly know, but there is no reason to think it extended to all religion; on the contrary, there are many traces of the complacent op-

timism of the eighteenth century—a doctrine the more agreeable to him because, perhaps, it is the exact opposite of Calvinism—and which was very popular in an easy-going age, though the storms and calamities of a later time dispelled it, and have made it seem to us thin and unreal. The only time when Adam Smith ever came near to theological discussion was by a letter on Hume's death, in which he said that Hume, one of his oldest friends, was the best man he had ever known—perhaps praise which was scarcely meant to be taken too literally, but which naturally caused a great storm. The obvious thing to say about it is that it does not indicate any very lofty moral standard, for there certainly was no sublime excellence in Hume, who, as Carlyle long ago said, "all his life through did not so much morally live as critically investigate." But though the bigots of his time misunderstood him, Adam Smith did not by so saying mean to identify himself with irreligion or even with scepticism.

Adam Smith's life, however, was not like Macaulay's—"a life without a lady." There are vestiges of an early love affair, though but vague ones. Dugald Stewart, an estimable man in his way, but one of the most detestable of biographers, for he seems always thinking much more of his own words than of the facts he has to relate, says: "In the early part of Mr. Smith's life, it is well known to his friends that he was for several years attached to a young lady of great beauty and accomplishment." But he does not tell us who she was, and "has not been able to learn" "how far his addresses were favorably received," or, in fact, anything about the matter. It seems, however, that the lady died unmarried, and in that case the unsentimental French novelists say that the gentleman is not often continuously in earnest, for that "a lady cannot be *always* saying No!" But whether such was the case with Adam Smith or not we cannot tell. He was a lonely, bookish man, but that may tell both ways. The books may be opposed to the lady, but the solitude will preserve her remembrance.

If Adam Smith did abandon sentiment and devote himself to study, he has at least the excuse of having succeeded. Scarcely any writer's work has had so

much visible fruit. He has, at least, annexed his name to a great practical movement which is still in progress through the world. Free trade has become in the popular mind almost as much his subject as the war of Troy was Homer's; only curious inquirers think of teachers before the one any more than of poets before the other. If all the speeches made at our Anti-Corn Law League were examined, I doubt if any reference could be found to any preceding writer, though the name of Adam Smith was always on men's lips. And in other countries it is the same. Smithism is a name of reproach with all who hold such doctrines, and of respect with those who believe them; no other name is used equally or comparably by either. So long as the doctrines of protection exist—and they seem likely to do so, as human interests are what they are and human nature is what it is—Adam Smith will always be quoted as the great authority of Anti-Protectionism—as the man who first told the world the truth so that the world could learn and believe it.

And besides this great practical movement Adam Smith started a great theo-

retical one also. On one side his teaching created Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, on another it rendered possible Ricardo and Mr. Mill. He is the founder of that analysis of the "great commerce" which in England we now call political economy, and which, dry, imperfect, and unfinished as it is, will be thought by posterity one of the most valuable and peculiar creations of English thought. As far as accuracy goes Ricardo no doubt began this science, but his whole train of thought was suggested by Adam Smith, and he could not have written without him. So much theory and so much practice have rarely, perhaps never, sprang from a single mind.

Fortunate in many things, Adam Smith was above all things fortunate in his age. Commerce had become far larger, far more striking, far more world-wide than it ever was before, and it needed an effectual explainer. A vigorous Scotchman with the hard-headedness and the abstractions of his country, trained in England and familiar with France, was the species of man best fitted to explain it, and such a man was Adam Smith.—*Fortnightly Review*.

#### THE WIND-HARP.

I SET my wind-harp in the wind,  
And a wind came out of the south,  
Soft, soft, it blew with gentle coo,  
Like words from a maiden's mouth.  
Then like the stir of angels' wings  
It gently touched the trembling strings;  
And O my harp gave back to me  
A wondrous heavenly melody.

I set my wind-harp in the wind,  
And a storm from the north blew loud,  
From the icy north it hurried forth,  
And dark grew sea and cloud.  
It whistled down the mountains' height,  
It smote the quivering chords with might,  
But still my harp gave back to me  
Its tender heavenly melody.

Ah me that such a heart were mine,  
Responsive tuned and true,  
When all was glad, when all was shine,  
Or when storms of sorrow blew.  
That so, 'mid all the fret and strife,  
The jarring undertones of life,  
My life might rise to God, and be  
One long harmonious symphony!

*Temple Bar.*



## A BAZAAR AND A PICNIC IN AFRICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, *June 3rd, 1876.*

DUST and the Bazaar: those are the topics of the month. Perhaps I ought to put the Bazaar first, for it is past and over, to the intense thankfulness of everybody, buyers and sellers included; whereas the dust abides with us for ever, and increases in volume and density and restlessness more and more. It certainly seems to me a severe penalty to pay for these three months of fine and agreeable weather, to have no milk, hardly any butter, very little water, and to be smothered by dust into the bargain. But still here is a little bit of bracing, healthy weather, and far be it from me to depreciate it. We enjoy every moment of it, and congratulate each other upon it, and boast once more to new comers that we possess "the finest climate in the world." This remark died out in the summer, but is again to be heard on all sides, and I am not strong-minded enough to take up lance and casque and tilt against it. Besides which it would really be very pleasant, if only the tanks were not dry, the cows giving but a teacupful of milk a day for want of grass; whilst butter is half-a-crown a pound, and of a rancid cheesiness, trying to the consumer. Still it is bright and sunny and fresh all day,—too hot indeed in the sun, and generally bitterly cold in the evening and night. About once a week, however, we have a burning hot wind, and are obliged still to keep our summer clothes close at hand. The rapidity with which cold succeeds this hot wind is hardly to be believed. Our "season" is just over. It lasts as nearly as possible one week, and all the gaiety and festivity of the year is crowded into it. During this time of revelry I drove down the hill to a garden-party one sunny afternoon, and found a muslin scarf absolutely unbearable, so intensely hot was the air. That was about three o'clock, and by five o'clock I was driving home again in the darkening twilight, dusty as a miller, and shivering in a seal-skin jacket. It is no wonder that everybody has fearful colds and coughs, Kafirs and all, or that croup is both common and

dangerous among the little ones. Still we must never lose sight of the fact that it is the finest climate in the world, and exceptionally favorable—or so they say—to consumptive patients.

I am more thankful than words can express that we live out of the town, though the pretty green slopes around are sere and yellow now, with here and there vast patches of black, where the fires rage night and day among the tall grass. About this season prudent people burn strips around their fences and trees to check any vagrant fire, for there is so little timber that the few gum trees are precious things not to be shrivelled up in an hour by fast travelling flames for want of precautions. The spruits or braaks run low in their beds, the ditches are dry, the wells have only a bucketful of muddy water and a good many frogs in them, and the tanks are failing one after the other. Yet this is only the beginning of winter, and I am told that I don't yet know what dust and drought mean. I begin to think affectionately of those nice heavy thunder showers every evening, and to long to see again the familiar bank of cloud peeping over that high hill to the west, precursor of a deluge. Well, well,—there is no satisfying some people. I am ready to swallow my share of dust as uncomplainingly as may be, but I confess to horrible anxiety as to what we are all to do for milk for the babies presently. Every two or three days I get a polite note from whoever is supplying me with milk, to say they are extremely sorry to state that they shall be obliged to discontinue doing so, as their cows don't give a pint a day amongst them all, and the little which is to be had is naturally enormously dear. F—steadily declines to buy a cow, because he says he knows it will be just like all the rest; but I think if I only had a cow I should contrive to find food somewhere for it. I see those horrid tins of preserved milk drawing nearer and nearer day by day!

It is very wrong to pass over our great Bazaar with so little notice. I daresay

you all in England think that you know something about bazaars, but I assure you you do not: not about such a bazaar as this, at all events. We have been preparing for it, working for it, worrying for it, advertising it, building it—of zinc and calico—decorating it, and generally slaving at it, for a year and more. When I arrived the first words I heard were about the Bazaar. When I tried to get someone to help me with my stall I was laughed at. All the young ladies in the place had been secured months before, as saleswomen. I don't know what I should have done if a very charming lady had not arrived soon after I did. No sooner had she set foot on shore than I rushed at her and snapped her up before any one else knew she had come, for I was quite desperate, and felt it was my only chance. However, luck was on my side, and my fair A.D.C. made up in energy and devotion to the cause for half-a-dozen less enthusiastic assistants. All this time I have never told you what the Bazaar was for, or why we all threw ourselves into it with so much ardor. It was for the Natal Literary Society, which has been in existence some little time, struggling to form the nucleus of a Public Library and Reading-room, giving lectures, and so forth, to provide some sort of elevating and refining influence for the more thoughtful among the Maritzburgians. It has been very uphill work, and there is no doubt that the promoters and supporters deserve a good deal of credit. They had met with the usual fate of such pioneers of progress; they had been overwhelmed with discouraging prophecies of all kinds of disaster, but they can turn the tables now on their tormentors. The building did *not* take fire, nor was it robbed; there were no riots; all the boxes arrived in time; everybody was in the sweetest temper; nobody died for want of fresh air (these were among the most encouraging prognostics); and last, not least, after paying all expenses, 2,000 guineas stand at the Bank to the credit of the Society. I must say I was astonished at the financial result,—but very delighted, too, for it is an excellent undertaking, and one in which I feel the warmest interest. It will be an immense boon to the public, and cannot fail to elevate the tone of

thought and feeling in the town. This sum, large as it is for our slender resources, will only barely build a place suitable for a library and reading-room, and the nucleus of a museum. We want gifts of books, and maps, and prints, and nice things of all kinds; and I only wish any one who reads these lines and could help us in this way, would kindly do so, for it will be a very long time before we can buy such things for ourselves, and yet they are indispensable to the carrying out of the scheme.

Everybody from far and near came to the bazaar and bought liberally. The things provided were selected with a view to the wants of a community which has not a large margin for luxuries, and although they were very pretty, there was a strong element of practical usefulness in everything. It must have been a perfect carnival for the little ones: such blowing of whistles and trumpets, such beating of drums and tossing of gay balls in the air as was to be seen all around. Little girls walked about hugging newly acquired dolls with an air of bewildered maternal happiness, whilst on every side you heard boys comparing notes as to the prices of cricket bats; for your true colonial boy has always a keen sense of the value of money or the merits of carpenter's tools.

A wheelwright gave half a dozen exquisitely finished wheel-barrows to the bazaar, made of the woods of the colony, and useful as well as exceedingly pretty. The price was high, but I shut my economical eyes tight and bought one, to the joy and delight of the boys, big and little. There were heaps of similar things, besides contributions from London and Paris, from Italy and Vienna, from India and Australia; to say nothing of Kafir weapons and wooden utensils, live stock, and vegetables, and flowers. Everybody responded to our entreaties, and helped us most liberally and kindly, and this is the result, with which we are all immensely delighted. Some of our best customers were funny old Dutchmen from far-up country, who had come down to the races and the agricultural show, which were all going on at the same time. They bought recklessly the most astounding things, but wisely made it a condition of purchase that

they should not be required to take away the goods. In fact they hit upon the expedient of presenting to one stall what they bought at another; and one worthy, who looked for all the world as if he had sat for his portrait in dear old Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch-book, brought us at our stall a large wax doll, dressed as a bride, and implored us to accept it, and so rid him of its companionship. An immense glass vase was bestowed on us in a similar fashion later on in the evening, and at last we quite came to hail the sight of those huge beaver hats, with their broad brims and peaked crowns, as an omen of good fortune. But what I most wanted to see all the time were the heroes of the rocket practice. You do not know, perhaps, that delicious and veritable South African story, so I must tell it you; only you ought to see my dear Boers, or emigrant farmers, to appreciate it thoroughly.

A little time ago the dwellers in a certain small settlement, far away on the frontier, took alarm at the threatening attitude of their black neighbors. I need not go into the rights, or rather the wrongs, of the story here, but skip all preliminary details and start fair one fine morning when a "Commando" was about to march. Now a "Commando" means a small expedition armed to the teeth, which sets forth to do as much retaliatory mischief as it can. It had occurred to the chiefs of this warlike force that a rocket apparatus would be a very fine thing, likely to strike awe into savage tribes, and so would a small light cannon. The necessary funds were forthcoming, and some kind friend in England sent them out a beautiful little rocket-tube all complete, and the most knowing and destructive of light field-pieces. They reached their destination in the very nick of time, the eve, in fact, of the departure of this valiant "Commando." It was deemed advisable to make trial of these new weapons before starting, and an order was issued for the "Commando" to assemble a little earlier in the market square, and learn to handle their artillery pieces before marching. Not only did the militia assemble, but all the townsfolk, men, women, and children, and clustered like bees round the rocket-tube, which had been placed near the powder magazine

so as to be handy to the ammunition. The first difficulty consisted in finding anybody who had ever seen a cannon before; as for a rocket-tube that was indeed a new invention. The most careful search only succeeded in producing a Boer, who had, many, many years ago, made a voyage in an old tea-ship which carried a couple of small guns for firing signals, etc. This valiant artillery-man was at once elected commander-in-chief of the rocket-tube and the little cannon, whilst everybody stood by to see some smart practice. The tube was duly hung on its tripod, and the reluctant fellow-passenger of the two old cannon proceeded to load and attempt to fire it. The loading was comparatively easy; but the firing! I only wish I understood the technical terms of rockets, but although they have been minutely explained to me half a dozen times, I don't feel strong enough on the subject to venture to use them. The results were, that some connecting cord or other having been severed, contrary to the proper method generally pursued in letting off a rocket, *half* of the projectile took fire, could not escape from the tube on account of the other half blocking up the passage, and there was an awful internal commotion instead of an explosion. The tripod gyrated rapidly, the whizzing and fizzing became more pronounced every moment; at last with a whisk and a bang out rushed the ill-treated and imprisoned rocket. But there was no clear space for it. It ricocheted among the trees, zig-zagging here and there, opening out a lane for itself with lightning speed among the terrified and flustered crowd. There seemed no end to the progress of that blazing stick—a wild cry arose of "The powder magazine!" but before the stick could reach so far, it "brought up all standing" in a waggon, and made one final leap among the oxen, killing two of them, and breaking the leg of a third.

This was an unfortunate beginning for the new captain, but he excused himself on the ground that, after all, rockets were not guns,—with those he was perfectly familiar, having smoked his pipe often and often on board the tea-ship long ago, with those two cannon full in view. Yet the peaceablest cannon have a nasty trick of running back and tread-

ing on the toes of the bystanders, and to guard against such well-known habits it would be advisable to plant the tail of this little fellow securely in the ground, so that he must per force keep steady. "Volunteers to the front with spades," was the cry, and a good-sized grave was made for the end of the gun, which was then lightly covered up with earth. There was now no fear of loading him, and, instead of one, two charges of powder were carefully rammed home, and two shells put in. There was some hitch also about applying the fuse to this weapon,—fuses not having been known on board the tea-ship,—but at last something was ignited, and out jumped *one* shell right into the middle of the market-square, and buried itself in the ground. But, alas and alas! the cannon now behaved in a wholly unexpected manner. It turned itself deliberately over on its back with its muzzle pointing full among the groups of gaping Dutchmen in its rear; its wheels spun round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and a fearful growling and sputtering could be heard inside it. The recollection of the second shell now obtruded itself vividly on all minds, and caused a curious stampe among the spectators. The fat Dutchmen looked as if they were playing some child's game. One ran behind another putting his hands on his shoulders, but no sooner did any person find himself the first of a file than he shook off the detaining hands of the man behind him, and fled to the rear to hold on to his neighbor. However ludicrous this may have looked, it was still very natural, with the muzzle of a half-loaded cannon pointing full towards you, and one is thankful to know that with such dangerous weapons "around" no serious harm was done. If you could only see the fellow-countrymen of these brave heroes you would appreciate the story better; their wonderful diversity of height, their equally marvellous diversity of breadth, of garb, and equipment. One man will be over six feet high,—a giant in form and build,—mounted on a splendid saddle, fresh from the store, spick and span in all details. His neighbor in the ranks will be five feet nothing, and an absolute circle as to shape; he will have rolled with difficulty on to the back of a gaunt steed, and his horse-furniture will consist

of two old saddle-flaps sewn together with a strip of bullock hide, and with a sheep-skin thrown over all. You may imagine that a regiment thus turned out would look somewhat droll to the eyes of a martinet in such matters, even without the addition of a cannon lying on its back kicking, or a twisting rocket sputtering and fizzing.

*June 7th.*—Let me see what we have been doing since I last wrote. I have had a Kafir princess to tea with me, and we have killed a snake in the baby's nursery,—that is to say Jack killed the snake. Jack does everything in the house, and is at once the most amiable and the cleverest servant I ever had. Not Zulu Jack. *He* is so deaf, poor boy, he is not of much use, except to clean saucepans and wash up pots and pans. He seems to have no sense of smell either, because I have to keep a strict watch over him that he does not introduce a flavor of kerosene oil into everything, by his partiality for wiping cups and plates with dirty lamp cloths, instead of his own nice clean dusters. But he is very civil and quiet, leisurely in all he does, and a strict Conservative in his notions of work, resenting the least change of employment. No: the other Jack is a tiny little man, also a Zulu, but he speaks English well, and it is his pride and delight to dress as an English "boy,"—that is what he calls it,—even to the wearing of agonizing tight boots on his bare feet. Jack learns all I can teach him of cooking with perfect ease, and gives us capital meals. He is the bravest of the establishment, and is always to the fore in a scrimmage, generally dealing the *coup de grace* in all combats with snakes. In this instance my first thought was to call Jack. I had tried to peep into the nursery one sunny midday, to see if the baby was still asleep, and could not imagine what it was pressing so hard against the door and preventing my opening it. I determined to see,—and lo, round the edge darted the head of a large snake, held well up in air with the forked tongue out! It must have been trying to get out of the room, but I shut the door in its face and called for Jack, arming myself with my riding-whip. Jack came running up instantly, but declined all offers of walking-sticks from the halls,



having no confidence in English sticks, and preferring to trust only to his own light strong staff. Cautiously we opened the door again, but the snake was now drawn up in battle array, coiled in a corner difficult to get at, and with outstretched neck and darting head. Jack advanced boldly and fenced a little with the creature, pretending to strike it, but when he saw a good moment he dealt one shrewd blow which proved enough. Then I suddenly became very courageous, after Jack had cried with a grin of modest pride, "Him dead now, Nkasa'-casa," and hit him several cuts with my whip, just to show my indignation at his having dared to invade the nursery and to drink up a cup of milk left for the baby. Baby woke up, and was delighted with the scrimmage, being extremely anxious to examine the dead snake, now dangling across Jack's stick. We all went about with fear and suspicion after that for some days, as all the rooms open on to the verandah, and the snakes are very fond of finding a warm quiet corner to hibernate in. There is now a strict search instituted into all recesses, into cupboards, behind curtains, and especially into F.'s tall riding-boots, but although several snakes have been seen and killed quite close to the house, I am bound to say this is the only one which has come indoors. Frogs hop in whenever they can, and frighten us out of our lives by jumping out upon us in the dark, as we always think it is a snake and not a frog which startles us. It requires a certain amount of persuasion and remonstrance now to induce any of us to go into a room first in the dark; and there have been many false alarms and needless shrieks caused by the lash of one of G.'s many whips, or even a boot-lace getting trodden upon at dusk.

My Kafir princess listened courteously to a highly dramatic narrative of this snake adventure, as conveyed to her through the medium of Maria. But then she listened courteously to everything, and was altogether as perfect a specimen of a well-bred young lady as you would wish to see anywhere. Dignified and self-possessed, without the slightest self-assumption or consciousness, with the walk of an empress and the smile of a child, such was Mayikali, a young widow about twenty years of age, whose

husband—I can neither spell nor pronounce his name—had been chief of the Patili tribe, whose location is far away to the north-west of us, by Bushman's River, right under the shadow of the great range of the Drakensberg. This tribe came to grief in the late disturbances apropos of Langalibalele, and lost their cattle, and what Mr. Wemmick would call their portable property, in some unexplained way. We evidently consider that it was what the Scotch call "our blame," for every year there is a grant of money from our colonial exchequer to buy this tribe ploughs and hoes, blankets and mealies, and so forth; but whilst the crops are growing it is rather hard times for them, and their pretty chieftainess occasionally comes down to Maritzburg to represent some particular case of suffering or hardship to their kind friend the Minister for Native Affairs, who is always the man they fly to for help in all their troubles. Poor girl, she is going through an anxious time, keeping the clanship open for her only son, a boy of five years old, whom she proudly speaks of as "Captain Lucas," but whose real name is "Luke."

I was drinking my afternoon tea as usual in the verandah one cold Sunday afternoon lately, when Mayikali paid me this visit; so I had a good view of her as she walked up the drive, attended by her maid of honor (one of whose duties is to remove stones or other obstructions from her lady's path), and closely followed by about a dozen elderly, grave, "ringed" men, who never leave her, and are, as it were, her body-guard. There was something very pretty and pathetic, to anyone knowing how a Kafir woman is despised by her lords and masters, in the devotion and anxious care and respect which these tall warriors and counsellors paid to this gentle-eyed, grave-faced girl. Their pride and delight in my reception of her was the most touching thing in the world. I went to meet her, as she walked at the head of her followers with her graceful carriage and queenly gait. She gave me her hand, smiling charmingly, and I led her up the verandah steps and placed her in a large arm-chair, and two or three gentlemen who chanced to be there raised their hats to her. The delight of her people at all this knew no bounds: their keen

dusky faces glowed with pride, and they raised their right hands in salutation before sitting down on the edge of the verandah, all facing their mistress, and hardly taking their eyes off her for a moment. Maria came to interpret for us, which she did very prettily, smiling sweetly; but the great success of the affair came from the baby, who toddled round the corner, and seeing this brightly draped figure in a big chair, threw up his little hand and cried, "Bayete." It was quite a happy thought, and was rapturously received by the indunas with loud shouts of "Inkose, Inkose!" whilst even the princess looked pleased in her composed manner. I offered some tea, which she took without milk, managing her cup and saucer and even spoon as if she had been used to it all her life, though I confess to a slight feeling of nervousness, remembering the brittle nature of china as compared to calabashes or to Kafir wooden bowls. F—gave each of her retinue a cigar, which they immediately crumpled up and took in the form of snuff with many grateful grunts of satisfaction.

Now there is nothing in the world which palls so soon as compliments, and our conversation being chiefly of this nature began to languish dreadfully. Maria had conveyed to the princess several times my pleasure in receiving her, and my hope that she and her people would get over this difficult time and prosper everlastingly. To this the princess had answered that her heart rejoiced at having had its own way and directed her up the hill which led to my house, and that even after she had descended the path again it would eternally remember the white lady. This was indeed a figure of speech, for by dint of living in the verandah, rushing out after the children, and my generally gipsy habits, Mayikali is not very much browner than I am. All this time the little maid of honor had set shivering close by, munching a large slice of cake, and staring with her big eyes at my English nurse. She now broke the silence by a fearfully distinct inquiry as to whether that other white woman was not a secondary or subsidiary wife? This question set Maria off into such fits of laughter, and covered poor little Narma with so much confusion, that as a diversion I brought for-

ward my gifts to the princess, consisting of a large crystal cross and pair of earrings. The reason I gave her these ornaments was because I heard she had parted with everything of that sort she possessed in the world to relieve the distresses of her people. The cross hung upon a bright riband which I tied round her throat. All her followers sprung to their feet, waved their sticks, and cried, "Hail to the chieftainess!" But, alas! there was a professional beggar attached to the party, who evidently considered the opportunity as too good to be lost, and drew Maria aside, suggesting that as that white lady was evidently enormously rich, and very foolish, it would be as well to mention that the princess had only skins of wild beasts to wear (she had on a petticoat or kilt of lynx-skins and her shoulders were wrapped in a gay, striped blanket, which fell in graceful folds nearly to her feet), and suffered horribly from the cold. He added that there never was such a tiresome girl, for she never *would* ask for anything, and how was she to get it without? Besides which, if she had such a dislike to asking for herself, she surely might speak about things for them,—an old coat now or a hat would be highly acceptable to himself, and so would a little money. But Mayikali turned quite fiercely on him, ordering him to hold his tongue, and demanding if that was the way to receive kindness, to ask for more?

The beggar's remark, however, had the effect of drawing my attention to the princess' scanty garb,—I have said it was a bitterly cold evening,—and to the maid of honor's pronounced and incessant shivering; so nurse and I went to our boxes and had a good hunt, returning with a warm knitted petticoat, a shawl, and two sets of flannel bathing dresses. One was perfectly new, of crimson flannel, trimmed with a profusion of white braid: of course, this was for the princess; and she and her maiden retired to Maria's room and equipped themselves, finding much difficulty however in getting into the bathing suits, and marvelling much at the perplexing fashion in which white women made their clothes. The maid of honor was careful to hang *her* solitary decorations—two small round bits of looking-glass—outside her skeleton suit of blue serge,

and we found her an old woollen table-cover, which she arranged into graceful shawl-folds with one clever twist of her skinny little arm. Just as they turned to leave the room, Maria told me this damsel said, "Now, ma'am, if we only had a little red earth to color our foreheads, and a few brass rings, we should look very nice;" but the princess rejoined, "Whatever you do, don't ask for anything;" which I must say I thought very nice. So I led her back again to her watchful followers, who hailed her improved appearance with loud shouts of delight. She then took her leave, with many simple and graceful protestations of gratitude; but I confess it gave me a pang when she said, with a sigh, "Ah, if all white Inkasa'casa were like you, and kind to us Kafir women!" I could not help thinking how little I had really done, and how much more we might all do. I must mention that, by way of amusing Mayikali, I had shown her some large photographs of the Queen and the Royal Family, explaining to her very carefully who they all were. She looked very attentively at her Majesty's portrait, and then held it up to her followers, who rose of their own accord and saluted it with the royal greeting of "Bayete;" and as Mayikali laid it down again she remarked, pensively, "I am very glad the great white Chieftainess has such a kind face: I should not be at all afraid of going to tell her any of my troubles: I am sure she is a kind and good lady." Mayikali herself admired the Princess of Wales' portrait immensely, and gazed at it for a long time; but, I am sorry to say, her followers persisted in declaring it was *only* a very pretty girl, and reserved all their grunts and shouts of respectful admiration for a portrait of the Duke of Cambridge, in full uniform: "Oh, the great fighting Inkosi! Look at his sword and the feathers in that beautiful hat! How the hearts of his foes must melt away before his terrible and splendid face!" But, indeed, on each portrait they had some shrewd remark to make, tracing family likenesses with great quickness, and asking minute questions about relationships, successions, etc. They took a special interest in hearing about the Prince of Wales going to India, and immediately wished H.R.H.

would come here and shoot buffalo and hartbeeste.

*June 15th.*—We had such a nice cockney, family picnic ten days ago, on Whit-Monday. F— had been bewailing himself about this holiday beforehand, declaring he should not know what to do with himself, and regretting that holidays had ever been invented, and so on, until I felt that it was absolutely necessary to provide him with some outdoor occupation for the day. There was no anxiety about weather, for it is only too "set fair," all round, and the water shrinks away, and the dust increases upon us day by day. But there was an anxiety about where to go, and how to get to any place. "*Such a bad road,*" was the objection raised to every place I proposed, or else it was voted too far. At last all difficulties were met by a suggestion of spending a "happy day" at the falls of the Lower Umgeni, only a dozen miles away, and getting the loan of the mule waggon. Everything was propitious, even to the materials for a cold dinner being handy, and we bundled in ever so many boys, nurse and myself, and Maria in her brightest cotton frock, and literally beaming with smiles, which every now and then broke out into a joyous, childish laugh of pure delight at nothing at all. *She* came to carry the baby, who loves her better than any one, and who understands Kafir better than English. The great thing was that everybody had the companions they liked: as I have said, baby had his Maria; F— had secured a pleasant friend to ride with him, so as to be independent of the waggon; G— had his two favorite little schoolfellows; and I,—well I had the luncheon basket, and that was quite enough for me to think of. I kept remembering spasmodically divers omissions made in the hurry of packing it up; for like all pleasant parties it was quite *à l'imprévu*, and that made me rather anxious. It was really a delicious morning, sunny and yet cool, with everything around looking bright and glowing under the beautiful light. The near hills seemed to fold the little quiet town in soft round curves, melting and blending into each other; whilst the ever rising and more distant outlines showed exquisite indigo shadows, and bold relief of purple and brown. The greenery of

spring and summer is all parched and dried away now, but the red African soil takes in the distance warm hues and tints which make up for the delicate coloring of young grass. Here and there as it glows beneath the sun, and a slow-sailing cloud casts a shadow, it changes from its own rich and indescribable color to the purple of a heather-covered Scotch moor, but whilst one looks the cloud has passed away, the violent tints die out, and it is again a bare, red hill-side which lies before you. A steep hill-side, too, for the poor mules; but they breast it bravely at a jog-trot, with their jangling bells and patient bowed heads, and we are soon at the top, looking down on the clouds of our own dust. The wind, or rather the soft air, for it is hardly a wind, blows straight in our faces as we trot on towards the south-west, and it drives the mass of finely powdered dust raised by the heels of the six mules far behind us, to our great contentment and comfort. The two gentlemen on horseback are fain to keep clear of us and our dust, and to take a short cut whenever they can get off the high road, which in this case, and at this time of year, is really a very good one. Inside the waggon under the high hood it is deliciously cool, but the boys are in such tearing spirits that I don't know what to do with them. Every now and then when we are going up-hill they jump out of the waggon and search the hill-side for a yellow flower, a sort of everlasting, out of the petals of which they extemporise shrill whistles, and when their invention in this line falls short, Maria steps in with a fresh suggestion. They make fearful pipes of reeds, they chirp like the grasshoppers, they all chatter and laugh together like so many magpies. When I am quite at my wits' end I produce buns, and these keep them quiet for full five minutes, but no longer.

At last after two hours' steady up-hill pulling on the part of the mules, we have reached the great plateau, from which the Umgeni takes its second leap, the first being at Howick. There, the sight of the great river rolling wide and swift between its high banks keeps the boys quiet with surprise and delight for a short space, and before they have found their tongues again we have nois-

ily crossed a resounding wooden bridge, and drawn up at the door of an inn. Here, the mules find rest and shelter, as well as their Hottentot drivers, whilst we are only beginning our day's work. As for the boys, their whole souls are absorbed in their fishing-rods,—they grudge the idea of wasting time in eating dinner, and stipulate earnestly that they may be allowed to "eat fast." We find and charter a couple of tall Kafirs to carry the provision baskets; F—and his companion take careful and tender charge each of a bottle of beer; Maria shoulders the baby; I cling to my little tea-pot, nurse seizes a bottle of milk; and away we all go, down the dusty road again, over the bridge (the boys don't want to go a yard further, for they see some Kafirs fishing below), across a burnt-up meadow, through scrub of terrible thorniness, and so on, guided by the rush and roar of the falling water, to our dining-room among the great boulders, beneath the shade of the chief cascade. Unlike Howick, and the one grand concentrated leap of the river there, here it tumbles in a dozen places, over a wide semicircular ledge of basalt. It is no joke to anyone except the boys, who seem to enjoy tumbling about and grazing their elbows and shins, getting over the wet slippery rocks which have to be crossed to get to the place we want. I tremble for the milk and the beer, and the tea-pot, and I slip down repeatedly; but I am under no apprehension about Maria and the baby, for she plants her broad big bare feet firmly on the rocks, and steps over their wet slippery surface with the ease and grace of a stout gazelle. Once, and once only is she in danger, but it is because she is laughing so immoderately at the baby's suggestion, made in lisping Kafir, when he first caught sight of the waterfall, that we should all have a bath there and then. The falls are not in their fullest splendor to-day, for this is the dry season, and even the great Umgeni acknowledges the drain of burning sunshine day after day, and is rather more economical in her display of tumbling water, and iridescent spray. Still it is very beautiful, and in spite of our hunger,—for we are all well-nigh ravenous,—we climb various rocks of vantage to see the fine semicircle of cascades, gleaming white



among tufts of clinging green scrub and bare massive boulders. In the wet season, of course much that we see now of rock and tree is hidden by the greater volume of water, but they add greatly to the sylvan beauty of the fair scene. It is quite cold in the shade, but we have no choice, for where the sun shines invitingly there is not a foot of level rock, and not an inch of soft white sand like the floor of our dining-room. Such an indignant twitter as the birds raised, hardly to be pacified by crumbs and scraps of the rapidly vanishing bread and meat, salad and pudding.

But the days are so short now that we cannot spare ourselves half the time we want, either to eat or rest, or linger and listen to the great monotonous roar of falling water,—so agitating at first, so soothing after a little while. The boys have bolted their dinner, plunged their heads and hands under a tiny tricklet close by, and are off to the shallows beneath the bridge where the river runs wide and low, where geese are cackling on the boulders, fish leaping in the pools, and Kafir lads laughing and splashing on the brink. We leave baby and his nurses in charge of the birds' dinner until the men return for the lightened baskets, and we three "grown-ups" start for a sharp scramble up the face of the cliff, over the bed of a dry water-course, to look at the wonderful expanse of the great river above, coming down from the purple hills on the horizon, sweeping across the vast, almost level plain in a magnificent tranquil curve, wide as an inland lake, until it falls abruptly, falling over the precipice before it. Scarcely a ripple on the calm surface, scarcely a quickening of its steady, tranquil flow, and yet it has gone, dropped clean out of sight, and that monotonous roar is the noise of its fall. I should like to see it in summer, when its stately progress is quickened and its limpid waters stained by the overflow of countless lesser streams into its broad bosom, and when its banks are fringed with tufts of tall white arum lilies—now only green faded leaves, shrunken as close to the water's edge as they can get,—and when this carpet of violets beneath our feet is a sheet of blossom, flecked with gayer flowers all over this great spreading veldt. To-day the wish of my heart, of all our hearts, is for a canoe apiece.

Oh, for the days of fairy thievery, to be able to swoop down upon Mr. Searle's yard and snatch up three perfect little canoes, paddles, sails, waterproof aprons and all, and put them down over there by that clump of lilies and mimosa bushes! What a race we could have for clear eight miles up that shining reach, between banks which are never nearer than sixty or seventy feet to each other, and where the river is as calm as glass, and free from let or hindrance to a canoe for all that distance.

But, alas, there are neither roguish fairies nor stolen canoes to be seen, nothing except one rough and ready fishing-rod and the everlasting mealie-meal worked into a paste for bait. We are too impatient to give it a fair trial, although the fish are leaping all around, for already the sun is travelling fast towards those high western hills, and when once he gets behind the tallest peak darkness will be upon us in five minutes. We should have been much more careful of our minutes even had there not chanced to be an early moon,—already a silver disc in yonder bright blue sky. The homeward path was longer and easier, and led us more circuitously back to the bridge, beneath which I was horrified to find G— and his friends,—their fishing-rods and one small fish on the bank,—disporting themselves in the water with nothing on save their hats. G— is not at all dismayed at my shrill reproaches to him from the high bridge above, but suggests that I should throw him down my pocket-handkerchief for a towel, and promises to dress and come up to the house directly. So I—with the thoughts of my tea in my mind, for we have not been able to have a fire at the falls—hurry up to the inn and have time for a look round before the boys are ready. It is all so odd, such a strange jumble, such a thorough example of the queer upside-down fashion of colonising which reigns here, that we cannot help describing it. A fairly good straggling house, with sufficiently good furniture and plenty of it, and an apparent abundance of good glass and crockery; a sort of bar, also, with substantial array of bottles, and tins of biscuits and preserved meats, and pickles of all sorts and kinds. But what I want you to bear in mind is that all this came from England, and has finally been

brought up here, nearly 70 miles from the coast, at an enormous trouble and expense. There were several young white people about the place, but a white person of that class in Natal is too fine to work, and in five minutes I heard fifty complaints of want of labor and of the idleness of the Kafirs. There was no garden, no poultry-yard, no dairy,—here, with the means of irrigation at their very doors, with the possibility of food for cattle all the year round at the cost of a little personal trouble, there is neither a drop of milk nor an ounce of butter to be had; nor an egg,—“the fowls don’t do so very well.” I should think not, with such accommodation as they had in the way of water and food. For more than twenty years that house has stood there; a generation had grown up round it and in it, and yet it might as well have been built last year for all the signs of a homestead about it. There was a mealie patch somewhere, and a few more of green forage, and that was all. Now in Australia or New Zealand, in a more rigorous climate, under far greater disadvantages, the dwellers in that house would have had farm-yard and grain fields, garden and poultry-yard, about them in five years, and the necessary labor would have been performed by the master and mistress and their sons and daughters. Here they all sit indoors, listless and discontented, grumbling because the Kafirs won’t come and work for them. I can’t make it out, and I confess I long to give all this sort of colonists a good shaking, and take away every single Kafir from them. I am sure they would get on a thousand times better.

The only thing is, it is too late to shake them now,—too late to shake energy and thrift into elderly or already grown-up people. They get on very well as it is, they say, and make money, which is all they care for, having no pride in neatness and order, and setting no value on the good opinions of others. They can sell their beer, and pickles, and tins of meat, and milk at double and treble what they cost, and that is less fatiguing than digging and fencing and churning. So the tea has no milk, nor the bread any butter, when twenty years ago cows were somewhere about five shillings apiece; and we get on as well as we can without it; but I long, up to

the very last, to shake them all round, especially the fat, pallid young people. Fortunately for Her Majesty’s peace, I refrain from this expression of my opinion, and get myself and all my boys into the mule waggon, and so off again, jogging homewards before the sun has dipped behind that great blue hill. Long ere we have gone half-way the daylight has all died away, and the boys find fresh cause for shouts of delight at the fantastic shadows the moon is casting as she glides in and out of her cloud-palaces. It would have been an enchanting drive home, wrapped up to the chin as we all were, except for the dust. What air there was came from behind us, from the same point as it had blown in the morning, but now we carried the dust along with us and were powdered snow-white by it. Every hundred yards or so the drivers put on the brake and whistled to the mules to stop. They did not mind losing sight altogether of the leaders in a dense cloud of dust, nor even of the next pair, but when the wheels were completely blotted out by the thick turred-up mass of fine dust, then they thought it high time to pause and let it blow past us. But all this stopping made the return journey rather long and tedious, and all the little curly heads were nodding against our shoulders, only rousing up with a flicker of the day’s animation when we came to where a grass fire was sweeping over the veldt and our road crossed a dusty but wide and safe barrier between the sheets of crackling flame. All along the horizon these blazing belts showed brightly against the deep twilight sky, sometimes racing up the hills, again lighting up the valleys with yellow belt and circle of fire and smoke, but everywhere weird and picturesque beyond the power of words to tell. I noticed during that drive what I have so often observed out here before,—the layers of cold air. Sometimes we felt our wraps quite oppressive when we were at the top of a hill or even climbing up it; then, when we were crossing a valley or narrow ravine, we seemed to drive into an ice-cold region where we shivered beneath our furs; and then, again, in five minutes the air in our faces would once more be soft and balmy, crisp indeed and bracing, but many degrees warmer than those narrow Arctic belts here and there.—*Evening Hours.*

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE excited discussion on Spiritualism in the British Association is a remarkable evidence both that there is a yearly increasing number of persons who have really proof, or what they think proof, of the existence of very curious and unexplained phenomena seeming to indicate the action of unseen intelligence, and also that there is something in these phenomena of a troublesome and ambiguous character, often connected with fraud, and still oftener, perhaps, with unconscious self-deception. We are quite sure of one thing,—that the investigation into phenomena of this kind has hardly ever been attempted without disclosing a number of very bewildering conditions, and that the greater number of thorough-going spiritualists are far too easily convinced of the reality of so-called facts, which might just as easily be produced by fraud as by unknown causes. Whether there be not a residuum of real fact which, as Mr. Maske-lyne appeared to admit, in the letter which Professor Barrett received from him and communicated to the British Association on Tuesday, is really beyond explanation by any causes at present admitted by scientific men, is another question. And so far as we are able to judge the matter, we are strongly inclined to believe that there is. Almost all educated men who have looked into the subject have come across phenomena in the circles of their own friends, without going to professional mediums at all, which cannot be explained by the hypothesis of either fraud or self-delusion. Such, perhaps, was the case of the young girl mentioned by Professor Barrett as within his own experience, in whose presence, even when in the open air, raps occurred, capable of answering any question within the child's own knowledge, but no others apparently, and this "when every possible source of deception was removed." And it is only the more probable that this case was genuine, that, according to Professor Barrett, the phenomena, after reaching a maximum, died away gradually, just when curiosity was most aroused. Indeed, nothing is so probable, on the ground of general presumptions, as that the disap-

pointment which the failure to produce these abnormal phenomena when they are most desired produces, has often led to the frauds by which they are unquestionably very often accompanied.

Lord Rayleigh and others described the very curious phenomena,—also described in the *World* of last week,—witnessed in the presence of Dr. Slade, an American gentleman, who is at present in this country, and of whom the present writer may say that the phenomena which occurred in Dr. Slade's room in broad daylight seemed to him wholly inexplicable on any recognised principle of modern science. A crumb of slate-pencil, confined between a common school-slate and the table, writes, or appears to write, long messages on the under-surface of the slate when held down to the table by the sitter's hands, as well as the medium's. The writing is indeed throughout distinctly *heard*, as well as afterwards read. At the same time, it is only fair to say that there are certain "test-conditions," as they are called, of which Dr. Slade openly declares that they are fatal to the phenomena. For instance, on one occasion the present writer took a double slate, fitted with a patent spring-lock, and proposed to Dr. Slade to place the crumb of slate-pencil with which the messages are written inside this slate, and then close the spring-lock. To this Dr. Slade made no objection, but said at once that he did not believe the writing would appear,—that he regarded the conditions of the ordinary séance as quite sufficient, and that the intelligences which governed him would have nothing to do with locked, or chemically-prepared, or otherwise doctored slates, such as had been often brought to him in America,—not without obtaining the results, but without in the least satisfying the bringers that there was no trick in the matter. Nor, as a matter of fact, did any writing at all take place in the locked slate. Now, if tests of so very simple a kind are objected to, it is quite certain that the doubts of the public will continue. As far as the present writer could judge, there was no room for fraud about the mode in which the writing on

the other slates was produced. And no man's manner could be simpler or less open to criticism than Dr. Slade's. Still, why should either visible or invisible agencies object to a simple test, if truth be the only object? Dr. Slade does not object to his visitors looking under his table, holding the slate for themselves, holding his own hands, or touching his own feet so as to be sure that he is not using them. He does not object to his sitters taking their own slates. The present writer got two messages on a double slate, bought on his way to the séance. Why should Dr. Slade,—or the invisible agencies by which he believes himself to be directed,—object to the very simple additional guarantee of a lock on the slate, to preclude altogether that happening which he invites all his visitors to satisfy themselves does not happen? It does not seem a reasonable attitude to say,—‘Take your precautions against being deceived up to a certain point, but just at the point at which all the world would probably be satisfied you must stop?’ The world will, no doubt, reply,—‘The only thing worth guarding against at all is exceedingly skilful deception,—we could guard against ordinary deception by ordinary vigilance. But if ever or whenever there may be a man who can do without apparatus what Maskelyne and Cooke do with apparatus, in his case we want better guarantees than those of common vigilance and precaution,—we want to be guarded against the deficiencies of our own senses, and if the phenomena stop short of those which would convince us that we are so guarded, we should prefer distrusting our own quickness of vision, or hearing, or both, to believing that there is a new and invisible agency at work. For if there be such an agency, surely it should not be, and according to your own evidence need not be, stopped by a patent lock.’ Nor do we see what answer could be given to such reasoning. Dr. Carpenter is quite right in saying that before any scientific man acquiesces in the reality of these phenomena, he should take pains to guard himself against his own deficiency in observing power. Nothing can be more astounding than what occurs, or seems to occur, in Dr. Slade's presence, unless

it be that an invisible agency which can do so much, should really object to the imposition of an additional and very obvious precaution against illusion. Our own impression is that what happens in Dr. Slade's room is marvellous in a very high degree, but that it would be even still more marvellous that any intelligence capable of producing it should take offence at a patent lock. Doubtless it is not pleasant to a man's—and it may be equally unpleasant, for anything we know, to a spirit's—pride, to have precautions taken against any feat of legerdemain. But then the very essence of the whole question here is precaution. If you took no precaution at all, there would be no marvel at all. If, for instance, Dr. Slade were to absent himself with his slate for five minutes after each question were asked, and then to return with the answer, there would be no wonder to explain. The wonder is that when a blank slate is held down on the table by your own hands, you hear the writing begin and finish, and that when the slate is held up a long message is there. The wonder would be increased doubtless by shutting a spring lock on the slate, but only because that precludes the possibility of the sort of manipulation which,—as one is told,—Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke can so perform that a man makes the blunder of confusing what he has really seen with his own eyes with what he has only inferred,—perhaps quite falsely,—that he has so seen. If we may not guard ourselves against our own deficiencies of vision, we have just as much reason for explaining a marvel by conjecturing that we have been deceived, after all, in spite of all our effort to be vigilant, as by admitting a new agency, which is the very point in question.

The result seems to us to be that unless the mediums, or the spirits, or whatever they be, will grant full “test-conditions,” investigators ought not to be convinced. It is just as reasonable an explanation to say, ‘I was a fool, and did not use my own faculties well,’ as to say, ‘An invisible agency was really at work.’ It is very likely that the tests which Dr. Carpenter wisely demands will often fail, even where there really were phenomena to explain which are not explicable on hitherto known laws. As far as we can



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Engraved for the Editors by J. J. Cooke, New York.

EARL OF DERBY.

judge, some very strange phenomena do occur with great capriciousness in the presence of people of particular organisations, but when they come to be looked for, they very often disappear. Still, though it is no sufficient reason for rejecting the reality of these phenomena that they fail to occur just when the tests are ready which would prove them to be true, it is clearly no reason for believing them. And whenever simple and reasonable tests are declined, the effect must be, and ought to be, to render the investigator distrustful of what he has seen, or appeared to see, when the tests were not present. After all, what he has to determine is how far he can trust himself. If he finds that what occurs under circumstances in which he can

trust himself absolutely and completely, is much less wonderful than what occurs when he is half-distrustful of his own observing power,—or even not wonderful at all—the humiliating conclusion that he himself is a bad observer is a more probable one, than that he has discovered an invisible agency denied by most men of science. We agree, however, entirely with Mr. Crookes that if the test-conditions are really satisfied, it is pure superstition to reject the results just because they do not hang together with the principles of modern science. But is not the locking of a double slate a fair and reasonable test of such phenomena as those which occur with Dr. Slade?—*The Spectator.*

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### THE EARL OF DERBY.

BY THE EDITOR.

As a frontispiece to this number of the *ECLECTIC* we present our readers with a portrait of the Earl of Derby, whose position as Minister of Foreign Affairs in Mr. Disraeli's cabinet, and consequent relation, as director of England's policy, with the great question now undergoing solution in South-eastern Europe, render him a prominent object of curiosity and interest.

EDWARD HENRY SMITH STANLEY, fifteenth Earl of Derby, eldest son of the Lord Derby whose translation of Homer is favorably known in this country, was born at Knowsley Park on the 21st of July, 1826. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; failed to be chosen to Parliament for Lancashire in 1848; made a tour the following year through the United States, Canada, and the West Indies, and was returned to Parliament for Lyme Regis during his absence. In 1852 he went to India, and while there was appointed Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in his father's first administration. The year following he submitted a plan for the reform of Indian Administration, the essential features of which were adopted in 1858. In 1855 he declined a position in the Cabinet under Lord Palmerston; but in 1858 he became Secretary for the Colonies in his father's second

Cabinet, and afterwards President of the Board of Control, with the title of Her Majesty's Commissioner for the Affairs of India. The transfer of the management of East Indian affairs from the East India Company to the officers of the Crown took place under his direction, and he became first Secretary of State for India. In his father's third Cabinet he accepted the position of Foreign Secretary, holding that office from 1866 until the accession of Mr. Gladstone to the Premiership in 1868. On the death of his father, in 1869, he entered the House of Lords; and in February, 1874, resumed the Foreign Office under Mr. Disraeli.

Lord Derby presents a complete contrast to his brilliant father, whom Bulwer calls "the Rupert of debate." He is cautious, methodical, and deliberate; slow of speech and almost frigid in demeanor; phlegmatic in temperament; studious and industrious in his habits; an excellent organizer and administrator; a sympathetic observer of the intellectual, scientific, and social movements of the time; and almost wholly free from the bias of party politics. Of all the Tory leaders he is regarded as the most liberal, enlightened, and progressive; and as he will probably be Mr. Disraeli's successor, it is thought that

his influence will bring about an abatement of those fierce party passions which have dominated English politics since the days of Sir Robert Peel. His administration of the Foreign Office has

been especially acceptable hitherto; though it seems now as if the attitude in which he has placed England on the Turko-Servian question might result in driving his party from power.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE. By William Elliot Griffis, A.M. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

Mr. Griffis divides his work into two parts nearly equal in length, the first giving a history of Japan from 660 B.C. to 1872 A.D., while the second records his personal experiences, observations, and studies in Japan between 1872 and 1874. Of the historical portion it is enough to say that it appears to be the result of painstaking and intelligent investigation of original authorities as well as of modern compendiums; that it is comprehensive enough for all the purposes of the average reader without being burdened with obscure speculations or minute details as to matters of fact; that it is exceptionally free from those prejudices of race and education which so often vitiate the work of an historian who deals with a civilization and people so alien from his own as those of Japan; and that it is animated and picturesque if somewhat crude in style. The story of one of the most ancient, and perhaps the most curiously interesting, of Oriental nations has never been told in a more acceptable way, and Mr. Griffis has established a new bond of friendship between the "Americans of the East" and the "Americans of the West" by interpreting the former to the latter so adequately and well.

The moiety of the book which records the author's personal observations and experiences, while more entertaining is not less instructive than the historical portion. Mr. Griffis resided in Japan from December, 1870, to July, 1874, four of the most eventful years in the annals of the country, and during this period he enjoyed exceptional opportunities for studying the habits, customs, and character of all classes of the people. "Nothing Japanese," he says, "was foreign to me, from palace to beggar's hut." As head of a scientific school, he spent nearly one year "alone in a daimio's capital far in the interior, away from Western influence, when feudalism was in its full bloom and the old life in vogue;" and subsequently, as one of the instructors in the Imperial University at the national capital, having picked students from all parts of the empire, he was "a witness of the marvellous development, reforms, dangers, pageants, and changes of the epochal years 1872, 1873, and

1874." His position secured him association with princes, scholars, artists, priests, antiquaries, and students, and access to the homes and resorts of the common people; and, with the wealth of material thus accumulated, he constructs what appears to be a minute and faithful picture of the national manners and customs, household life, domestic economy, religious observances, superstitions, myths, folk-lore and fireside stories, education, literature, industrial methods, and amusements. The chapters describing his life in the remote inland city of Fukui are especially interesting, and those on "The Position of Woman" and "New Japan" furnish admirable correctives to the foolish and mistaken ideas propagated by hasty travellers more anxious to find what is sensational than what is true. Some of the author's views are probably too roseate-hued, but in dealing with a foreign people an observer's eyes are less likely to be blinded by excess of sympathy than by its absence.

The illustrations of the volume are a noteworthy feature, many of them being from original sketches by native artists and others borrowed from native books. There are upwards of a hundred pictures in the book, and it may be said that very few of them were inserted for merely decorative purposes.

FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE. By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Modern English literature is peculiarly rich in personal memoirs, and it is high praise, therefore, to say that these reminiscences of fifty years are among the most entertaining and readable that have recently appeared. The Earl of Albemarle was born in 1799, and during his long life has been brought in contact with many of the most distinguished men and women of his time, has travelled widely over the world, and participated in some stirring adventures by flood and field. In his childhood he was for several years the playmate and companion of the lamented Princess Charlotte, and perhaps the most piquant and amusing of his reminiscences are those relating to her and the household of which she formed a part. In 1816 he fought under Wellington at Waterloo, was part of the great "Army of Invasion," was in Paris at the time



of its occupation by the allied sovereigns, and witnessed the inauguration of the government of Louis XVIII. Later, as equerry to the Duke of Sussex, he attended the trial of Queen Caroline, and gives many highly interesting details of that *cause célèbre*. At one period of his life the Earl (Major Keppel then) was one of the most popular members of London society, and had the *entrée* of the literary circles; and his record contains anecdotes, stories, and personal sketches of the most prominent figures in both the social and literary world—including the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Wellesley, Lady Dacre, Coleman, Moore, Rogers, Theodore Hook, Horace Smith, Lady Morgan, and Mrs. Norton. Though the Earl has twice before appeared as an author, he can make but slight pretensions to literary skill; but his reminiscences are frank and candid in tone, piquant without the taint of personal malice, and fresh without violating the sanctities of private life. He is evidently a man who has enjoyed life, who thinks well of himself and his fellows, and whose mind has been mellowed instead of soured by experience. Of all the persons who figure in his narrative he is himself the one of whom the reader will retain the pleasantest and most lasting impression.

Besides the reminiscences there is a long historical account of the Keppel family from which the Earl is descended. The annals of this family extend back to the twelfth century, when a certain Van Keppel was one of the seven equestrian chiefs of the county of Zutphen, and though they are more likely to prove attractive to English than to American readers, they are not without a certain interest.

CONDENSED CLASSICS. I. IVANHOE, by Sir Walter Scott. II. OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, by Charles Dickens. Condensed by Rossiter Johnson, Editor of "Little Classics." New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Our publishers' columns have already presented an announcement and description of this series, the object of which, as defined by Mr. Johnson, is to meet the wants of those readers who lack the time or disposition to peruse the standard works of English fiction in their original voluminous form, and also of that other class who "might be glad to re-read, in a condensation which preserves every dramatic element, those romances which once gave them pleasure, but which are now forbidden fruits because of the serious consideration of time." Mr. Johnson disclaims the idea that he regards his abridgments as "an absolute improvement of the novels," and, therefore, the only question for the critic to

decide is whether they retain enough of the method, style, and general characteristics of an author, and of the interest of the special story subjected to condensation, to satisfy the legitimate curiosity of the reader. As to this point, we confess that after reading the new versions of "Ivanhoe" and "Our Mutual Friend" we still find some difficulty in reaching a conclusion. On the one hand there can be no doubt that Scott's great romance gains in dramatic force and vigor of narrative by the elimination of the episodes and less important passages; but then, on the other hand, it loses much of that romantic mediæval atmosphere which constitutes one of the chief charms of the original work, and which was secured by a multitude of minute details and delicate touches that would naturally be the first to disappear in an abridgment. As a mere story Mr. Johnson's version of "Ivanhoe" will be regarded by many readers as an improvement upon Scott's, but as a work of art it is greatly inferior to the original work, in which there is nothing that could be characterized as distinctly superfluous. In the case of "Our Mutual Friend" we are inclined to say that the condensation, being just half the bulk, is about half as enjoyable as the original. Construction of plot and dramatic narrative were never Dickens's strong points, and no improvement in these respects is secured by elision or condensation; while to strip his leisurely narrative of its apparently purposeless digressions, asides, and eccentric episodes, is to take away its most characteristic attraction. The truth is that while Dickens is often undeniably tedious, his tediousness manifests itself in just those features of his work which the abridger must retain unless he resorts to the expedient of summarizing the story,—and this is no part of Mr. Johnson's plan.

The publishers have produced the "Condensed Classics" in an extremely tasteful and convenient style, which commends itself at once to the eye, the hand, and the pocket. The neat, handy little volumes are certainly more inviting to the jaded or hurried reader than the bulky tomes with which the names they bear are usually associated; and this will probably prove an important element of the success of a series which presents many attractive features.

EVERY-DAY TOPICS: A Book of Briefs. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

As editor of *Scribner's Monthly* during the past five years, Dr. Holland has written for that periodical a multitude of brief papers on those various topics of the time that would

naturally attract the attention of a wide-awake and versatile journalist; and the present volume consists of a selection from the most striking of those papers, grouped under a variety of general topics, to which they bear a more or less close relation. The papers number one hundred and ten in all, and they discuss such subjects as "Culture," "Literature and Literary Men," "Criticism," "The Popular Lecture," "Personal Development," "Preachers and Preaching," "Christianity and Science," "Revivals and Reform," "Christian Practice," "The Church of the Future," "The Common Moralities," "Woman," "Woman and Home," "Amusements," "The Temperance Question," "Social Intercourse," "Town and Country," "The Rich and the Poor," "Politics and Political Men," and "American Life and Manners."

As to the literary quality of the papers, they are sprightly, lively, and vigorous; somewhat sketchy, of course, but apt and suggestive; dealing with the every-day topics that interest intelligent people in a plain, common-sense, and practical way, but without descending to the level of mere cant and commonplace. We should be inclined to say that they had fulfilled their function in the pages of the periodical in which they originally appeared; but Dr. Holland has an audience whose attention he can always command, and doubtless the present volume will prove as acceptable to them as several others of a similar character that have preceded it.

**THEOPHILUS AND OTHERS.** By Mary Mapes Dodge. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This book seems to be the result of a clearing out of the miscellaneous materials that have accumulated in Mrs. Dodge's literary workshop during the past dozen years or so. It contains stories, tales, essays, sketches, burlesques, etc., and is certainly diversified enough to please a variety of tastes. Those readers, for example, who may take but faint interest in the doings of "Theophilus" and his friends will doubtless be greatly amused by the opinions of "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question;" and all will recognize in "The Insanity of Cain" an admirably effective satire on a style of forensic argument which has been heard only too often in our courts. A vein of humorous and fanciful observation runs through all of Mrs. Dodge's writings, and though the book under notice is hardly one which we should care to "read at a sitting," it may be dipped into now and then with strong likelihood of affording amusement.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. W. E. H. LECKY is engaged in writing a history of Social Life in the eighteenth century.

PROF. J. P. MAHAFFY has written a detailed and very interesting book on his recent travels in Greece, which will be out this autumn.

MR. S. R. VAN CAMPEN is engaged upon a biography of a learned and industrious Dutch historian of the first half of the present century, and at his death a professor at the Amsterdam Athenæum.

A WELL-KNOWN writer on the *Edinburgh Review* has in the press a work in which he tries to prove that the *Annals of Tacitus* was not written by Tacitus at all; but was a forgery by Poggius (Braccioli)!

WITHOUT counting daily newspapers and local journals, but reckoning the whole of the other periodicals, from those sold at one half-penny to the quarterly reviews, the serials published in London number near upon 800.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN has concluded his archaeological tour in Italy, and is about to return to Berlin. The mayors of the towns met him at the gates, as the Dutch burgomasters met Erasmus. Professor MommSEN has made important researches on the Neapolitan territory and in the Marches.

THE *Osservatore Romano* publishes the latest instalment of the Index Expurgatorius. It proscribes Draper's "Conflict between Science and Religion," and "The Difference between the Western and Eastern Churches on the Doctrine of the Trinity," by Professor Langen, of Bonn.

DR. JOEL, of Breslau, for many years known as a writer on Jewish philosophy, will shortly issue in complete form, in two volumes, his various essays in that branch, together with his lives of some of the early rabbies, which appeared originally in Dr. Frankel's "Monatschrift."

It is said that the passages in Mr. Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay" referring to the late Mr. Croker have led to some correspondence with the author, and that Mr. Trevelyan has offered to withdraw the passages in question from future editions of the work. It appears that Mrs. Croker is still living.

THE poem upon which Mr. William Morris has been for some time engaged is, we hear, now in the press. The subject is the Nibelung story as it is found in the Eddas, little or nothing being taken from the German version of the story.

VICTOR HUGO now has in the press two new volumes of the *Légende des Siècles*. He has postponed till next spring the publication of his book entitled *L'Art d'être Grand-père*. He will issue at the same time a volume of verse, *Les justes Colères*, a series of satires to form a continuation of *Les Châtiments*.

It had been too hastily asserted that the valuable library of J. Janin after the death of his widow would become the property of the French Institute. It appears now that it will be sold, with the rest of the property of the late "prince des critiques," in October next. The library consists of no less than 6,248 volumes, most of them very valuable.

THE family of Sir Isaac Newton is at the present day represented by the Earl of Portsmouth, whose ancestor married a daughter of the philosopher's niece; and a large mass of Newton's manuscripts have been carefully preserved at Hurstbourne. We are informed that the noble owner has recently submitted these papers to the inspection of Professor Adams and other Cambridge men of science, with a view of presenting to the University such as are of purely scientific interest.

THE French papers announce that an important collection of documents has just been bequeathed to the National Library, consisting of the voluminous correspondence of Napoleon III. with his foster-sister, M<sup>me</sup>. Cornu. The letters begin when Prince Louis was only ten years of age, and the last was written by the ex-Emperor two months before his death. By the will of M<sup>me</sup>. Cornu it is provided that the letters shall not be published until the year 1895, and they were accordingly at once sealed up on their delivery at the National Library. The testatrix has named M. Renan, or in default M. Duruy, to superintend their publication.

THE late Dr. J. Charles Coindret of Geneva, who was a diligent collector of literary and historical rarities, has bequeathed nearly the whole of his treasures to the city of Geneva. Foremost among these must be reckoned the Rousseau collections, including Latour's portrait of Rousseau, the original manuscript of the *Emile*, the correspondence between François Coindret and Rousseau, and a number of manuscripts of the latter. He has also left his fine library to the city, with the exception of a few books and a number of coins, medals, and pictures. Among the latter there is a portrait of Necker painted by Thouron upon a snuff-box, and a water-color of a village in Kamschatka by the Bern painter Weber, who accompanied Capt. Cook in his voyage round the world.

## SCIENCE AND ART.

**VARIABLE STARS.**—Among his observations of variable stars, Dr. Schmidt discusses, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, those of  $\alpha$  Herculis and of Algol. The former goes through its changes in forty days, while, according to Dr. Schmidt's observations, it exhibits for at least ten days in each period, about the time of minimum, variations of brightness at intervals of twelve hours, which appear to recur with great regularity, diminishing, however, in their extent as the maximum is approached, so that they are then quite insensible. Dr. Schmidt has observed these secondary variations with great care in the year 1875, and has determined their period within a few seconds, but he points out that this may be subject to change in the course of a few years. The oscillations in the light of this star are perhaps the most remarkable yet known. Dr. Schmidt's observations of Algol extend from 1845 to 1875, and from them he considers that he has determined the period of this strange variable star (which at intervals of two days twenty-one hours falls from the second to the fourth magnitude) within six-hundredths of a second, having observed no less than 182 epochs of minimum light.

**A SOLAR ENGINE.**—M. Mouchot has recently exhibited to the French Academy of Sciences a simple form of solar engine. It consists of a cone of polished tin, reversed and arranged so that its interior can be adjusted toward the sun. In the axis of the vessel is suspended a large flask of white glass, inside of which is a metal boiler covered with lamp-black. The rays, concentrated by the mirror-like surface of the cone, traverse the glass easily, and are accumulated on the boiler, in which they speedily produce an ebullition of the water, and steam sufficient to drive a miniature engine. By increasing the dimensions of the apparatus, M. Mouchot has obtained a utilizable force, and produced, after three-quarters of an hour's exposure to the sun, a boiler pressure of sixty pounds of steam.

**PROPER MOTION OF SPOTS ON JUPITER.**—On examining Jupiter on three successive occasions, at intervals of five and seven days respectively, Mr. Brett has remarked a pair of bright spots which showed such a striking similarity that he could only conclude that they were reappearances of the same objects. On comparing their positions, however, with those which would be given by the accepted period of rotation, he found considerable discordances, leading to the conclusion that in the first interval the two spots had drifted for-

ward at the rate of four minutes in each revolution, and in the second interval at the rate of seven minutes and a quarter, besides changing their relative positions. As Mr. Brett has inferred from the fact of these spots casting shadows that they are bodies of approximately globular form, there seems a little difficulty in explaining a drift at the rate of 165 miles an hour of globes of 6,000 miles in diameter, which must be wholly immersed in the atmosphere, since they disappear as they approach the limb. At such a depth as 6,000 miles it is not easy to realise the condition of Jupiter's atmosphere, as the pressure must be enormous, especially considering that the force of gravity on Jupiter is two and a half times as great as on the earth. Mr. Brett's views are, however, supported by Mr. Burton, who has concluded that light can penetrate to a depth of 10,000 miles below the visible surface of Jupiter, and the small specific gravity of this planet tends to countenance this idea.—*The Academy*.

**CURIOUS INCIDENT IN NATURAL HISTORY.**—A French correspondent of *Les Mondes* relates the following curious incident in natural history, from the Transvaal Republic. The coffee plantations there are much exposed to the ravages of large cynocephalic apes, and a good guard has to be kept in order not to lose, through these animals, the fruits of long labor. Among the coffee trees there grows a shrub (whose scientific name the writer did not know), the fruits of which are borne very close to the trunk. A species of wasps, whose sting is very painful, had chosen several of these shrubs to attach their nests to, and the baboons had often been observed casting envious glances towards the fruit, but not daring to touch it for fear of getting stung. One fine morning the planter heard terrible cries, and, with the aid of a good opera-glass, he witnessed the following scene: A large, venerable baboon, chief of the band, was laying hold of young apes and pitching them into the shrub, and he was doing this again and again, spite of the most piteous cries and groans. The shock brought down the nests of the wasps, which attacked the poor victims in swarms, and during this time the old wretch proceeded quietly to feed on the fruits, deigning occasionally to throw the remains to some females and young a little way off.

**INFLUENCE OF THE SUN AND MOON ON EARTHQUAKES.**—Vice-admiral de Langle has published an able paper 'On the Periodicity of Hurricanes,' in which he maintains that the sun and moon in their changes of position with regard to the earth play an important part in those atmospheric outbreaks. Study of the

records shows that hurricanes occur in certain years and seasons more than others. The season it is thought depends on the sun's place in the ecliptic, while the year corresponds generally with the lunar cycle of nineteen years; and Mr. De Langle finds, on examining the particulars of one hundred and ninety-five hurricanes, that one hundred and nine took place within three days of the moon's apogee or perigee, and fifty-six at the time of eclipses of the sun or moon. An eclipse appears to intensify the aerial disturbance; but it is remarkable that the disturbances are the same in the two hemispheres. The years which show most hurricanes among the islands of the West Indies also show that hurricanes occurred in the east both on the north and south of the line. Twenty-five per cent of the typhoons in the China seas fell on the same days of the month and in the same years as the hurricanes of the Antilles. This is clearly a subject which requires further investigation.

**THE SATELLITE OF NEPTUNE.**—Since the erection of the great refractor at Washington, observations have been made of Neptune's satellite, with the view of determining the mass of the planet in terms of the sun's mass, which can be done with great accuracy by comparing the time of revolution and the distance of the satellite from its primary with the corresponding quantities in the case of a planet revolving round the sun. Prof. Holden has discussed, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, the results thus obtained, finding the mass of Neptune to be 1-18500th part of that of the sun, or nearly double that of the earth, a value which is somewhat smaller than that found by Prof. Newcomb from his observations in 1873 and 1874, and much nearer the mean of the results obtained by previous observers.

**DENSITY OF THE EARTH'S CRUST.**—The result of pendulum observations carried on in India since 1865, calculated at Kew as far as they have been made with the invariable pendulums of the Royal Society, "offer incontestable evidence in confirmation of the hypothesis of a diminution of density in the strata of the earth's crust which lie under continents and mountains, and an increase of density in the strata under the bed of the ocean: and it is clear that elevations above the mean sea-level are accompanied by an attenuation of the matter of the crust and depressions by a consolidation."

**PHYSICAL OBSERVATIONS OF SATURN.**—For four years past M. Trouvelot has had frequent opportunities of observing the planet Saturn under very favorable circumstances, and he has now communicated the results to the



*American Journal of Science.* His most important conclusions are: (1) That on the outer margin of the principal division between the rings some singular dark forms are seen on the ansæ, which may be attributed to a jagged outline of the corresponding ring; (2) that the thickness of the system of rings increases from the inner margin of the dusky ring up to the principal division, as shown by the form of the shadow of the planet on the rings; (3) that cloud forms are to be seen on the rings, and that these change their position, as indicated by rapid changes in the indentation of the shadow; (4) that the dusky ring is not transparent throughout, but increases in density outwards, so that at about the middle of its width the limb of the planet ceases entirely to be seen through it. This is contrary to all observations hitherto made, and would therefore seem to indicate that a change has taken place in the last few years. M. Trouvelot's observations have been made with telescopes of six, fifteen, and twenty-six inches' aperture, and are therefore entitled to the more confidence from the variety in the optical means used.

**CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.**—At a recent sitting of the Académie des Sciences, M. Cornu exhibited specimens of photographs of the sun, moon, and planets, taken with a refractor of fifteen inches' aperture, which he had specially adapted to photographic work by the device of separating the two lenses of the object-glass. By this means the correction for achromatism is altered, so that the greenish-blue and ultra-violet rays, which are the most important for photographic purposes, are united instead of the scarlet and greenish-blue, the combination which gives the best result for optical observations. M. Cornu has succeeded in making this alteration in a very simple manner, allowing the lenses to be separated or brought together again readily, according as the instrument is required for photography or ordinary observations; the only change of importance being a shortening of the focal length by some six or eight per cent. M. Cornu's experiments were carried out at the Paris Observatory with a telescope originally constructed for Arago, and quite recently restored and put into proper order for use in M. Cornu's determination of the velocity of light.

**LOCAL METEOROLOGICAL LAWS.**—Professor Loomis of Cambridge, New England, continues his 'Contributions to Meteorology,' in which he endeavors to show what are the laws of the weather in different parts of the world. He traces the courses of storms, and finds that movement is checked by heavy rainfall. This is particularly the case in the neighborhood of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland,

where the warm water of the Gulf Stream produces such an accumulation of vapor that unusually heavy rains occur, and in these rains a storm is sometimes arrested for three or four days. Differences of temperature or of pressure have a remarkable effect and at long distances. In connection with this, Professor Loomis thinks he has discovered a 'law,' and that 'we must conclude that when the temperature of Iceland is much *above* the mean, the temperature of Central Europe is generally depressed *below* the mean, and this influence is most decided during the colder months of the year.' In corroboration of this we may cite an instance, of which an account was published by the Austrian Meteorological Society. On the 20th and 21st of May last, a belt of cold of unusually low temperature was observed in Russia and Austria. Mr. Stelling, of the St. Petersburg Observatory, in discussing the phenomenon, says that the cold is to be attributed to the continuous high range of the barometer, and prevalence of north-easterly winds in England, for some time before and after the two days of extreme cold.

#### VARIETIES.

**THE EFFECT OF MARRIAGE.**—Marriage, if comfortable, is not at all heroic. It certainly narrows and damps the spirits of generous men. In marriage, a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being. It is not only when Lydgate misallies himself with Rosamond Vincy, but when Ladislaw marries above him with Dorothea, that this may be exemplified. The air of the fireside withers out all the fine wildings of the husband's heart. He is so comfortable and happy that he begins to prefer comfort and happiness to everything else on earth, his wife included. Yesterday he would have shared his last shilling; to-day "his first duty is to his family," and is fulfilled in large measure by laying down vintages and husbanding the health of an invaluable parent. Twenty years ago this man was equally capable of crime or heroism; and now he is fit for neither. His soul is asleep, and you may speak without constraint; you will not awake him. It is not for nothing that Don Quixote was a bachelor and Marcus Aurelius married ill. For women, there is less of this danger. Marriage is of so much use to a woman, opens out to her so much more of life, and puts her in the way of so much more freedom and usefulness, that, whether she marry ill or well, she can hardly miss some benefit. It is true, however, that some of the merriest and most genuine of women are old maids; and that those old maids, and wives who are unhappily married, have often most of the true motherly

touch. And this would seem to show, even for women, some narrowing influence in comfortable married life. But the rule is none the less certain: if you wish the pick of men and women, take a good bachelor and a good wife.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

GOLDSMITH'S "DESERTED VILLAGE."—The site of the "Deserted Village" is on the road from Athlone to Ballymahon, about six miles from the former town; and as crops of new "Auburns" are springing up round in all directions, it is necessary to mention the poet's name in order to be set on the proper track to "Goldsmith's Auburns," as the Westmeath peasantry call it. The country north of Athlone is undulating, the view being shut out by ranges of low hills, many of them mere sand-hills; and along the Ballymahon road the ordinary parallel fences are missed in many places, so that the vagrant donkey has here now and then an opportunity to taste the stolen sweets of sundry pastures without let or hindrance. The slopes on either hand are starred over with the brightest of whitewashed cottages, and everywhere about the hawthorn and the sloe-tree form a multitude of pretty alleys, all redolent in the May-time with the breathings of those flowers that love to hide in the brambly dell in fellowship with the broad-leaved sorrel-tasted shamrock. The cottage gardens, with here and there a lichen-diseased apple-tree, and currant and gooseberry bushes growing in many an out-of-the-way place, are sufficiently indicative of quiet, happy scenes of other days, whose mementoes are departing one by one. Pursuing the road from Athlone northward for about three miles, in a recess at the left, formed by the hills that skirt the banks of Lough Ree, we come upon Ballykeeran; and surely if I were to turn eremite, and to build me a cell at an agreeable distance from the din and glitter and ring of this working-day world, I would choose for a site some silent nook of that woody hollow. Truly it is a very silent place; the "mournful peasant" seems to have led thence his humble band—how impelled it is needless to say; and much of the surrounding country blooms, not, however, "a garden and a grave," but a grazing farm and a panorama of modern villas. A mile farther on is Glasson, certainly one of the prettiest of Irish villages. It has a very modest looking little church, and hardly a house is to be seen there whose walls are unadorned with creepers and trained rose-bushes. After all, happy is that village which sitteth within favor of aristocracy; the bird of beggarmdom doth not commonly build in the tree over against the grand gate. Such a place has usually a distinguished air; its environs have, according to

Hall, a fostering influence on the muse. Beautiful scenery, in a manner, educates the poet. His special faculties are, indeed, often known to thrive wonderfully well when the slough of adversity lies on his horizon on the one hand and the mountain of magnificence on the other. Even the wayfarer forgets the weariness of his feet while pausing to luxuriate amidst the riches of Nature, tastefully disposed; and should he happen to recall the notorious couplet of Lord John Manners, while mentally repeating the last line of it, he is soothed into no little community of feeling with the noble writer by the home-felt present delight of shade or vista.—*Belgravia*.

HOW HINDOO GIRLS ARE MADE PRETTY.—The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. This exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindostan. Dr. Henry Spry, one of the company's medical officers, says that "this exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head might be advantageously introduced into our boarding-schools and private families, and that it might entirely supersede the present machinery of dumb-bells, backboards, skipping-ropes, &c. The young lady ought to be taught to carry the jar as these Hindoo women do, without ever touching it with her hands." The same practice of carrying water leads to precisely the same results in the south of Spain and in the south of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant will carry on her head a vessel full of water to the very brim over a rough road and not spill a drop of it; and the acquisition of this art or knack gives her the same erect and elastic gait, and the same expanded chest and well-formed back and shoulders.

#### A SUICIDE.

Judge not! 'Tis past thy ken;  
Strangely the web of destiny is ordered;  
In highest-natured men  
The leftiest wit with depths of madness bordered!

Judge not! The taper's light  
Is too small measure for volcanoes' burning;  
This constant, feebly-bright,—  
That sudden, with wild flame, all barriers spurning.

Judge not! Beyond the grave  
We shall know better the immense, great trial;  
This man submits, a slave;  
The other fights, and dies, in fierce denial.

But He who views the strife,  
Calm from without, more wise than those within it,  
Counts the long "Yes" of life,  
Not the one "No," the single faithless minute.

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